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### FOREIGN RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

*Some remarks on the Foreign Relations of England at the Present Crisis.* By Montague Gore, Esq. 8vo. London: 1838.

It is now some time since we have touched at all upon the vast subject of Foreign Affairs; and many years since we entered at length into the consideration of the important questions connected with it. We have thus abstained, not certainly from any disposition to underrate the importance of these matters, for they are among the most grave and the most interesting that can occupy the thoughts of statesmen; and they are inseparably connected with the peace and improvement, as well as with the liberties of the world. But after the lengthened and dreadful contest in which all Europe had been engaged, and after the almost exclusive interest possessed by such speculations during the progress and at the close of that warfare, the too long neglected things of peace naturally called for an extraordinary share of attention, both from statesmen and from publicists; so that questions of domestic policy unavoidably came to engross for many years the same undivided regard which the external relations of the country had enjoyed during the continuance of hostilities; and while those mighty revolutions were in progress which had convulsed society and altered the whole face of affairs in both hemispheres. It has thus happened that many important questions, deeply affecting the welfare of this and other nations, have passed before our eyes with less attention than they merited; and that it becomes necessary to undertake at once a review of the whole subject. This has its advantages as well as its inconveniences; for we are enabled to see the actual workings of the new arrangements of dominion made at the peace, in 1814 and 1815; and we can determine with more accuracy, by having the light of experience to guide us, how far many departures from second principle, made upon the

specious but hollow and dangerous pretext of securing order and peace, have been in the event subservient to this end.

The fault, no doubt, of the people of this country has always been that they care little for such matters. When any continental changes lead immediately to a war with ourselves, or when a great popular movement is observed among our near neighbours, in the one case, a regard for our own immediate interest, in the other a sympathy with conduct which may be imitated at home, creates a general anxiety among us; and for the moment we are disposed to look abroad upon the affairs of surrounding nations. But changes may take place, the tendency of which is most fatal to our national interests; events may happen which in their consequences are decisive of the maintenance of peace; things may be done which, if suffered, will seriously injure our prosperity, endanger our independence, or involve us in war, although the immediate effects of such transactions may not appear to be of any near or deep concernment to ourselves; and it is such transactions, accordingly, that the people are little apt to regard with any more concern than if they took place in another planet. One inevitable result of this inattention is that the foreign affairs of the country are left entirely in the hands of the Government; that Parliament, imitating and sharing the apathy of the nation, suffers all manner of errors to be committed without any kind of interposition; and that when a course of impolicy, encouraged by being tacitly permitted without warning or even remark, has brought our commercial relations with foreign states into inextricable confusion, or carried us to the very brink of a war, the country awakens from its trance, but finds that it has been aroused too late.

It becomes very important, then, if possible, to impress other and sounder views upon the minds of the considerate and reflecting portion of our countrymen—to show them how unwise, how extremely shortsighted such indifference to their most important interests is

—and to produce that wholesome attention to the foreign concerns of the country,—the constant watchfulness over the conduct of its rulers in this essential department,—from whence so many substantial benefits have flowed to the administration of public affairs in all the other branches of the national polity. The subject then of the present discussion is the existing state of our Foreign Relations; and the course which it becomes England to pursue in the actual position of the European powers.

There cannot be a greater delusion than those labour under who entertain a jealousy of this country meddling with the affairs of the Continent. Many very worthy and enlightened men,—men whose views are sound upon most other subjects, are persuaded that such connections lead to war. They probably might, if formed on bad principles; and they certainly would, if conducted in a meddling or encroaching spirit. But even then it would be difficult to conceive a state of things, involving us in hostilities, which would not also have existed and brought on the last of national calamities, just as much as if we had kept aloof from all concern in European affairs. War became inevitable to this country when the Continent is involved in hostile operations; and one state, by threatening the independence of all the rest, menaces us with the fate to which all the others will have yielded when universal empire shall be established. Our previous interposition might very possibly have rallied and combined other states in a timely opposition to the encroachment of their too powerful neighbour; or in imposing upon that neighbour the restraint of wholesome awe; but nothing which we could either do or leave undone would have the effect of exciting his ambition or of calming it, of disarming him or of making him too powerful in his own resources—these are things wholly beyond our influence in any way. Again—a quarrel may at any time break out, and accidentally lead to war. England can never properly—that is, without the grossest blunders or the most infatuated ambition—be the principal in any such rupture; but she may often, by her timely interference, have the power of preventing it, or of making up the difference. Her position gives her, and gives her alone, this salutary influence; for she has no direct and immediate interest in these matters, no end of her own to serve,—and consequently will always be regarded with less jealousy and suspicion than any of the continental states themselves; and will thus have almost always the opportunity of assuming the mediatorial office. But it is her interest that peace should prevail; and any quarrel, how trifling soever at first,—any hostilities, how limited the sphere of their operation,—are sure to spread, and must endanger the general peace. Furthermore—by allying herself with some of the more powerful states, whose interests are like her own, or without any such similarity, whose wish is for peace, she

may compel the others to preserve the tranquillity which is the highest interest of all; and which can only be broken by the criminal ambition of individuals, or by some momentary and passing delirium coming over a nation. Lastly—the diversity of institutions in different countries, the similarity which prevails among some in religion, and in the frame of their state policy, and the opposition in which these stand to others, draws a natural line, and separates the different powers into different classes, in one or other of which England may be found. This will obviously make her views approach to those of the powers whom she resembles; and may give her an influence in preserving the general tranquillity, without exposing her to the least risk of hazarding her own insular independence, or being drawn into any mere continental quarrels.

The present state of Europe differs from any recorded in history. It is not that there has of late years been a great convulsion in the political system, and a new distribution of power among those potentates who bear sway; for that has happened in former times; and the extraordinary events which attended the latter years of Napoleon's reign restored things to a much nearer conformity with their position before the French Revolution than could ever have been supposed possible, after the prodigious changes effected by the conquests of the Republic and the Empire. But the diffusion of free principles, which the Revolution and the War had occasioned, has placed the whole frame of society every where upon a new footing; and these principles have begun to exert an active influence upon the conduct of governments,—an influence not unconnected with the relation in which the different powers stand to each other.

The American Revolution, first in the history of our species, brought into contact and mutual action the principles of liberty and the structure of government. Nothing, or next to nothing, of the kind had been experienced in the English Revolution of 1688; for although the religious feelings of the people then operated upon their conduct, and, combined with a resolution to resist arbitrary power in civil matters also, obtained, through the help of the Prince of Orange and a small body of regular foreign troops, a victory over the tyrannical and bigotted dynasty of the Stuarts, still nothing was claimed beyond the former constitution, and some few securities for its protection; the whole change was effected upon the most moderate, and indeed narrowest principles; precedent was constantly regarded, and even form cautiously adhered to: the problem which all the statesmen of the day set themselves to solve was how the existing evil might be got rid of with smallest possible alteration, either in the frame of the government or even in the persons who were to exercise its powers; the wishes of the country were only consulted through the appointed organs of corporations and other public bodies, heads



of great families and representatives of the landed aristocracy, the magistrates in towns, and the borough proprietors; and as for the interference of the popular voice, there was in those days little necessity to exclude it, and as little reason for listening to it, because the people had not yet learnt to take any direct part in the management of their own affairs.

The Grand Rebellion, indeed, came a good deal nearer to a collision between public opinion and the Government of the country; for a strong religious feeling, widely spread and deeply rooted, was the main-spring of all the movements in the middle of the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, the Parliamentary contests which marked the reign of James I., and continued during the earlier years of his son's government, were carried on by learned lawyers, and with all the pedantry of the age. In these controversies, though important principles were involved, the people bore no share at all; and they led to the events which brought about a temporary change of dynasty, placing a military chief on the throne. For some years before this event, and during the whole of the brilliant administration of Cromwell, the power was entirely in the army's hands; and though the soldiery were actuated by the spiritual propensities of the age, and fought against Agag, under the conduct of Gideon, and in the belief that the sword of the Lord, too, was joined with his; the influence of popular opinion only bore upon the Government through the military oligarchy, and because the soldiers felt the same enthusiasm which inspired the nation at large.

The American Revolution was conducted in a very different way, as it had its origin in different principles, and was pointed towards a different end. Its purpose and objects, however, were materially changed by the course of events during its progress. For as men who have, by ill-treatment, been driven to resistance, are generally, and very naturally, ready to take the easiest and speediest road to a redress of their grievances, on the restoration of tranquillity, and the termination of general danger and suffering; the Americans, who most certainly never contemplated separation and a republic at the beginning of the contest, would willingly have remained under the monarchical government, and in its vice-regal or provincial administration, had not the infatuated obstinacy of George III., and the tame acquiescence of his Ministers and Parliament, closed the door to reconciliation, —made submission hardly possible, and by degrees produced the resolution to form a popular constitution upon the ruins of the colonial empire. We must be aware, however, that all the materials for this ultimate explosion had long been collected and prepared, although those under whose control they were, so slowly and so reluctantly were induced to form a train, and then to fire it. A spirit of enquiry and indepen-

dence in religious matters had caused the original emigration which founded the Northern colonies. The same free spirit had advanced and extended itself to all other matters in State as well as in Church, with the advancing improvement of the age. More newspapers were printed, and at a far lower price, in America than in any part of Europe. Political matters were more canvassed, and by a larger proportion of the community, because the society was smaller; and because, in a country where land was exceedingly cheap, and labour very dear, there were neither paupers nor rabble, and every man was an important member of the state. Hence there was in America, especially the New England States where the Revolution began, a vast mass of free and enlightened opinions, professed by men who had early been accustomed to enquire, and to think for themselves,—to form their own judgments, and be guided by their own principles. No great abuses could long keep their place in such a community; no great time could elapse before popular feelings had free scope; no oppression could be patiently borne during any considerable period. Government more nearly resembling that of a commonwealth was the appointed lot of such a country, and the relation of provincial subjection was only its temporary condition, or transition state. Something more popular than a limited monarchy was substantially in the hearts of the people; though they might never have communed one with another saying, 'Go to—this thing we will do.' The days of the mother country's power, as well as of individual sovereignty, were numbered; and although the precise moment when Independence and a Republic should be proclaimed might depend upon accident, and be accelerated or retarded by the conduct of European rulers, the ultimate possession of both those treasures was decreed by the circumstances, the habits, the taste, and the character of the American nation. Thus the world saw, for the first time, a great people proclaiming their principles, acting upon them, choosing a Government for themselves, and accomplishing the first and most natural desire of all enlightened and free spirited men, to keep the control of their own affairs in their own hands, and never to obey the commands of a master.\* But the world also saw, for the first time, a republic formed at the fit period of the people's history, and the process begun at the right end. Ancient times had witnessed commonwealths, indeed; but these were founded in rude ages, when the people uninstructed, unimproved, had not learnt the art of self-government; or became attached to the duties which it imposes, and the forbearance which it requires. A republic is the last stage of political pro-

\* *ΜΗ ΤΟΥΤΙ ΜΑΚΡΟΧΡΟΝΙΟΝ*—as the Greeks were wont to say when they would express their rejection of what they deemed to be the most intolerable of all things.

gress—the consummation and not the commencement of national polity—demanding far more refinement than ever the people had attained in those early ages when the accidental revolt against a tyrant called the republican principle into a forced action, and gave premature existence to the form, rather than the substance, of a commonwealth; at a period when the community only knew that kings had maltreated them, and had no knowledge whatever of the republican form, nor any reason for preferring it, except that it was different from the regal. But very different was the condition of the Americans when they chose their own constitution. They were in an advanced period of society; they were fully educated; they had applied themselves to political affairs habitually for a century; they had been practised in administrative pursuits; they knew from long experience the nature and intricacy of popular institutions; above all, they lived at a period of the world when Representative government, the greatest political improvement in modern times, had been long fully understood,—had, to a great extent, been carried into practice, and had mingled its principles and its habits with all the arrangements of the state, and all the proceedings of the people. This mighty discovery alone enables any extensive country to adopt the republican structure of government; or, indeed, to establish any form of polity in which public liberty could be maintained, without partitioning the state according to the cumbrous and inefficient scheme of Federal Union,—the ancient substitute for representation.

The effects in Europe of this great triumph, gained by free opinions in America, were speedily apparent. During the struggle, the debates in the British Senate partook of the new principles upon which political contests must now be maintained between conflicting parties; and public men, the whole race of politicians, in all their arguments, their disputes, their intrigues, their strifes, were compelled to recognise the change; for principle now became the great element in all their movements, and party could no longer bind men together without the mask at least of principle, or create dissensions upon mere personal grounds. Before the year 1775, the political history of the eighteenth century in England had presented a spectacle of unvaried meanness, selfishness, and corruption, at once humiliating and disgusting. No more important question ever marshalled the heads of parties, than what share of the great offices of state should be apportioned to this powerful family or to that; how many members of a cabinet should belong to one connexion or to another. The debates in Parliament, except that now and then a Chatham rose to illuminate the dark horizon, generally partook of the same corrupt nature, and were, for the most part, lowered to the same mean level. Mere wranglings of faction, personal attacks, recriminations among factions, bandying to and fro of the same

charges, with about as much reference to principle as might be conveyed by appeals to a few known topics in set phrases, the watchwords of party—as Protestant establishments—Church in danger—power of France—Popish influence—colonial supremacy—balance of trade—these formed the staple of debate, for which rising senators were trained by early study of ancient history, the classical orators and poets, the political discourses of Machiavel, the writings of Bolingbroke, and French Memoirs or Secret history; with the knowledge of mankind to be derived from a visit to different courts of Europe under some bear-leader of the fashionable world. But no sooner had the principles of political science been brought to tell by the Americans upon the existing frame of Government, than a different struggle was maintained in our Parliament, and with other weapons. The whole foundations of Government, nay, the very basis of the social system, were freely scrutinized; the great enquiry was carried into all the arcana of political affairs; public men became known by the liberal or the servile opinions which they professed on the great interests of the nation; and parties were now marshalled according to the diversities of public principle which distinguished their deeds. Above all, the people, as well as the statesmen in the Senate, took a part in political controversy; and the opinions which statesmen might only affect, were really entertained by the people; the example was set before their eyes of some millions of their fellow-countrymen become a nation of politicians; they saw men of all ranks in America consulted upon the course which their Government should pursue, and the form which it should take; and they saw this new people successfully resisting all the force which their common rulers could bring to bear upon their efforts to govern themselves. No man who either reads the Parliamentary debates since 1775, or reflects upon the history of our country between that period and the year 1789, could easily believe that he was perusing the annals of the same senate and the same country; the senate in which the Walpoles, the Dodingtons, the Pelhams, the Foxes, squabbled for victory—the people which took an interest, a feeble interest certainly, but as strong as in those times they ever took, in the scrambles maintained for the profits and the patronage of the Treasury, or the Horse-Guards.

The progress of political improvement thus begun, or, if it ever before existed, revived from the period which preceded the Great Rebellion in the seventeenth century, was now constant and accelerated. But the prodigious change which soon after took place in France, not unconnected in its proximate causes with the American war, though prepared by more remote events, completed the ascendancy of popular principles, and established for ever the influence of public opinion upon the Government of all states whose con-

stitution is not purely despotic. The French Revolution, the greatest event recorded in history, whether regarded in itself or in its consequences, was the result of the gradual advances which the people had been for some ages making in knowledge and refinement; and of the influence which speculative men had acquired over public opinion in consequence of this progressive improvement; and the change, instead of being worked gradually, temperately, and peaceably, was rendered sudden, universal, and violent, by the resistance offered to the further progress of improvement, and the attempts made, both at home and abroad, to retain the people in a state of pupillage which they had outgrown. This great event, therefore, not only was calculated to produce great changes elsewhere, but to afford a salutary lesson to rulers upon the evils of such a short-sighted policy as had overthrown the dynasty of the Bourbons; and to teach the people every where the miseries which impatience and violence bring along with them, and their tendency to bring odium and disgrace upon the cause of Reformation.

But the French Revolution has, in every material respect, altered the whole face of political affairs in almost all parts of the world. The entire destruction of every vestige of the feudal system in France; the consequent cessation of that hereditary submission to the claims of rank, which had till then been universally yielded; the refusal any longer to esteem men on account of their descent; the low value henceforward set upon birth and station independent of personal merit, or power, or property;—these radical changes in men's opinions and feelings were not confined to the French people, among whom they began, but spread rapidly over Europe; and as there could be nothing less founded in natural reason than the arrangements of the feudal ages, and the sentiments to which they gave rise, the 'new philosophy,' which set all such prejudices at defiance, and ran into an opposite extreme, found every where a ready acceptance with the bulk of the people; to whose understandings its appeal was made, and whose self-love it largely flattered. Even in countries where the Government is unlimited,—in the old monarchies of Germany, Italy, and the Peninsula, an instantaneous effect was produced upon the minds of men. The whole privileged orders were every where alarmed; the sovereigns tacitly or openly leagued themselves against the irruption of liberty which threatened their power; and the people every where awoke to a sense of their own importance, and of the ideal nature of those fetters by which they had principally been controlled. But this immediate consequence of the French Revolution, important though it was, did not by any means comprise its whole operation upon the institutions of society, and the fortunes of mankind. A yet more powerful effect was produced in the other lesson which it universally taught, and of

which the former was but an example,—that no existing institution was sacred from enquiry; that mere establishment, or even antiquity, afforded no protection to any thing which reason condemns; and that all laws, all customs, all establishments must henceforward rest, not upon prescriptive titles, but upon their merits, when tried at the bar of public opinion, and judged by the canon of reason. The spirit of unsparing scrutiny into all institutions in Church and in State was universally diffused; and each one of these time-honoured relics of a former world had now to show its title, or suffer judgment of prostration\* by default. Add to all this, the scene actually displayed in France before the eyes of the world, and which every where gave life and courage to popular resistance—the spectacle of twenty-four millions shaking off the trammels of their old Government,—gaining a complete victory over arbitrary power,—dislodging all tyranny, temporal and spiritual, from its strongholds in the prejudices and the fears of ignorant and submissive men, and assuming the entire control of their own destinies and management of their own affairs. The public mind being applied to the exposure and extirpation of abuses, would have given the people a formidable power to accomplish these salutary changes. The French example before the public eye, teaching the people their own power, would have turned their mind to exercising that power, and undertaking the work of change. But now both these things were combined; and the French Revolution every where begot both the spirit of untrammelled political enquiry and the force of popular opinion; and even awakened in every quarter the physical strength which always slumbers under regular Governments in ordinary times, and in the absence of local or occasional excitement.

The errors and the deplorable excesses committed after a short time, by the French leaders and their followers in Paris, and one or two other great towns, had a direct tendency of an opposite description. The reflecting part of mankind were alarmed; a dread of similar scenes being enacted elsewhere became general; and there was a reaction pretty generally produced; the people, especially men of property and personal weight in society, rallying round the existing Governments, and postponing all attempts at reform until a safer time should arrive, and the multitude being disarmed, the extent of meditated changes should be more under the control of their authors. The most imprudent and unjustifiable act of the Convention in November 1793, holding out the hand of fellowship to whatever people should rebel against their rulers, further increased the odium into which France, and with France, revolutionary principles, had fallen, ever since the massacres of September and the execution of the King. A general spirit of resistance to the new doctrines and to the

\* The judgment by the law of England for a nuisance.

arms of the republicans was every where excited, and became the guide of all independent states. But the whole resources of France had been drawn forth by these mighty changes which had overthrown the old Government and established a Commonwealth upon its ruins. The Allied Princes, too, by their incredible folly, contrived to put the republicans in the right, and themselves wholly in the wrong. A nation was now in arms, first to repel unprovoked aggression; then to carry the war abroad for the purposes of conquest and revolution. The old and effete dynasties of Europe, supported by the cold zeal of mercenary troops, and defended according to obsolete rules which hampered and embarrassed every exertion, had to encounter the indomitable energy of a whole people intoxicated with new-born freedom;—exulting in newly-found strength, and fired with the lust of military glory, as well as the desire of universal change. The march of victory was scarcely ever retarded; the genius of the Napoleons succeeding to that of the Carnots, new means were found of continuing the exertions of the nation after the fervour of revolutionary zeal had cooled; the Conscription worked almost as great miracles as the Republic; and after subverting half the thrones of the Continent, a monarchy was established, which the existence of England and Russia alone prevented from being universal. All the relations of the European states with each other now became changed, and the whole system simplified. They were marshalled by one rule,—according as they sided with Napoleon, held aloof from him, or opposed him. To the first class belonged those whom he had subdued, and whom he governed as he chose; to the second, the few whom he had yet to conquer; to the third, England and Russia, and perhaps their dependencies, Portugal and Turkey. America, of course, entered not into the list at all. The United States were entirely beyond the control of France, and equally free from the influence of England; and the colonial power of Spain being broken up, new and independent states were forming, which as yet had not time for settling into any fixed or definite shape. All these had to struggle with the expiring power of the mother country, and were placed in relation rather to the naval power of England than to France, which had no means whatever of reaching them in any way.

The vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last overshot itself. After his most arduous and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russian empire was in his hands; yet from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the conquest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army that ever the world saw; from all parts of the Continent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and complexion, and

tongue, and garb, and weapon, shone along his line;—*‘exercitus mixtus ex colluvione omnium gentium, quibus non lex, non mos, non lingua communis; alius habitus, alia vestis, alia arma, alii ritus, alia sacra’*\*—the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern Europe, where blood had flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men’s bones; but this gigantic enterprise, uniformly successful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy to overcome, and the conqueror in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another night completed! Upon the pomp and circumstances of unnumbered warriors—their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night; *‘tantaque vis frigoris insecuta est, ut ex illâ miserabili hominum jumentorumque strage quum se quisque attollere ac levare vellet, diu nequiret, quia torpentibus rigore nervis, vix flectere artus poterant.’*† The hopes of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his armament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversibly than if the victor of a hundred fields had been overthrown in battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent efforts to regain the power he had lost never succeeded in countervailing the effects of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burnt, if possible, brighter than ever; in two campaigns his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valour more worthy of the prize he played for—but all was vain; his weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone; and his adversaries, no more quailing under the feeling of his superior nature, had discovered him to be vincible like themselves, and grew bold in their turn, as the Mexicans gathered courage, three centuries ago, from finding that the Spaniards were subject to the accidents of mortality. But a change had been impressed both upon the French and the Germans in the course of the long and eventful wars since his accession to supreme power; and to that change the nature of the present enquiry necessarily directs our attention.

The misconduct of the French troops, in Prussia especially, had exasperated the high-spirited people, and made them anxious for revenge as soon as an opportunity should be presented. The inhabitants of the other German states,—indeed those of almost all the smaller and middling ones,—exposed peculiarly to French aggression, and feeling for the humiliation of their chiefs, partook of the same enthusiasm. The diffusion of knowledge had become general in a coun-

\* Liv. xxviii. 12.

† Liv. xxi. 58.



try which reckoned its colleges and schools by the hundred; its writers by the thousand; and where so cheap is literature, that the gains of the author are lower than the wages of many common handicrafts. The people had every where sympathized with these myriads of learned men in complaining of abuses and oppression at home; and had joined heartily with the republicans of France in desiring to see an end of their own exclusion from all share in the administration of affairs. But this and every other feeling was now superseded by the desire of national independence; and the disposition to resist domestic tyranny was for the moment lost in the desire of throwing off a foreign yoke, and resisting the oppression of its insolent satellites. While a powerful national feeling was thus almost universal in Germany, a corresponding depression of popular spirit in France had been caused by the discouragement of all free institutions, and the length of an exhausting warfare; nor could the gratification of national vanity, that love of glory so peculiarly the characteristic of the nation, maintain its ground against the sufferings with which the merciless conscription scourged all ranks of the people. Hence there was no renewal in Napoleon's favour of the national exertions which, in former times, had risen in proportion to the perils that menaced the country; had first repelled the invading powers in an unequal conflict; and then borne the tri-coloured banner of the republic across the Rhine till it floated over the citadels of the allied monarchs. The military tyrant had only the resources of his own genius, and of a defeated and diminished army upon which to rely; with the public feeling of Germany against him, and no help from the enthusiasm of the French people. He was defeated—deserted—dethroned—exiled—confined. The Bourbon dynasty was restored. Their folly in conciliating no Royalists, and exasperating all Republicans, gave the Imperialists an occasion of once more setting up Napoleon. Again he appealed to the nation, when the Allies flew to arms; and again the spirit of Frenchmen was found to be dead. He professed the principles of freedom and peace in vain; he was once more overthrown in the field; and his restored sceptre having its root no deeper than in the troops that surrounded his person, the hearts of the people remained unmoved. He was expelled, banished, imprisoned; and his dynasty for ever destroyed.\* The former arrangements of territory were re-established, and with a few trifling exceptions Europe was again parcelled out as of old.

\* An Epigram (Epitaph) written on Napoleon by Mr. Justice Williams is worthy of the classical scholar's attention—it is now first made public.

“Τολμᾶν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ περὶ Κλεοφάνους οὐκ  
Μακροντας, τὴν ἀρμὰν ἐρῶντας  
Τὸς Νεαπολὸν σφίλος τ' ἀταφροὺς ἐνὶ νύκτι  
καὶ μετὰ ἀλλοτρίῳ ἀντιμαρτυροῦντες.”

The Germanic people had been induced to take an important part in the contests of 1812, 1813, and 1814, and were prepared to pursue the same course in 1815, if a reverse at Waterloo should render further struggles necessary; not more by their indignation against the conduct of the French troops, and the love of national independence, always characteristic of the Teutonic nations, than by the appeals which their rulers made to them, and their lavish promise of constitutional government, should the conflict prove successful to which they were thus invited, and the French yoke and influence be shaken off. Success *did* attend the conflict; there *was* an end of the French yoke and influence; but the Germans soon discovered the shortness of royal memories, and looked in vain for reforms and constitutions. Popular enthusiasm, and patriotic feeling had served the turn of the Court, and restored to each prince his lost dominions. That these should be better governed than before was no part of the regal plan; and that they might be subject to the same arbitrary power as before, the public spirit which had been awakened and had brought about the restoration must be laid asleep as speedily as possible!

But all this was not found to be so easy as it was desirable. The fear of a foreign yoke being at an end,

Σοφία μὲν οὖν, δαρμασσοῦ γὰρ, ὑβρίζουσα τυραννίᾳ  
Ναπολεὼν ἡμετέρας δάμεις ἀβανάζει·  
Οὐδὲν ἡμεῖς τυμβεύει θεῶν ζῆντι κατὰ ταφῶν  
Ἡσπεριῶν, Ἰσίδρον, Πυγμαλῆας, Σκυλίαν.”

The learned reader will recognise here some faint resemblance (in the concluding lines) to the exquisite inscription on Themistocles in the Greek Anthology—

“Ἀπὸ ταφῶν λητοῦ, θεῶν Ἡλλάδα, &c.”

The genius of Napoleon was allowed by all military observers to have shone brighter in the campaign in France in the winter of 1813-14, with one army opposed to two, than at any other part of his wondrous career. His political courage was as felicitously shown by the march from Elba to Paris. His military talents and political combined, were never more conspicuous than in the boldly devised movement by which he reduced the many chances against him to an even one at Waterloo. But little do the world at large know the extent of the dread with which Napoleon, even when vanquished, awed his combined antagonists. After his Russian disasters, when Murat had joined the Allies as well as Bernadotte, he was offered and he refused peace at Prague, the only concession required being the independence of the Rhenish confederacy. After the battle of Leipsic he refused peace at Frankfurt. After the restoration of Holland, and with the Allied armies in the middle of France on the one hand, and the English advancing from the Pyrenees on the other, still the terror of his name prevailed; the dread of advancing among the French people smote the hearts of their conquerors; even the heart of Bernadotte, who best knew him and them, sunk within him; all seemed unmanned, and at Chatillon all were desirous of again making a peace which should fix Napoleon upon his throne. Of this the reader may be sure; and if much is due of Europe's escape in those times, to the vigour and energy of some few able counsellors, perhaps more is owing to the inextinguishable ambition of Napoleon himself, his sanguine temper, and his untamable pride.

the cumbrousness of a domestic one was felt the more vexatious. Threats and prosecutions could no longer bridle the spirit which had been slowly gathering, and had burst forth in such force during the late struggle with France; nor could the national voice be stifled when it vented complaints and remonstrances which the people had a right to urge; and which nothing but the ingratitude and broken faith of their rulers could disregard for an hour. Hence some few immunities were partially obtained; some good measures, connected with education, adopted; some restraints even upon the prerogative imposed; and in some of the middling states, as Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, constitutions were established upon a form approaching nearly to popular government. If something was obtained, far more was desired; and the free spirit which had become generally prevalent during the war, instead of languishing, gained new strength during the peace; when no alarm from without could be used by the courtly authorities to repress it, and when each step made towards liberty both increased the wish for it, and augmented the means of obtaining it.

Such was the state of Germany prior to the important events of 1830. In Italy the struggle had been carried on between liberty and power, more openly, on less equal terms, and with far worse success. The Neapolitans, by a sudden, unprepared, and ill-concerted movement, had overthrown this arbitrary government; but without displacing the branch of the Bourbon dynasty which filled the throne of the Two Sicilies. A representative government was established; and by the testimony of no less experienced and Conservative an authority than the late Lord Colchester, then residing at Naples, it appears that nothing could be more regular and satisfactory than the manner in which the Parliamentary business under the new constitution was carried on. Austria, however, immediately took the alarm,—apprehensive of the contagion spreading towards the north, and reaching her dominions in Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venice. The other members of that Holy Alliance to which she belonged, made common cause with her; and under the pretence that change of internal constitutions would lead to change of dominion; in other words, that the Italians after they had gained domestic liberty would next throw off the hated foreign yoke, and expel the Austrian power from their noble country—proclaimed the territorial arrangements of 1815 in danger, and the Neapolitan constitution an usurpation—upon the false and empty ground that it had been established by a military force; although they had never objected to Ferdinand VII. overturning the popular Government of Spain by the self-same means. Wherefore, to undo what the soldiery had done, Austrian troops, under the authority of the Holy Allies, were marched into Naples, and the old abominable constitution re-established. The

spirit of freedom, however, which this invasion had stifled was not extinguished; nor did the cruel punishments inflicted by Austria upon the illustrious patriots of the Milanese, either reconcile the Italians, or foreign nations, to that odious dominion which, in defiance of the people's unanimous desire, and in galling opposition to all their most rooted prepossessions and tastes, she exercised over the finest portion of the Italian Peninsula. The desire of liberty at home is in all parts of that country intimately blended with the love of national independence; and the small extent of the states into which it is divided, has hitherto alone prevented a successful resistance, and maintained the Austrian and the Bourbon power.

In Spain, events of a similar description had taken place. The Spaniards had, by a sudden movement, restored the representative Government of the Cortes, when the Holy Allies once more took umbrage, though with even less pretext for interference than ever; and France in concert with them marching a large force across the Pyrenees, speedily overthrew the new constitution, and restored Ferdinand to absolute power. In Portugal things had suffered no violent change; the dominion of the Braganza was preserved entire; but Don Pedro who had been established as Emperor of Brazil, voluntarily gave a free constitution to his European dominions, and resigned their sceptre to his daughter, the present Queen.

In the meantime, the infatuation of the restored family in France was preparing an event, only second in importance to the mighty Revolution of which, forty years before, that great country had been the scene. Untaught by experience; insensible to the warnings every where held out; impenetrable to any suggestions of prudence or of caution, or of natural fear—callous, as it were, even to the impressions made upon all animal nature by the instinct which tends to self-preservation—the family of Charles X. gave itself up to the counsels of weak men; in whose congenial bigotry they found a solace, and from whose constitutional feebleness, whether of understanding or of will, the wayward caprices of their pampered nature met with no manly resistance. Blind to all that was going on around them, deaf to all the lessons of wisdom, and oblivious of all their own past history, they deemed the time now come for absolute government; when the universal determination of the country was to obtain an enlargement of popular rights, and to impose new and effectual restraints upon the royal power. Partaking in the judicial blindness of the Court, the clergy impatient of a titheless and stipendiary lot, and looking back to the former history of their order, indulged the hope of once more seeing their hierarchy resume its pristine and palmy state. The ousted and impoverished owners of ancient domains, who had abode in the feudal faith through the changeable times of the

Revolution, saw pleasing visions of havoc made among all new titles; and a restoration of their castles, and their forests, and their seignories, as if the Assembly and the Convention had never been. The aristocratic circles of Paris, the coteries and the salons, the haunts of the effeminate of either sex,—that *gynocracy* which exercises so large an influence over society and over politics among our neighbours,—saw, or thought they saw the dawn of a better day; or rather the restoration of that old and elegant ease in which the time of polished minds was wont to glide away, with no patriotic storms to ruffle the serenity of their atmosphere,—no rude moralist's hand to tear aside the curtain that veils all the endearing and elegant immoralities of patrician life,—no prying, impudent, vulgar press to disturb the noiseless tenor of their way. An appeal had also been made to the nation at large; and a successful expedition was thrown out as an alluring object to a people rapacious of military glory: but all would not do. No boon could be received from the hands of Charles, and his Polignacs, and his Jesuits; nor was the insult to their common sense, and indeed to that of every rational community, overlooked, when that wretched bigot made some of his veteran marshals carry tapers at the processions in which he and his children officiated like princes of the twelfth century, to the scorn of all ranks in his polluted capital. Thus, with the whole country against him, the priests and heads of a poor and despised nobility alone his friends, a few unprincipled military chiefs his tools, the army generally with the people, this infatuated bigot tried to crush the liberties of the state, and was crushed, with his family, in the very outset of the mad conflict. The people resisted his guards with unparalleled gallantry; the rest of his troops left him to his fate; and a new dynasty was raised to the throne of a new and a free constitution. The Revolution in France, where the people acted on the defensive only, and resisted an attempt at changing their form of Government, was soon followed by one of another description in Belgium; where the people rose against the Dutch family, expelled them, gave the crown to another, and established a free constitution upon the plan of the English and the French Governments.

But the important scenes which had been enacted in France, extended their influence far more widely than to Belgium,—a neighbouring state, in close intercourse with the French provinces, and connected with its Government by so many years of incorporation during the war. A free constitution had been erected, upon principles even more liberal towards the people than that of England itself. The citizens had been formally embodied, and not only armed by public authority, but invested with the power of choosing their officers; hereditary peerages had been abolished; and the Government in its forms, and titles, and dates,

as well as in substance and effect, was the child and creature of a Revolution. By no possibility could this great change have taken place, and this revolutionary constitution been established, without creating at once much alarm to the 'legitimate dynasties,' as they were termed, in the other countries of Europe—exciting sanguine hopes of improvement among the people every where—and forwarding by many years the progress of free institutions. The great cause of representative government had in three days made a more rapid progress than it had done in the century which preceded 1789; and the strength and stability of arbitrary constitutions had in the same proportion declined. That such was the universal feeling upon the subject, soon became apparent, from the movements every where made among the popular bodies in all countries where the Government is not despotic; from the storms which seemed gathering even in those countries themselves; and from the line of conduct pursued by the courts of arbitrary princes. In England, a general election was near its close when the intelligence arrived of the French Revolution. It immediately formed the topic most interesting to all public meetings; and had it been known a few weeks earlier, the result of the election would have proved still more propitious than it did to public liberty. In Spain and Portugal movements were presently attempted, which, in the course of a year or two, led to the establishment of popular government upon the most ample and liberal scale. The great measure of Parliamentary Reform itself, in England, was not uninfluenced by an event which seemed calculated to accelerate every improvement in the condition of the people, and augment every accession of their strength. The people were animated with the hopes of obtaining further changes in their Government, and being allowed a greater share in its powers, by the spectacle almost before their eyes, of the ample privileges now acquired by their enlightened neighbours across the Channel. The English people, indeed, were naturally more influenced by these feelings than any other; because they had fewer restraints upon their free discussion of abuses, and their exertions to reform them. But every where an effect was produced. From France a sound had gone forth, which was like the trumpet to rouse the misgoverned many, and like the knell of death to the hopes of the misruling few. Thus, while joy and hope spread through the people in all lands, anxiety, jealousy, alarm smote the heads of the ancient dynasties, and set them upon schemes of preparation against the coming storm. Some, as Russia, even refused for a while to acknowledge the new dynasty of France; because its title was derived from the people's choice, against an exploded hereditary right. Others coldly maintained the relations of peace and amity with the King of the French. The



exiled family—exiled for crimes, and against whom the blood of their subjects massacred in the attempt to grasp despotic power, cried aloud for vengeance,—found not only an asylum but comfort and respect, first in England,\* and then in Austria. The Ambassadors of the European powers might be in Paris, but their hearts were in Saltzburgh or at Prague.

Meanwhile, the arrangement made for the affairs of Belgium, after a year spent in negotiation, and conferences innumerable, and protocols by the cart-load, was peremptorily rejected by the Dutch Government; in the hope that something might happen to bring on a general war, through which, aided by Russia, it expected to regain the possession of the Flemish provinces erected into a new monarchy. This resistance went to the length of hostilities; France had to assist the Belgians, with whose sovereign she had formed a family alliance; it required first an army in the field, then a regular siege of the principal seaport and citadel, to drive the troops of Holland from the Belgian territory; and even while we write, the dispute between the parties is still unsettled;—the new Government never having yet been acknowledged by the singularly obstinate Dutch King;—a prince served by men as pertinacious as himself; for his commanders in the campaign of 1831 actually fired their guns against a defenceless town, after they had been formally acquainted with the fact of an armistice being concluded by their government!

These events, from their dawn in the American war, to their consummation in the two revolutions of France, have at length distributed the powers of Europe into two great classes; divided from each other by principles far more deeply-rooted, by a line of demarcation far more broad and profound, than any of those accidental circumstances which of old used to separate or combine them. It is no longer a family alliance founded in marriage, or a connexion cemented by such personal ties, that knits different powers together; it is no longer the intrigue of one court overreaching another, and gaining it over to partake in some project of ambition, that lays the foundation of a politic union; it is no longer the accidental qualities of some individual like Peter III. or his son Paul, or the whimsies of a Joseph II. or an Alexander, or the bad repute in which a Constantine may be holden, that can regulate the movements of European policy, and divide some powers from the rest; consolidating the friendship of the one class, and exciting the jealousy or enmity of another. Even that ancient ground of amity or hostility, the proximity of one powerful state, and the remoteness of another, which makes it

safely trusted, although it will always have some weight in the nature of things, and may occasionally suggest measures of paramount importance, has lost by far the greater part of its influence in governing the course of international policy. The friendship and co-operation of states may now be said to rest upon a broader basis; and to be guided by views more enlightened and more favourable to peace, as well foreign as domestic; the great end and aim of our political being. In the centre of Western Europe there now exists a vast empire of freemen, governed by popular institutions, and whose affairs are intrusted, in a great measure, to the hands of the people themselves. We are well aware that this is rather what will soon be the condition of France than what already has been established; the elective franchise requiring much further extension. Nevertheless, the people are armed, they are to a certain degree represented; aristocracy is weakened; oligarchy destroyed; and no sovereign can either govern arbitrarily, or set himself above the law, or rule against the public opinion, or long refuse the further improvements which are still required. This empire of freemen, to the number of thirty millions, cherishes a constant sympathy with liberty, wherever suffering, and enmity towards oppression, wherever practised. England is in the same circumstances; and these two great powers are naturally friends and allies from similarity of constitution, unity of interests, and a position which enables them to maintain the peace of the world, as it enables them to defy the world in arms. Both, then, naturally are prone to favour and to co-operate with all other countries living under a free government. To this happy description belong both Holland and Belgium; the latter now and without dispute; the former as soon as the national jealousy fomented by the Court shall have been laid to rest, by forgetting the separation of Belgium and the war of 1831 and 1832. Belgium, indeed, has an evident interest in leaning towards France and England, independent of her similarity of constitution; for she is too weak to withstand the powerful neighbours which surround her on the east; and these are always sure to regard with an evil eye a popular form of Government, which as yet they have not given to their subjects. From Holland she has nothing to fear, now that her forces are placed upon so respectable a footing; but as Prussia must desire her downfall, as Austria cannot be averse to it, and as Russia would encourage any such attempts if she dared, the only security of Belgium is in the preservation of the continental peace; the virtual protection of France and England; the continuance of their good understanding, and their resolution, no less politic than just, to resist all attempts of arbitrary monarchs against the independence of their neighbours and the liberties of mankind.

\* Charles X. was received in England, and allowed to pass without payment of customs; but, unable or unwilling to pay a debt demanded, he took sanctuary in Holyrood House.



Bavaria and Wirtemberg are both placed under constitutional Governments; although far from being as freely constituted as those of the states of which we have been speaking. Nevertheless, it is impossible to doubt that their interests and their feelings must all point towards a good understanding with France and England; and must lead them to resist, not only all encroachments from the north, but all attempts to interfere with the internal policy of any nation whatever. Suppose, for example, that any such outrage were once more attempted upon the feelings and the liberties of mankind, as the Holy Allies offered to both in 1821 and 1823, it would be a most short-sighted policy in the Court of Munich to take no umbrage at this, or to conceive no apprehension for its own independence, however distant from Bavaria the scene of the operation might be laid; because its own turn would be sure to come before a long time elapsed after the success of such an enterprise. If, indeed, from private motives, the Court should fail to take the alarm, the suspicions of the country could not fail to be aroused by this *laches*; indicating, as it would, a hostile disposition towards the liberties of the people, and a lurking design to retract the meagre portion of constitutional rights already bestowed upon them, instead of extending its amount according to the people's ardent wishes. But the position of this third-rate power, exposed to the body of both the Austrian and Prussian monarchies, will never allow a prominent part to be borne in any struggle by the Bavarian Government. The importance of its good dispositions towards the constitutional cause, is derived from the part which it might be enabled to play in the case of any reverses,—such as happened to France under Napoleon; or in any other circumstances of an equally turned balance between the free Governments of the West, and the arbitrary powers of the North and the East of Europe. In such a critical juncture, it may safely be affirmed, that in proportion as the public voice is heard in countries circumstanced as Bavaria and Wirtemberg are, will the conduct of these states be regulated by a disposition hostile to the arbitrary, and friendly to the constitutional monarchs engaged in the conflict; while their influence in peace, whatever it may be, will always incline to the same side.

The two nations of the Spanish Peninsula are clearly ranged on the side of the constitutional powers. They have both obtained free and popular governments, and the resistance both of the servile party at home, and of its allies, the arbitrary sovereigns of the north, to the liberties thus acquired, secures the adhesion both of Portugal and Spain to the liberal cause; that is, to the side of England and France. It must, however, be observed, that when we thus speak of those two monarchies, and especially of Spain, we are assuming that the party at present dominant in each

shall ultimately prevail; and in both there is a great division of opinion. To the crown of both there is a pretender, patronising the worst principles of despotism; affecting absolute power in his own person; and backed by the priests, the rabble, and the effete aristocracy of the country. Even in Portugal, where the great capacity, the strong perseverance, and the extraordinary gallantry of Don Pedro,—after maintaining a protracted contest, with various success, often in all but hopeless fortune, against the usurper Miguel, a tyrant, a coward, a murderer,—finally reconquered his crown for his daughter, there still exists a considerable party of absolutists; and among the liberals a division of sentiment that may at any moment shake the Government to its centre. Nor can a firm reliance be placed at any time on constitutions the handiwork of an armed force,—the unripe fruit of revolutions which the soldiery have suddenly brought about, and may as swiftly counteract. This observation, the result of all experience, and the just deduction from all sound political principle, applies with still greater force to the actual condition of the Spanish Government. The aspect of its affairs is, indeed, truly lamentable. A civil war of seemingly endless endurance harasses the Government, wastes the northern provinces, and distracts the people. An exhausted treasury, even if the Government were endued with any natural strength, must keep it utterly feeble and inefficient. Partly from want of money, partly from the divisions in the nation, partly from the listless languor naturally consequent upon a long-protracted struggle, in which the people have done nothing but patiently endure conquest and misery in all their forms, no power exists of making the very slender efforts which, to all appearance, would be capable of driving the pretender from the country and terminating the war. Then nothing can be more revolting to the feelings of all mankind than the barbarities which mark the conduct of both parties in this civil strife. Every resource of savage warfare is remorselessly contrived, and every form of inhuman cruelty displayed, to rouse the hatred and disgust of mankind, and make all bystanders nearly indifferent which shall conquer. So that it requires an effort of our principles to control our feelings, and make us wish well even to that side whose success will further the cause of constitutional liberty; when we find that sacred name made the cover for crimes as black as those which pollute more congenially the track of the tyrant usurper. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that any such reverse as should overthrow the Spanish Queen's Government, and place the servile party in power, would be most inauspicious to the security of the constitutional cause in Europe. A body of intriguing, reckless, bigoted Carlists upon the Southern frontier of France, would at all times be a rallying point for the disaffected in that country;

and a kind of encouragement would be afforded to the absolute party among the Cabinets of the North, extremely unfavourable to the progress of free institutions; possibly tending even to foster those longings after foreign interference, for some time nearly dead, and to rekindle the expiring embers of that Holy Alliance, which the Revolution of 1830 had seemed almost to have extinguished for ever. The policy of France is, in these circumstances, more than questionable. Of the deliberate opinions formed and steadily held by a prince so eminently able and politic as the King of the French,—whose views are so enlarged, whose experience of men has been so ample, whose knowledge of the Spanish people is only surpassed by his intimate and intuitive acquaintance with the nation over which he rules,—it certainly becomes us to speak with profound respect. Nor should we hazard any dissent from such high authority, were we quite satisfied that his Majesty's views are wholly uninfluenced by some lurking unwillingness to offend the Powers whom he has sometimes been disposed to court, at least by acquiescence and neutrality if not with occasional compliances. The King is persuaded that were he to interfere in the Spanish contest, no sooner would a French force march across the Pyrenees than the ancient national antipathy would revive; and all parties unite in resisting the side taken by the intervening army. In this belief he is supported by the great captains who have served in Spain, and particularly by Marshal Soult. But we are convinced that these opinions all belong to a former period of the contest; the period from which the experience of those high military authorities has been derived; and that the view taken by M. Thiers and his supporters is the more just one, and the more adapted to the existing circumstances of the country. The Spaniards, as a nation, according to these politicians, will neither unite to help, nor to oppose an intervening force. They are quite exhausted; they are weary of the contest; they will prove altogether sluggish and indifferent; and the conflict may be ended by a moderate exertion applied to back one of two very feeble antagonists. It appears to us that the whole events of the last three years strongly confirm this view of the subject; but it seems to be demonstratively proved by the extraordinary and romantic march of the chief who last winter traversed Spain in every direction, met with no resistance any where—while the regular troops of the Government were always following him a day's march in the rear—collected as much booty in each place as he chose to take, or had the means of carrying away; and returned in perfect safety to the country north of the Ebro, as little harassed in his dangerous retreat as he had been in his seemingly desperate advance. This small band moved through the 'invincible Spanish nation'—the 'heroes of Castile'—the 'tribes never to

be subdued on their own ground'—as through an unresisting medium. But it is equally certain that the people, wholly inert to resist their progress, were as inert to be moved by it in any way, and resumed their former attitude after the handful of mauls had passed; as an unresisting medium closes after the transit of the missile that cuts a path through it. Can there be any reasonable doubt that such a people would endure the interference of even a French army, as patiently, as passively as they bore the impression of the Carlist force, moving through the provinces most attached to the constitution; nay, as they bore the movements of the Bourbon army on the servile side in 1823,—the story of which seems to be wholly forgotten, by those who regard with such apprehension the effects of French intervention, on the liberal side, at the present day? The policy in which the French Court perseveres appears, for these reasons, to be justified by no sound view of the facts; and its consequences to the liberal cause in Europe, as well as in Spain, are undeniably most injurious.

The same arguments do not at all apply to the policy of England. We should not be justified in taking a direct share of the war. Some doubt may even be entertained whether we are justified in going so far as we have done, by furnishing arms and ammunition, by lending naval assistance, and by encouraging our people to serve in the Spanish Queen's ranks. Our concern in the Spanish civil war is remote and indirect. It is only in proportion to the bearing of that contest upon the affairs of Portugal, long a kind of dependence upon this country; and, accordingly the treaty of Quadruple Alliance expressly specifies the danger of the Portuguese Government from the disputed succession in Spain as the ground of interference; and states the object of that interposition to be the removal of the Portuguese Pretender from Spain, and preventing the Spanish Pretender from aiding the Portuguese. All that we agreed to do by the treaty was to furnish naval assistance, if needful; and a late attempt made to countenance this as an obligation to blockade the Spanish coast, and forbid the access of neutrals to Don Carlos, was at once disclaimed by the Government. The dangers to which France is exposed, under her constitutional Government, from a Carlist usurper triumphing in Spain over the constitutional party,—nay, the risks her domestic tranquillity runs from the existence of a protracted civil war, on political grounds, upon that frontier where she is most defenceless against foreign attack, and in the vicinity of the provinces most distracted by a party hostile to the existing dynasty and established constitution,—afford a ground for interfering to terminate a state of anarchy perilous to her if it continues, and fraught with yet greater danger to her security if it ends in the establishment of the usurper.\*

\* The act of individuals taking part on either side of

The States of America, in some sort, enter into the European system. Their origin is European. They all have been portions of the dominion of European powers till very lately. Our intercourse with them by commerce, by residence, by interchange of lights, is constant; and by the discoveries of science and the consequent improvements in art, our communication becoming daily more easy and more swift, their distance is really less than that of many European countries from each other. We have seen how large a share the United States had in producing those changes in the Old Hemisphere which have so altered its political aspect, and created a new principle to regulate the mutual relations of its parts. Through the storms which shook the continent of Europe during the French Revolution, the firmness and the virtue of Washington kept his country safe in an honourable and respected neutrality. If profound sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness,—nay, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself,—joined with, or rather leading to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle,—if these things can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar, then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue. Nor could the human fancy create a combination of qualities, even to the very wants and defects of the subject, more perfectly fitted for the scenes in which it was his lot to bear the chief part; whether we regard the war which he conducted, the political constitution over which he afterwards presided, or the tempestuous times through which he had finally to guide the bark himself had launched. Averse as his pure mind and temperate disposition naturally was from the atrocities of the French Revolution, he yet never leant against the cause of liberty, but clung to it even when deformed by the excesses of its savage votaries. Towards France, while he reprobated her aggressions upon other states, and bravely resisted her pretensions to control his own, he yet never ceased to feel the gratitude which her aid to the American cause had planted eternally in every American bosom; and for the freedom of a nation which had followed the noble example of his countrymen in breaking the chains of a thousand

this conflict, we have often had occasion to reprobate. Indeed, in *any foreign war*, the lawfulness of this interference seems abundantly questionable. What say the Articles of the Church of England? They pronounce taking arms lawful to Christian men, "by command of the civil magistrate."

years, he united with those countrymen in cherishing a natural sympathy and regard. To England, whom he had only known as a tyrant, he never, even in the worst times of French turbulence at home, and injury to foreign states, could unbend from the attitude of distrust and defiance into which the conduct of her sovereign and his Parliament, not unsupported by her people, had forced him, and in which the war had left him. Nor was there ever among all the complacent self-delusions with which the fond conceits of national vanity are apt to intoxicate us, one more utterly fantastical than the notion wherewith the politicians of the Pitt school were wont to flatter themselves, and beguile their followers,—that simply because the Great American would not yield either to the bravadoes of the republican envoy, or to the fierce democracy of Jefferson, he therefore had become weary of republics, and a friend to monarchy and to England. In truth, his devotion to liberty, and his intimate persuasion that it can only be enjoyed under the republican form, constantly gained strength to the end of his truly glorious life; and his steady resolution to hold the balance even between contending extremes at home, as well as to repel any advance from abroad incompatible with perfect independence, was not more dictated by the natural justice of his disposition, and the habitual sobriety of his views, than it sprang from a profound conviction, that a commonwealth is most effectually served by the commanding prudence which checks all excesses, and guarantees it against the peril that chiefly besets popular governments.

So great a sway had the integrity of his noble character over all his feelings, that, had he been spared for a few years longer, the tyranny and the wars of Napoleon would have inclined him towards England as the refuge of freedom and the stay of national independence; nor can there be any doubt at all, that in the present day his policy would have ranged him on the side of the French and English alliances against despotic Government, and for the support of liberty and peace. On that side will his country ever be found; and though they will always pursue the wise course which he chalked out, of never interfering in the quarrels of Europe, yet, as far as countenance and national sympathies go, those who in the Old World are maintaining the battle 'which often lost is ever won,' in the sacred cause of human rights, will still find in the freemen of the New their most hearty allies.

Some apprehensions have been entertained by the friends of liberty, and of democratic government, lest the American Union should fall to pieces. The two risks to which it is exposed are its size becoming unwieldy, from vast extent and thick population, and the diversities between the southern and the other states, more especially in regard to the admixture of the



coloured race. It would, however, be extremely rash to think of setting bounds to the powers of the representative principle; especially when united with the federal; if no very manifest opposition of interests were interposed. The statesmen of ancient Greece could no more have believed in the possibility of a republic extending over sixteen degrees of latitude, and numbering twelve millions of subjects—they who with extreme difficulty could govern a commonwealth of one city and twenty thousand free inhabitants—than they could have believed in the voyage of Columbus, or the steam-navigation and steam-travelling of the present day—no more than we now can believe in a republican or any other empire holding together when its people shall amount to fourscore millions—no more than those who went before us could, and did believe, that the American Government could subsist when its subjects should increase to their present number. Yet it seems just as easy to conduct the federal representative government now, as when it had only two or three millions of subjects; therefore, the mere increase of numbers and extension of territory are not of themselves sufficient to make the split necessary; although these circumstances may very possibly give rise to important modifications in its political structure. But the great question of negro slavery presents a more formidable risk to the eye of the attentive observer. There certainly exists a material difference, not only of opinion, but of feeling, and feeling of a very strong kind, in one of the parties, upon this important subject. The northern and middle States, which have scarcely any slaves, are friendly to emancipation. The principle of the Federal constitution requires a certain majority in the Congress\* before the state of slavery can be affected by any legislative provision. Should that majority be obtained, the southern States threaten, it is said, to fall off from the Union. Now, assuredly, the inhabitants of the South do feel, and most naturally feel, in a very different way, upon the question, from those of the other States, who only hear of slaves and slavery at a distance, and do not live surrounded by thousands of another colour, blood, and character, in whose power they unavoidably would be, were there any possibility of combination among them against their masters; and we have, therefore, no doubt that much violence will be shown in discussing a subject which must naturally excite so deep and universal an interest. But, in the first place, we place our unabated confidence in the powers of discussion and the energy of truth, to force its way through all obstructions, and overpower all resistance. The Americans must perceive, that the great experiment of complete and instantaneous emancipation made in Antigua, where the disproportion of the colours was far greater, and the territory much

\* An alteration of the Constitution itself, is what the writer probably meant.—Ed. Museum.]

more confined, has been attended with no risk whatever; nay, that the negroes have acted more prudently and peacefully since they obtained their freedom than they ever had done while in bondage. They must also perceive, that the refusal to follow, not our example, but that of our planters, whose circumstances are the same with their own, will not at all lessen the danger of their position; nay, that unless all the discourses of England, and all the events of the West Indies, could be kept from the knowledge of the Virginian slave, he is a far safer inmate of society in freedom than in chains. Finally, they must be aware that the delay of the measure is only an aggravation of the mischief; and that as the disproportion of the coloured race increases, so must the danger of the white inhabitants. That all these reasons will find acceptance sooner or later with our American kinsmen, and the sooner, if unaccompanied with the unthinking and the unseemly abuse lavished upon the Southern men by those whom it costs nothing to profess free opinions,—who are fond of exercising a cheap virtue and displaying a vicarious contempt of the dangers they would have other men encounter—we firmly and confidently believe; however inauspicious the aspect may be which the controversy at present wears.

But, secondly, we believe, that should emancipation be even forced upon the Southern States, there is not any very great hazard to the continuance of the Union; and that, as happened with the ominous threats made on the Embargo and Importation questions, when the menace is disregarded, having spent its force and served, or rather failed to serve its turn, it will be forgotten. For suppose those States should separate because of the vote hostile to slavery; and separate with the purpose of maintaining this abominable *status*, what hope can they have of accomplishing this end! Surely it will be far more difficult to refuse the negro his liberty, after not only England has declared him free in the Islands, but North and Central America shall also have joined in the same righteous and politic measures. Nor can it be doubted, that whatever risks the Southern men may run from either granting or withholding emancipation, those risks will be prodigiously increased by the separation; which leaves them to themselves, and withdraws the countenance, the comfort, and the actual help, of so many states where there are none but whites, their natural allies, against any insurrection of the coloured race. We should really as soon expect the Protestants of Ireland to repeal the Union, and then complete their folly by throwing off all connexion with Great Britain, in revenge for the emancipation of the Catholics—as entertain any very serious fears of the Virginians and Carolinians separating from the men of New York and New England, with a view of better enabling themselves to make head against their sable fellow-citizens. If men



acted as suddenly as they speak, adopted plans as swiftly as they uttered threats, and carried into instantaneous execution all the resolutions of the moment, there would be no small risk of such a calamity. The course of human action is, happily, far otherwise arranged; and our fears of the catastrophe happening are, consequently, very inconsiderable.

We have in these remarks spoken with unfeigned repugnance of the bare chance of such an event as a separation in the American Union; we have treated this, were it to happen, as a great calamity; and we mean a calamity to the world no less than to America herself. The interests of freedom must suffer incalculably from such a disaster; but the interests of peace itself will also be endangered. There can be no better security for its preservation than a federal union of all the provinces among which territories of the North American continent are distributed; and the erection of separate independent states, even under the republican form of government, would certainly be attended with risk of hostilities.

On the northern frontier, however, of the United States, we can easily foresee some prospect of change. That Canada should sooner or later become an independent state, and in all probability unite with the great American confederacy, seems probable. The late events in that province have no doubt augmented the likelihood of such an end to our remaining colonial empire. Into this question we are extremely unwilling to enter, on account of the angry and, we trust, the ephemeral disputes to which it has given rise, dividing for a time the friends of liberty in this country. But one error we must mark, because it pervaded the reasoning of those who affected to treat the argument upon more enlarged views, and is one of the merest delusions imaginable. They spoke of forming a great North American empire, or kind of Colonial Federacy, of which the end and object should be to act as a balance to what they justly called the colossal and rapidly increasing power of the United States. Now, of what use is it to us, or to any one, that the Colossal States should be balanced, unless because we have some fears of their extensive power? And what dread can we have of this power unless we have colonies to be attacked? There, therefore, cannot be any use whatever in balancing the United States, if we have no 'Northern Colonial Federacy;' so that the only conceivable use of this balancing federacy is to protect itself; unless, indeed, we listen to the fears of those who dread an American naval ascendancy. In colonial possessions, there may be some advantage; much benefit there certainly is from such settlements at an early stage of the industry, and especially of the trade of any country; and these advantages do not cease with colonial dependence, but are often even more valuable after the political connexion has been severed. But for

the purposes of political power; as an element in our foreign policy—nothing can be more obvious than the indifference of those North American colonies either way; because from the United States we never can have any apprehension whatever, even if their natural policy were not to side with France and with us; and the only point of our system in which we can be exposed to their force or their influence, is the very spot in question. So that the error alluded to is just an instance of reasoning in a circle.

The vast and fertile regions of South America remain to be mentioned. Since the breaking up of the splendid colonial empire of Spain, the state of the independent commonwealths which arose out of it has been uncertain, and their fortunes various. With the exception of Bolivar, no eminent men have been produced to enlighten this empire by their wisdom, or to sway it with their firm hands. A deplorable want of public virtue has been displayed among the leading characters who have assumed the direction of public affairs. Bad faith has but too frequently marked the conduct of the republics; nor have appearances of pecuniary corruption been wanting. The successive Governments formed have been possessed of but feeble resources; and the confidence of the people has not enabled them to draw forth the national resources, unless when connected with the spirit of resistance to the parent state; if so stepmother a Government as that of Spain can deserve the name. Hence the want of all stability in any one of those commonwealths; hence the sudden and violent revolutions to which they have been subject—the ceaseless anarchy in which they have had their political being—and their dangerous conflicts with their neighbours. That the spirit of independence will keep them free from all foreign yoke there can be no doubt; but for domestic liberty they are plainly little prepared. A greater contrast can hardly be conceived than their history has presented to that of the United States; and the difference is entirely owing to their struggle against the monarchy of Spain having led them, as it did the republicans of ancient times, to found popular governments, before the people had learnt the difficult and late-acquired lesson of self-government. These remarks, of course, extend not to Brazil. The emigration of the Portuguese Royal family has retained that noble country in subjection to a kingly Government; and the constitution on a representative principle, which it has obtained, as well as its connexion with old Portugal, at once has consulted the best interests of the people, and allied it with the constitutional party of England and of France.

In the East, that is in the Levant, comprising Turkey and its great and rich province Egypt, the enmity of Russia, and her constant system of encroachment, pursued without a year's interval or a month's, for much above a century, the constitutional cause has

natural allies. The spirit of improvement, even of Reform, has penetrated into the Divans of Constantinople and Alexandria; nor is there a doubt that liberal policy has made more progress among the Turks of the south, than among the Calmucks of the north. Any approach, indeed, to representative Government, or to a direct interference of the people, with the administration of affairs, neither has made; nor, in the present debased state of the ignorant community, is any such share practicable. But important amendments are daily introduced into their institutions, which must speedily change the face of affairs, and above all, education is, in Egypt, so much cared for, that schools have been established, with great profusion, all over the country, and infuse principles at once liberal and practical. Removing popular ignorance, and raising the long-neglected inhabitants to a higher scale in society, will unquestionably lead to the development of the talents which they possess; and which all who have had any personal knowledge of them agree in representing to be combined with a spirit of rectitude, a feeling of honour, that forms, we fear, a sad contrast to the low cunning implanted by long servitude in the character of the Greeks.

Whether the encroaching policy of Russia shall be suffered to extend on the side of Turkey, is undoubtedly a question for the serious consideration of the other European powers. She is at the head of the Absolute Party; her influence affects habitually, if it does not rule, the courts of Austria and Prussia. Her gigantic power, her resources of men, at least, if not backed by a plentiful treasury, and, above all, her position, which exempts her from all the dangers of attack that tend to keep other nations in awe, and bind them over, as it were, to peace and good behaviour, have given her a weight of late years in European affairs, very different from any she possessed, even under the reign of the ambitious Catherine. The only thing that has made this colossal empire at all a safe member of the European community, has hitherto been that remote position which, in another view, makes her almost irresponsible by making her secure. But it will be far otherwise if she moves to the southward, and adds Constantinople to her vast dominions. She will then have the footing on the Mediterranean which which has always been her most favourite object; she will become in reality what as yet she has only affected to be, a naval power; and, with the resources of the Levant, added to those of the north, no one can doubt that she will be a naval power of the first order. The independence of Egypt, on any account a matter of the greatest importance to all the commercial states of Europe and America, will, of course, be a mere impossibility; and all the improvements now beginning in the East will be at an end. The view taken by some that there will be an advantage gained over Russia, inas-

much as she will be brought into the circle of the other European powers, and exposed to be attacked in her new dominions, appears a refinement too absurd to require a serious refutation. She still has her vast and inaccessible empire behind, on which to retreat; and, admitting the utmost weight that can be assigned to the argument just stated, it would only follow, that she might always run the risk of losing her new acquisitions, in an attempt still further to extend her encroachments; thus playing the safe game of either winning universal monarchy or remaining where she was before she seized on the Dardanelles. Other powers would still be in the very difficult position, that they could only play for that forbidden prize by staking their existence, by 'setting their lives upon the hazard of the die;' while she might play for it at the risk of only losing the last of her unfair gains.

To these considerations regarding the dangers apprehended from Russia, many reasoners add another, derived from observing her progress in the East. No doubt in that quarter she has been constantly advancing; and Persia may be said to exist at her good pleasure. But of such a mighty operation as a march to the northern provinces of India, where, independent of the distance, and the barren and difficult country through which the route must lie, there would be found a powerful army, inured to the climate, admirably commanded, strictly disciplined, and amply appointed in all respects,—we really cannot entertain any very serious apprehension; as long, at least, as the justice and lenity of our Indian administration shall avoid all collision with the natives; and our grasping spirit after territory and revenue shall not throw the country powers into the arms of the first adventurer among themselves, or the first European rival, by whom our immense dominions may be assailed. Besides, long before England could have to contend for her Eastern dominions at Delhi, Cabul, or Lahore, Russia would have to encounter our fleets at Cronstadt, and to defend Petersburg itself. Miserably ill-informed must our Government be of her movements on the East of the Caspian, if she could make any advance towards India before an overpowering armament laid Petersburg in ashes.\*

The name of Russia can hardly be pronounced without the figure of Poland, the victim of her crimes, possibly the instrument of her punishment, rising before our eyes. Nor is the position of that ill-fated and gallant nation immaterial to the view we are now taking of the European system. The Poles exist in the centre of Europe, nominally subjects of three powers, among whom they are distributed by acts of mere brute force;—beginning in foul treachery, consummated with

\* This article was written in June last, which will account for its making no reference to the more recent events in the East, where the Russian policy has been found marked with its usual grasping and restless character.

wanton cruelty, universally execrated by all beholders, never to be forgiven or forgotten by those upon whom they were perpetrated. Though enslaved for the moment, their spirit is unsubdued,—their hatred is the more rancorous for being suppressed—their animosity the more fierce for being bridled—their purpose of vengeance the more fixed for having its execution delayed. Though divided at present by political boundaries, these are to them arbitrary and imaginary; they still regard themselves as one nation, and this determination makes them one. Though presenting a blank to mark where Poland once had been, they exist in reality, and the meanness and the cruelties of their oppressors betoken that they know it. At any favourable opportunity presented by the conflicts of other states, the Poles may rise and take a part. They are a mine ready at any moment to explode; and they must always of necessity be found upon the side of the liberal or constitutional party,—the party ranged against those powers who form the Holy Alliance, identical with the partitioning confederacy,—their tyrant, their oppressor, their scourge. The peculiar circumstances of the Poles, however, make them an exception to the rule which ranks all the powers of the liberal side among the friends of peace. While the existing tranquillity continues, the unfortunate Poles know that there is no prospect of their country being restored; and hence they are anxious for any event which may disturb it.

We have now gone through the whole system of European policy, and contemplated the distribution of the powers which compose it, according to the new principles which govern their alliances and their oppositions. On the one hand, we have the Liberal or Constitutional Party, headed by England and France; on the other, the Absolute Party, headed by the Holy Allies, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The principle of the classification is not accidental or arbitrary; it is founded in the nature of things and of man; it is the similarity of political circumstances; the community of political feelings; and the identity of political interests. Those states which enjoy the benefits of a free Government, those nations which are ruled and administered by the body of the people, differ essentially in all important respects from those which are subject to the will of a single individual;—where the voice of the people is hardly ever to be heard, where they exercise no direct control over the Government, and where they are wholly excluded from all share whatever in the management of their own concerns. The conduct which the two classes of states are prone to pursue in these instances with their neighbours (the only proper subject of our present consideration,) is as essentially different as their situation in point of internal constitution; and the one diversity is the result of the other. This leads us to the very important subject of the ef-

fects which are produced by Arbitrary and by Popular governments ‘severally’ upon the Foreign Policy of nations.

1. The natural and indeed altogether unavoidable tendency of an Absolute Government must be to desire the establishment every where of the same constitution and to dread as an evil pregnant with danger to its own existence, the progress of liberty in other countries. It has this desire much more at heart, and feels this apprehension far more than a free Government can be supposed to wish for universal liberty, or to dread the progress of despotism. Little danger comparatively can arise to a Popular Government in one country from the existence of despotism in the neighbouring states; because there is little risk of the example proving so attractive as to obtain advocates and imitators. But the case is very different with Popular Governments surrounding a Despotism. The example of freedom is contagious; and the people suffering under the oppression of an arbitrary sovereign, or injured in their most important concerns by his maladministration of their affairs, are very likely to demand a change of Government; aiming at the enjoyment of those rights which they see their neighbours possessing, and using to their great advantage. The facts of the case in general, but particularly the history of the last half century, and more especially of the latter portion of it, abundantly prove that this position is strictly true. The league of the allied princes on behalf of the French Royal Family in 1792, was a league of the Absolute against the Constitutional principle; originating in the fears of despotic governments, that liberty once established in France might soon cross the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. All the earlier policy of the European courts was governed by the same principle, and it was not even wholly forgotten, when a far more immediate risk was to be encountered, first, from the mighty successes of the republic, and then from the conquests of the empire. The downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, for a while quieted the alarms of those absolute princes; but they were soon revived by the events which happened in Spain and Italy; nor did even the remote triumphs of liberty in South America pass without affecting the sensitive nature of arbitrary rulers. Indeed, so provident were they, by a kind of instinctive dread of a long peace bringing about various domestic changes, that, long before any movements had been made by the people in any part of Europe, the Holy Alliance was formed, almost as soon as the peace was concluded in 1815; and though its avowed object was the maintenance of peace, the real end and aim of its being was the prevention of revolution, and the resistance to popular principles, all the world over. The great events of 1830, both in France and Belgium, gave rise to much intrigue and many secret attempts, though the princes



durst not openly avow their designs; because, whilst France and England are united, all resistance must be vain. But it is as certain that, underhand, the former have assisted both Carlos and Miguel, as that the latter have more openly aided the constitutional cause in both portions of the Peninsula.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there is no more right, in the liberal party among the European states, to interfere with the affairs of a neighbour, for the purpose of producing a revolution favourable to liberty, than in the absolute princes to interfere between the people of any state and the freedom which they have acquired, or are seeking. The proceedings at Laybach and Pilnitz were not greater outrages on all the principles of national independence, than the decree of the French Convention in November 1793. Indeed, it always appeared to us that Mr. Canning's celebrated declaration in November 1826 was unstatesmanlike, and reprehensible on the same ground. If it was more than a rhetorical flourish, it conveyed an unworthy threat, and it implied the assertion of a claim founded on an unsound title. It was an intimation, that if the absolute powers interfered in Portugal, England might raise their own subjects, and excite them to seek liberty through revolution—a menace only to be used defensively, because a proceeding only to be embraced in the very last extremity. But it also was grounded on a false assumption, that we have a right to revolutionize one country, or in any way, to interfere in its domestic affairs, for the benefit, not of the country itself, but of some other country attacked by its rulers. These remarks apply to the part of this speech which regarded European insurrections, and was garnished with the fine quotation about *Æolus* and his winds. As for the other part, relating to the South American states, the recognition, the very tardy recognition, of whose independence he termed 'calling the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old,' there was neither fact, nor sense, nor even good trope to recommend it. The result of the whole is, that unless, where the state of affairs, in any one country, is such as immediately to endanger the tranquillity, and even threaten the existence of its neighbours, the latter have no right whatever to interfere, either to overturn or to restore its Government. But if another power or combination of powers, shall, in breach of this cardinal rule, interpose; undeniably the right to take part against them, and obstruct their operations, immediately attaches; and so the liberal powers, France and England, would have both a right to exercise, and a duty to perform, of assisting any free state against tyrants, if the Holy Allies should think proper to act. The perfect knowledge that this right exists, and that this duty would be discharged, is the best security against all such aggressions upon the

constituted principle by these absolute princes, and is the most valuable service which the liberal alliance can render to freedom.\*

2. The next diversity of Popular and Absolute governments, to which we shall advert, is the different degree in which they are fitted for the operations of diplomacy. The unity and the vigour of Absolute Monarchy, as giving it great advantages in negotiation, have been much relied on; and, undoubtedly, it has some advantages, in performing this function, over a Popular form of Government. It is more secret; it can more easily lay its plans; it has more ample discretion in accepting or refusing terms. There is always some risk of the ambassador of a republic being disavowed by its senate; or even of the senate being thwarted by the people at large. There is always a chance of matters being made public, which are unfit to be disclosed. Hence there may often be a reluctance to treat with, or to trust the republican negotiators. Now, without denying this statement, or under-rating the imperfection in Popular Governments to which it relates, we conceive that against it must be set off a far more important advantage, which those Governments enjoy for maintaining the relations established by treaty. The insolent caprice, or the sinister views, the personal feelings, or the private interests, of an individual are far more likely to make the Absolute Government swerve from its engagements, than any reverse of popular opinion or sentiment is to create a similar departure. An act of bad faith, which may be committed in the closet, and cannot be either submitted for previous approval to the public, or prevented or resisted by any other power in state save the wrongdoer, is far more likely to be committed; and, if committed far less likely to be retracted, than if it must undergo, in the first instance, a free discussion among the people to whose judgment it appeals; and may immediately, after being perpetrated, be reviewed and reversed before the same popular tribunal. Outrages upon all principles of honour and honesty have often been committed by absolute princes, which never could have even been propounded to the representatives of their people, and which, if propounded, must have been instantly repudiated. Therefore, if certainty, security, the improbability of faith being broken, the likelihood of what is for the honour and interest of the country being consulted, and therefore sudden, capricious changes of policy being averted—

\* It exceedingly behoves the Liberal party never, by putting themselves in the wrong, to arm its adversaries with arguments of serious weight against them. For this reason, the issuing illegal orders to the cruisers on the Spanish coast was deeply to be lamented. Those orders were an infraction of neutral rights, and they were grounded on a construction of the Quadruple Treaty of 1833, which its authors at once disclaimed.



if these make a nation safe to treat with and to trust, a Popular Government is far better fitted for negotiation, and for maintaining the relations of alliance, than an Absolute Prince.

3. The superiority of a Monarchy for military operations, that is, for the policy of war, and among other branches of it, for maintaining the relations of belligerent alliance, has been also much vaunted; and here, as under the last head, there is undeniably some advantage on its side; while there is an advantage of much greater magnitude possessed by a Popular constitution. The promptitude with which a single mind can plan, and the vigour with which a single hand can act, is undoubtedly a material advantage; although by judicious arrangements, even a commonwealth, and much more a limited monarchy, may be enabled so to employ individuals as to gain the greater part of this benefit. But the power of drawing forth the whole resources of the country belongs to a free and limited Government alone. The exertions in raising men made by France, the incalculable sums of money drawn from the people of England, are incontestable proofs of this position. No absolute prince could have raised a tenth part of the money; and although Napoleon, availing himself of the reliefs of revolutionary spirit and republican habits, and working on the epidemic love of military glory and national fame which marks that martial people, succeeded in raising enormous masses of troops, he fell because the spirit was gone which made all France rise as one man against invasion under the Convention, and Paris saw the Allies enter it unresisted, except with groans and curses by the people. It is, indeed, frequently said that the turns of popular opinion are often fatal to military policy, by their sometimes urging hostilities—sometimes prematurely opposing them, and requesting peace. But this point will be considered under the next head.

4. The great question of Peace is the last and the most important point in which we have to survey the difference between Popular and Absolute Governments. It seems quite evident that the chances of war are far greater, at all times, under the latter. Kings are, by their nature, that is, their education and their position, lovers of war. Its pomp, its gratification to vanity and ambition, its direct gains when successful, in which they chiefly share, while its losses, if disastrous, fall on their subjects—all conspire to make this their favourite pursuit. The very necessity of maintaining a standing army for their own security at home, leads to war; for it provides the great instrument of war, the possession of which always furnishes a temptation to use it. Even when poor and exhausted by former conflicts, sovereigns will, like the father

of Frederic II., pass their lives in collecting treasures and troops, in order that their sons, like him, whom thoughtless men have, for his crimes, called 'Great,' may squander the one and use the other in ravaging peaceful, unsuspecting provinces, to increase the number of his vassals. So, too, the league of Absolute Princes for the spoliation of their weaker neighbours is an easy operation. How little difficulty did the Governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia find in secretly plotting the division of Poland, and concealing that deed of darkness until it was too late to prevent its perpetration! How few words did it cost Lewis XIV. to perpetrate the inhuman devastation with which despotism, more unsparing than the tempest, ravaged the Palatinate! But, unless in the most barbarous times, no such atrocious outrages could be suffered in any state where the public voice is heard, and the measures of Government are subjected to free and popular discussion. Indeed, we may lay it down as a certain truth, that, in proportion as the people in any country become enlightened and well informed of their interests and their duties, the love of peace will prevail among them; and the chances of their regarding war with any feelings but those of abhorrence will diminish. But no hope whatever can be entertained of any education eradicating from the minds of Absolute Princes the love of military glory, the thirst for extended dominion, the disposition to embark in the horrid pursuits of war; and all princes would be absolute if they could. Besides, the risks of war being undertaken are further multiplied, in an Absolute Monarchy, by the ease with which it can at once be declared, when a single voice alone decides for it. *L'état! c'est Moi!*—were Louis XIV.'s memorable words. A match broken off, or refused—a family quarrel to be espoused—the desire to extend some cousin's territory—an offence to the individual prince, or his dependents, or his relations—nay, an insult, wholly unintentional, and which he had brought upon himself; as when Charles XII. took umbrage that he was not treated like a king when he was travelling in disguise, and went to war for it;—such are the causes of war, where princes can determine with a word upon the misery of mankind; and the people, who can by no possibility have the least interest in such matters, or in the contests they create, are punished, according to the Roman poet's saying, for the frenzy of their rulers.

It is an undeniable fact, that, in a popular Government, much less is always left to chance and uncertainty, than in a Government where the will of one man forms the rule; and where caprice, and personal influences, and ascendancy must generally prevail; and this maxim applies to the foreign as much as to the domestic concerns of the state. The greater the number of persons who must be consulted before any measure, whether of treaty or of war, is resolved upon,

the less will the deliberation that leads to the decision, and the motives that regulate the execution of the plan, be subject to accident or to error. Great bodies of men discuss the whole of each matter propounded; nothing escapes them from neglect or oversight; no access is afforded to haste or caprice;—above all, there is but one object in view—the general interest, the common good; and this controls all private feelings, neutralizes all sudden impulses, and counteracts all individual peculiarities. So, too, a course once adopted for the public benefit is not hastily departed from; it is persevered in until experience shows it to be erroneous, or a change of circumstances requires a change of policy. Nothing is taken up on the whim of the moment, or the fashion of a day; nor is any thing, once taken in hand, upon mature reflection, and after full discussion, laid down without just and solid cause. What misleads men in arguing on this subject, is the confounding of the proceedings of a mob with those of popular bodies regularly constituted, and acting by fixed rules. The former may easily go astray of itself, or be misled by demagogues to form hasty conclusions, and enter into precipitate courses of action,—but the latter never can, if it be not most viciously constructed. If its constitution be not such as gives the reins to mob influence, or enables leading men to carry away the ruling assembly by sudden impulses, the fault is not in popular Governments generally, but in the defective structure of the one in question. Now, it is manifest, that where the constitution is such as to afford time for reflection and deliberation before any measure can be finally resolved upon, the good sense of the community is sure to prevail over the folly of the mob; and the interests of the many over those of the few. The rational portion of the people will be convinced by argument, and drawn to the side of reason, and their weight will, in the end, regulate the voice of the whole.

Hence, generally speaking, war will be much less likely to find favour with a Popular Government than with an Absolute Court. We speak with reference to the general case; without denying that republican Governments have sometimes proved warlike, as the barbarous Romans, from their want of knowledge, their savage thirst for plunder, and the accidental circumstances of their situation—a band of outlaws forming their institutions, while they lived by rapine; and adhering to them through superstition. So wars will, now and then, be popular from the national feeling of the moment; as that with Spain in 1739, when public clamour drove the wise and politic Walpole from the helm he had so long and so usefully held in times of imminent domestic peril, and complicated difficulty; and, indeed, the American and the French wars were, at first, popular in this country. But then it must be recollected, that the personal influence of a narrow-

minded and bigoted King, and a nobility wielding such evergrown power in Parliament as to make our Government rather an aristocracy than a popular constitution, both urged on the people to join in the cry, and prevented the return of reason and sober sense, and with them peace. It was to the vices of our constitution that we owed the continuance at least, if not the popularity of those fatal contests, the effects of which we have not yet outlived; for had a popularly formed legislature then existed, it is very probable neither wars would ever have been made; and perfectly certain that both would have been over in a few months.

It thus appears incontestable, that the course of Popular Governments is always likely to be more steady—less under the guidance of caprice, or at the mercy of accidental circumstances,—than that of Absolute Monarchies; that they are more to be relied upon in maintaining all the relations of intercourse with other powers; that they are sure to be better neighbours, and less prone to acts of injustice or violence; above all, that their policy is more certain to be moderate and pacific.

The happy footing upon which England and France have been together, ever since the Revolution of 1830, is, no doubt, the result of that popular influence, whose beneficial effects we have been tracing upon the whole frame of international policy. The ancient maxim, that the two countries were natural enemies, is now exploded; and has been succeeded by a conviction that the near neighbourhood which makes each the best customer of the other ought, in a merely commercial view, to make them natural allies. But, indeed, the very circumstance of their proximity and their strength, which exposes each in war to the greatest hazards from the other, offers an irrefragable reason for their living upon friendly terms, and never suffering any trifles to interrupt their amicable intercourse. These things were always sufficiently evident; yet the Government of the two nations being in the hands of courtiers and princes, while the people had little or no weight in the administration of affairs, the course taken by the two states was directed not by the enlightened reason and the common sense of mankind, so much as by the refinements and caprices and prejudices of the governing few; the interests and the feelings of the many being alike disregarded. Hence a spirit of rivalry and mutual enmity grew up on both sides of the Channel; and the two nations, formed by nature to be friends, were filled with a spirit of hatred and apprehension. This is now happily past; and for this we have to thank the French Revolution, and the English Reform. He would be a bold as well as a wicked Minister, in either country, who should attempt to revive the old hostility between the two; but he would speedily be a defeated and disgraced and

punished Minister; and his fate would serve as an example to deter others from endeavouring to thwart the well-grounded desires, the deliberate, and rational, and virtuous principles of a mighty people.

The salutary influence of this amity and union between those great powers is felt to the very ends of the earth: it tends to the security, to the improvement, to the pacification of the world. England now resumes her station as the head of the Liberal Interest in Europe. What noble part she bore in the contests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for Religious Freedom and the Reformation, that same part she now maintains for Civil Liberty and National Independence. But now her course is more clear, her success more secure, because now she has France for her mighty coadjutor; and with France her co-operation is cordial, as her amity is assured.

The peace, not of these two states alone, but of all Europe, and of the world, is in the keeping of France and England. While they continue friends, not a gun can be fired in any part of the globe without their consent. No aggression upon national independence can be attempted; no war against public liberty waged; no invasion of the rights of man and the law of nations undertaken. The occupation of the Holy Alliance is gone; it has ceased to reign; it can no more trouble and vex mankind. The police of Europe, which the conspiracy of the Calmuck, the Goth, and the Hun had affected to administer, is no longer in their hands; it is entrusted to less suspicious parties; the thief and the receiver, the murderer and the robber are no longer suffered to play the part of watchmen; or, under the disguise of patrols, to spring upon the wayfaring man. The high police of Europe, by land and by sea, is in purer hands, ay, and in stronger hands too! The great Continental power of France—the mighty Naval force of England—the sword and the trident—the eagle that has perched upon every capital of Europe, save one—the flag that a thousand years ‘has braved the battle and the breeze’—are united under the banner of liberty; and, marshalling those two free nations, appealing, if need be, to all other people, calling to their aid the *posse comitatus* of Europe, they will have no nation molested because of its liberties—nor any tyrant protected against his subjects—nor any opinion proscribed because of its truth and worth—nor any wrong done to the weak by the strong—nor any rebellion of might against right.

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

#### SCHILLER'S FLIGHT.

Schiller's *Flucht von Stuttgart und Aufenthalt in Mannheim von 1782 bis 1785*. (Schiller's Flight from Stuttgart and Residence at Mannheim from 1782 to 1785.) Stuttgart and Augsburg. J. G. Cotta. 12mo. 1836.

Until lately the biography of Schiller has been

written with a disregard to facts, remarkable even in Germany, where this department of literature is singularly barren. The learned of that country, who have searched with great success into the records of the earliest and remotest nations, and who also with equal diligence and acuteness develope in their works on abstract subjects the hidden springs of human actions, yet strangely disregard the lives and characters of illustrious men of all classes, although the career of these rarely fails to furnish philosophical history with some of its best analogies and surest lights. The memoirs of the French have no parallel among their neighbours beyond the Rhine; and the biographies published in the United States of North America, which are already numerous, and highly interesting, suggest, perhaps, the true reason of the deficiency we are remarking. It probably springs from the political inactivity of the Germans. The spirit of conquest in France and the spirit of freedom in America, have called into action a vast variety of individuals; and the public of both countries find in their history materials of the greatest interest. In Germany, with the stimulus of active life absolutely wanting, it is not surprising then the same interest should not be felt, and consequently that the materials of their history should be less regarded.

In the case of Schiller, the paucity of true details published concerning his life has led to capital errors upon its most remarkable periods; and although the noble character and fine genius of this eminent man have long been well appreciated by both his own countrymen and foreigners, it is only now that many particulars regarding him are beginning to be correctly known, and they are such as must necessarily elevate him still higher in public estimation.

A few extracts, to be taken presently, from Mr. Carlyle's able memoir of Schiller, will show the extraordinary inaccuracy of all the former narratives which that zealous and enlightened biographer consulted.

Although the first years of Schiller's childhood were passed without much instruction, for he was delicate, and his mother devoted herself exclusively to the care of his health, he soon made up for this small portion of lost time. In his sixth year he began to learn reading, writing, Latin and Greek; and at this period he is known to have exhibited poetical and oratorical talents, even in his amusements. In his ninth year (1768), Hebrew was added to his studies, to qualify him for the Church, which he had chosen as a profession: and in the period from 1769 to 1772 he passed three examinations in theology exceedingly well. His studies were somewhat interrupted by the effects of a too rapid growth upon a feeble constitution; but as his health improved he applied again so earnestly to his books, that his masters were obliged to admonish him to moderate his labour, lest body and mind should alike



suffer from the exertion. At this time he was a distinguished boy, remarkable for his indifference to boyish sports, but joining in them cheerfully and vigorously to please his schoolfellows.

The proof of his early proficiency is complete. The Grand Duke of Wurtemberg had founded a military school, and its success was so great that the courses of study, limited at first to the fine arts with a few pupils only, was extended to all the sciences, and with numerous classes. In order to fill this school respectably, special inquiries used to be made of the masters through the whole country, to ascertain what boys possessed the best abilities; and upon one of these occasions Schiller was reported as the most remarkable of them for talents of every kind.

The youth's family and himself had strong objections to his entering the duke's military academy, inasmuch as it completely deranged his destination for the Church: but, as his father was in the public service, his highness's offer of a free choice of studies, without expense, and accompanied by a promise of a better provision than the ecclesiastical profession would afford, was, after some resistance, finally accepted, from apprehension that a refusal might expose the family to the prince's resentment.

The details, which follow in the memoir, are very remarkable; and disprove completely the imputation of idleness often cast upon him.

"It was with a heavy heart," says the writer, "that Schiller, now only fourteen years of age, quitted the parental roof, to be received into the military academy; and he chose the law for his profession, because this alone afforded a prospect of providing suitably for the wants of his parents. But the dry details of this study so little harmonized with his enthusiastic nature, that in the annual *confession* required from the pupils as to their character, inclinations, and bad or good qualities, he could not refrain from annexing the following passage to his first declaration: '*I should think myself happier if I could serve my country as a spiritual teacher.*' No attention was paid to this wish, decidedly as it was expressed, and much as it redounded to his honour; he had therefore no choice but to pursue the law; and he did so with exemplary diligence. But a new trial awaited him. At the end of a year the duke informed his father that, as there were too many law-students in the academy, his son could not, on quitting it, have so good a post in that branch of avocation as he could wish: if, however, the young man would turn to medicine, he would in the course of time provide for him advantageously. A new struggle for Schiller! and new troubles for his parents! The conciliating temper, however, which never left the former in any of the changing scenes of his life, bore him through this trial also, and he submitted to the proposal.

"When Schiller began this medical course he was in his sixteenth year. His application was as usual, vigorous and discriminating; and hopelessly repulsive as he had anticipated the new study to be, a short trial disclosed many attractions. Its several parts were at first uninteresting, but he soon perceived they had a

close connection with the great circle of Nature's works, and that they promised one day to unfold to him in man the mutual influences of matter and mind. From his earliest youth, his reflective and deeply inquiring habits had been stimulated by the hope of making great discoveries in science, and working out some few grand results from the multitudinous details of nature presented to observing eyes.

"Attracted by such brilliant anticipations, and defying the prescribed rules, which however could not be entirely evaded, Schiller took advantage of every leisure hour to indulge his taste for history and poetry. Klopstock was one of his favourite writers, and the most congenial to his feelings, which ever fervently clung to the sublime objects of religious faith. Unconscious, however, in the simplicity of his youth, of the high position awaiting him, and equally unconscious then of the divine gifts so abundantly lavished upon him, he would often call his decided taste for poetry an idle indulgence of imagination, and in this temper of mind would reproach himself for taking many an hour unprofitably from his profession. In fact, his poetical distractions were for a time indulged to the disadvantage of his medical studies, and brought upon him some reproofs from his professors. Still, in order to gratify his parents, whom he so dearly loved, and actuated also by a just pride, he was in reality more diligent and zealous than any of his class-fellows.

"Sometimes, indeed, poetic images would present themselves to his not unwilling mind, without being in the smallest degree connected with his graver studies: but was it a fault in him to be unable even to behold anatomical drawings and subjects on a limited scale, without being at once led by his active fancy to call up before him the whole vast round of Nature! or, when listening to his professors, even with close attention, how could he prevent his devoted muse pouring seductive whispers into his apt ear, and, despite his sincere resolves, leading his mind astray in the fields of poesy? Both were impossible: the involuntary workings of his genius were too strong for control; as if introduced by some magic power, images and thoughts fermented in his inward soul, multiplying more and more with the growth of his reason, and acquiring overwhelming influence with the enlargement of his ideas."—p. 16—23.

Schiller, nevertheless, had strength of mind to govern these inclinations of his taste—

"He was not slow," adds the memoir, "to perceive that with his attention thus diverted from professional studies, *professional success*, his great object, would never be obtained. Although his masters were struck by his originality, and by his marked superiority over his fellow-students, he exacted far too much from himself to be satisfied with what he had hitherto accomplished. When in his eighteenth year, therefore, he resolved to *read nothing, write nothing, and even to think of nothing*, but that which related to medicine, until he should have completely mastered the science. In spite of the great sacrifice this resolution imposed on Schiller, he followed it up with extraordinary perseverance for two years. It was then that he studied thoroughly the medical works of Haller; and during this period he prepared himself, in the short space of three months, for an examination which gained him high testimonials. The effort seriously affected his health; for during it he denied himself even the relief of conversation; but he thereby became sufficiently familiar with all the branches

of the medical profession to enter upon practice with competent skill."—p. 23.

Of such a career, it is truly surprising to find by any possibility errors, like the following, recorded in the pages of Mr. Carlyle; a writer distinguished by great knowledge of German literature, and so earnestly desirous of extending rather than narrowing the fair fame of his subject, that his biography wears more the air of an eulogy, than of a Life of Schiller.

"His progress," says Mr. Carlyle, "though respectable or more, was little commensurate with what he afterwards became. . . . Thoughtless and gay, he would dissipate his time in childish sports, forgetful that the stolen charms of ball and leapfrog must be dearly bought by reproaches. . . . He passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy."—*The Life of Frederick Schiller*, pp. 7 & 20.

It is no disrespect to the acute critic to suggest that he ought to have taken a more cautious view of this interesting part of Schiller's history, the published details of which he states to have been "*meagre and insufficient*," when he himself wrote.—p. 3.

The promised appointment, a surgeoncy to a Wurtemberg regiment, was a poor reward for laborious perseverance;—mean in dignity, and in pay inadequate even to Schiller's moderate wants.

But the play of "The Robbers," begun in his 17th year, and finished at the few intervals such a course of study afforded, had now been published; and it gave its young author a wide and general celebrity: Wieland and other master-spirits of the time did not disdain to express their respect for the genius which the admitted extravagances of the piece could not conceal.

This substantial earnest of fame aggravated the vexatious restraints of a soldier's life to such a man as Schiller; but his abandonment of a profession so incompatible with his tastes was unworthily and prematurely hastened by severities which, with their singular results, are now to be narrated.

In the Robbers was a remark that bore hard on the Grisons, and so roused the wrath of an inhabitant of the country, that he wrote a vindication in the Hamburg Correspondent. This appeal would probably have produced no unpleasant consequences if a direct complaint had not been made to the Duke against Schiller on the subject. He was called upon for a defence, and strictly prohibited from printing any more works except on medicine, and from communicating with other parts of Germany. He replied to the charge, that "he had not used the unlucky words to express an opinion of his own, but as the careless language of a robber, who in reality was the greatest rogue of all the characters in the play; he had besides only introduced a common saying which he had heard in his very boyhood."

The reproof he received on this occasion gave

Schiller pain; but the peremptory order to confine himself to professional studies, and to the walls of a garrison town, distressed him still more. Obedience was impossible. He could not annihilate his poetical tastes; and by the prohibition of all engagements out of Wurtemberg, he lost the means of improving his income;—an indispensable point, inasmuch as with the strictest economy he could not live on his pay. He had already contributed to various literary miscellanies, and was busy with his second play of Fiesco.

Pending this most unmerited disgrace he committed a military offence of a real, though not of an heinous character. He went twice to Manheim without leave, to see his own play, "The Robbers," which was acting there with extraordinary applause. This irregularity drew upon him further displeasure, and an imprisonment of fourteen days.

Upon the visit to Manheim, Schiller formed a plan for obtaining his release from the Duke of Wurtemberg's service without giving offence, and by the interposition of a new friend he had made there. Unfortunately the exertions of this friend were slow; and the condemnation, added to the delay of relief and the continued pressure of the restraints on his studies, threw Schiller into a state of most alarming depression. Political incarcerations were far from rare in Germany, and his visits of commiseration to the unfortunate Schubart, who had long been confined in the fortress of Asperg, had given him a glimpse of what he brooded over as his own probable destiny. He soon therefore resolved to withdraw secretly to Manheim, and from that spot of comparative security make the best possible terms with his persecutors. Mr. Streicher, the author of the memoirs before us, was the companion of his flight; and with his account of it, as well as with a very striking narrative of Mr. Streicher's first acquaintance with him, we close this article.

"The execution of the plan required the assistance of a friend; and there was one individual to whom he could unbosom himself. That person was Schiller's junior by two years, but an intimacy of eighteen months had afforded some proofs of his fidelity. His disinterested attachment bordered on the enthusiasm ever excited by those rare and noble beings whose fine intellect and finer feelings gain the affectionate regard as well as the respect of all men.

"It was in the year 1780 that the youth saw him for the first time, at the annual public examination of the academy in the Duke's presence. On this occasion Schiller held a medical disputation with a professor; and although Streicher was a stranger to his reputation, and did not even know his name, his appearance at once excited attention. His flowing auburn hair; his person, slender almost to feebleness; his frequent smile whilst speaking; his finely formed nose; his eyes winking quick when the discussion became animated; and the keen, bold, eagle-glances which sparkled from beneath a large well-developed forehead, were calculated

to make an indelible impression. Streicher gazed long upon this youth, entirely absorbed in his air and manner; in short, the whole scene was so deeply engraven on his memory, that, were he a painter, he could at this day (1828), eight and forty years after the event, represent the picture living as it there stood before him.

"When after the examination, Streicher followed the students into the eating room to see the evening meal, the same youth again attracted his particular notice. The Duke was talking to him in the most friendly manner, leaning on his chair; and their conversation was earnest and long. Schiller's manner was equally unrestrained before his prince as an hour previously when disputing with the professor; his smiles were as ready; and his very winking the same.

"When in the following spring, of 1781, *The Robbers*, was published, and had produced an extraordinary sensation, Streicher, through a common friend, sought the acquaintance of the author. On seeing him he discovered, to his great surprise, as the writer of that play, the same youth with whose appearance he had already been so much struck. Every reader of a book pictures to himself the person of the author, his manner, voice, and language; and it was impossible not to suppose the writer of *The Robbers* to be an impetuous young man, whose poetic fire, energetic discourse, and desire to analyze the human heart, were every moment running into extremes. How agreeably was the preconception disappointed in the present instance! A smile on Schiller's animated and unassuming countenance, beamed upon all who approached him. He would waive or answer compliments with most engaging modesty; and never fell there a word from him to wound the most sensitive feelings. His opinions on every subject were original, particularly on poetry and the fine arts; but they were always true to nature, and rarely failed to convince. His criticisms on the works of others were remarkable for liberality and correctness. Although in years a mere youth, he had the ripe judgment of a man. His habitually elevated language was very superior to common discourse; and such was its charm that the hours stole away unperceived in his society. With a disposition thus attractive, and with manners never austere, it is not surprising that he should have won the whole heart of a young artist, himself endowed with considerable sensibility; and that thus to admiration for the poet should now be joined, on the part of Streicher, a warm attachment to the man. An unreserved intimacy grew out of this acquaintance; and Schiller's peculiar unhappy situation was a natural and inexhaustible subject of conversation between the friends.

"Schiller's eldest sister had been made acquainted with the project of withdrawing to Mannheim; but instead of dissuading him from it, as was feared, she warmly maintained that every safe step to relieve himself would be justifiable on the ground of the Duke's not having fulfilled his engagements.

"The resolution once formed, he was obliged to devote himself with new ardour to complete his *Fiesco*, as the meditated journey could not be undertaken until the play was written; and he had been too much distressed in mind to be able to pursue the work. Besides the plan, he had finished little more than two acts. But with the settlement of the project for escaping from the labyrinth, the full vigour of his mind was restored; and with returning serenity he banished every thought that might divert him from the labours of his pen. He lived only for the future; reflecting upon the present

solely with a view to escape from it. With what pleasure upon each rising morn did he read over to his young friend the passages written the preceding night, and discuss suggested changes or the further development of the plot! How would his weary eyes brighten when he spoke of his progress, and his unexpected approach towards the end!

"For the last time Schiller went out to the residence of his parents, with his friend Streicher and Madame Meier, the lady of the Mannheim Theatre, in order to tranquillize his mother, who was now apprized of all. As they walked cheerfully along the footpath he had an opportunity of asking Madame Meier what advantages that theatre offered to a poet. Since, however, the conversation was general, and pointed questions were avoided lest they should excite suspicion in the mind of Madame Meier, no explanation was given; and nothing was left but to cast himself upon fortune.

"The party found only his mother and eldest sister at home; and much as the mistress of the house constrained herself to receive her son's friends cordially, she could not conceal her extreme anxiety at his position. Streicher was deeply affected by the touching expression of her countenance when she looked at Schiller, and she often failed to reply to remarks made to her. But his father coming in shortly after gave an opportunity of withdrawing with his mother unobserved.

"Schiller returned in about an hour—but without his mother! To appear again was too much for her. Even if she could have been made sensible how necessary the meditated step was to her son's happiness, and that it alone would save him from unmerited imprisonment, it must have wrung her very soul to lose him, her only son, for ever. The ground of his distresses too were really unimportant in the judgment of ordinary people, and in no other country could they have produced so unfortunate a result. That son was almost her very self; for she seemed to have transferred to him her own good principles and gentle disposition. He had been to her a source of unalloyed delight, and she saw him endowed with all the qualities which she had so often and so fervently besought for him in her prayers; and now—how bitter to both their farewell must have been, was visible in the melancholy countenance and moistened eyes of the son when he came in. He ascribed his altered looks to an old malady; but he was only to be diverted from his grief by the somewhat interesting conversation of the party on the way back, which restored him to spirits."—pp. 63—75.

At length, after several characteristic incidents, Schiller and his friend left Stuttgart, giving their names at the gates of the town, as Dr. Ritter, and Dr. Wolff. The stock of money belonging to both did not exceed four pounds sterling.

"Schiller's expectation," continues the Memoir, "that he should be able soon to replenish his scanty purse, was no suggestion of vanity. How could it be thought, that the managers of a theatre who the year before had reaped so rich a harvest from his *Robbers*, would hesitate to accept a second play from its author: that second piece being well calculated to please the more enlightened few, as well as the mass of the public, with whom chiefly his first production had been a favourite? Whether the Duke's decision should be favourable or not, he persuaded himself that Fiesco would come out this



year, and then the author would either obtain a good annual allowance, or else a considerable sum of money down for the copyright; so as to be at ease until he should have secured new resources."—p. 85.

Resting upon these convictions he reached Manheim in good spirits. He was soon, however, doubly disappointed. The Grand Duke of Wurtemberg was inexorable to his distressing prayers, and blind to the surpassing merits of his character. The manager of the theatre was equally blind to the great excellences of his new play, and incapable of feeling for his melancholy situation.

His flight was therefore continued forthwith to Frankfort, and he struggled manfully to attain the elevation to which his genius plainly destined him. Fortune at length was benign. In a very few years his fame was firmly established, and his confidence in the powers which nature had so bountifully given him, and which he had so laboriously cultivated from early youth, was justified by complete success.

It is gratifying to find that the Germans are at length sensible of the importance of preserving the fullest details of the career of such a man. A voluminous life of Schiller is now in the course of publication, and a specimen of this, which we have seen, is highly satisfactory.

"The world," said Mr. Carlyle many years ago with great truth, "seems, no less than Germany, already to have dignified him with the reputation of a classic; to have enrolled him among that select number whose works belong not wholly to any age or nation, but who, having instructed their own contemporaries, are claimed as instructors by the great family of mankind, and set apart for many centuries from the common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men."—*Schiller's Life*, 1825, p. 42.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, &c.* By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, President of the Theological School of Geneva. 8vo. Vol. I. London: 1838.

English literature is singularly defective in whatever relates to the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, and to the lives of the great men by whom it was accomplished. A native of this island who would know any thing to the purpose, of Reuchlin or Hutten, of Luther or Melancthon, of Zuingle Bucer or Œcolampadius, of Calvin or Farel, must betake himself to other languages than his own. To fill this void in our libraries, is an enterprise which might stimulate the zeal, and establish the reputation, of the ripe student of Ecclesiastical History amongst us. In no other field could he discover more ample resources for

narratives of dramatic interest; for the delineation of characters contrasted in every thing except their common design; for exploring the influence of philosophy, arts and manners, on the fortunes of mankind; and for reverently tracing the footsteps of Divine Providence, moving among the ways and works of men, imparting dignity to events otherwise unimportant, and a deep significance to occurrences in any other view as trivial as a border raid, or the palaver of an African village.

Take, for example, the life of Ulric de Hutten, a noble, a warrior and a rake; a theologian withal, and a reformer; and at the same time the author, or one of the authors, of a satire to be classed amongst the most effective which the world has ever seen. Had the recreative powers of Walter Scott been exercised on Hutten's story, how familiar would all Chistendom have been with the stern Baron of Franconia, and Ulric, his petulant boy; with the fat Abbot of Foulde driving the fiery youth by penances and homilies to range a literary vagabond on the face of the earth; with the burgomaster of Frankfort, avenging by a still more formidable punishment the pasquinade which had insulted his civic dignity. How vivid would be the image of Hutten at the siege of Pavia, soothing despair itself by writing his own epitaph; giving combat to five Frenchmen for the glory of Maximilian; and receiving from the delighted Emperor the frugal reward of a poetic crown. Then would have succeeded the court and princely patronage of the Pope of Mentz, and the camp and castle of the Lord of Sickengen, until the chequered scene closed with Ulric's death-bed employment of producing a satire on his stupid physician. All things were welcome to Hutten; arms and love, theology and debauchery, a disputation with the Thomists, a controversy with Erasmus, or a war to the knife with the dunces of his age. His claim to have written the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, has, indeed, been disputed, though with little apparent reason. It is at least clear that he asserted his own title, and that no other candidate for that equivocal honour united in himself the wit and learning, the audacity and licentiousness, which successively adorn and disfigure that extraordinary collection. Neither is it quite just to exclude the satirist from the list of those who lent a material aid to the Reformation. It is not, certainly, by the heartiest or the most contemptuous laugh that dynasties, whether civil or religious, are subverted; but it would be unfair to deny altogether to Hutten the praise of having contributed by his merciless banter to the successes of wiser and better men than himself. To set on edge the teeth of the Ciceronians by the Latinity of the correspondents of the profound Ortuinus, was but a pleasant jest; but it was something more to confer an immortality of ridicule on the erudite doctors who seriously apprehended, from the study of Greek and Hebrew, the revival at once of the worship of

Minerva, and of the rite of circumcision. It was in strict satirical justice, that characters were assigned to these sages in a farce as broad as was ever drawn by Aristophanes or Molière; and which was destitute neither of their riotous mirth, nor even of some of that deep wisdom which it was their pleasure to exhibit beneath that mask.

Much as Luther, himself *asper, incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit*, he received with little relish these sallies of his facetious ally; whom he not only censured for employing the language of reproach and insult, but, harder still, described as a buffoon. It is, perhaps, well for the dignity of the stern Reformer that the taunt was unknown to the object of it; for, great as he was, Hutten would not have spared him; and as the quiver of few satirists has been stored with keener or more envenomed shafts, so, few illustrious men have exposed to such an assailant a greater number of vulnerable points. But of these, or of his other private habits, little is generally recorded. History having claimed Luther for her own, Biography has yielded to the pretensions of her more stately sister; and the domestic and interior life of the antagonist of Leo and of Charles yet remains to be written. The materials are abundant, and of the highest interest;—a collection of letters scarcely less voluminous than those of Voltaire; the *Colloquia Mensalia*, in some parts of more doubtful authenticity, yet, on the whole, a genuine record of his conversation; his theological writings, a mine of egotisms of the richest ore; and the works of Melancthon, Seekendorf, Cochleus, Erasmus, and many others, who flourished in an age when, amongst learned men, to write and to live were almost convertible terms. The volume whose title-page we have transcribed, is, in fact, an unfinished life of Luther, closing with his appeal from the Pope to a general Council. We have selected it as the most elaborate, from a long catalogue of works on the Reformation, recently published on the Continent, by the present inheritors of the principles and passions which first agitated Europe in the beginning of the sixteenth century. By far the most amusing of the series is the collection of *Lutheriana* by M. Michelet, which we are bound to notice with especial gratitude, as affording a greater number of valuable references than all other books of the same kind put together. It was drawn up as a relaxation from those severer studies on which M. Michelet's historical fame depends. But the pastime of some men is worth far more than the labours of the rest; and this compilation has every merit but that of an appropriate title; for an autobiography it assuredly is not, in any of the senses, accurate or popular, of that much abused word. Insulated in our habits and pursuits, not less than in our geographical position, it is but tardily that, within the intrenchment of our four seas, we sympathize with the intellectual movements of the nations which dwell be-

yond them. Many, however, are the motives, of at least equal force in these islands as in the old and new continents of the Christian world, for diverting the eye from the present to the past, from those who would now reform, to those who first reformed, the churches of Europe. Or, if graver reasons could not be found, it is beyond all dispute that the professors of Wittemburg, three hundred years ago, formed a group as much more entertaining than those of Oxford at present, as the contest with Dr. Eck exceeded in interest the squabble with Dr. Hampden.

The old Adam in Martin Luther (a favourite subject of his discourse), was a very formidable personage; lodged in a bodily frame of surpassing vigour, solicited by vehement appetites, and alive to all the passions by which man is armed for offensive or defensive warfare with his fellows. In accordance with a general law, that temperament was sustained by nerves which shrunk neither from the endurance nor the infliction of necessary pain; and by a courage which rose at the approach of difficulty, and exulted in the presence of danger. A rarer prodigality of nature combined with these endowments an inflexible reliance on the conclusions of his own understanding, and on the energy of his own will. He came forth on the theatre of life another Sampson Agonistes, 'with plain heroic magnitude of mind, and celestial vigour armed;' ready to wage an unequal combat with the haughtiest of the giants of Gath; or to shake down, though it were on his own head, the columns of the proudest of her temples. Viewed in his belligerent aspect, he might have seemed a being cut off from the common brotherhood of mankind, and bearing from on high a commission to bring to pass the remote ends of the Divine benevolence, by means appalling to human guilt and to human weakness. But he was reclaimed into the bosom of the great family of man, by bonds fashioned in strength and number proportioned to the vigour of the propensities they were intended to control. There brooded over him a constitutional melancholy, sometimes engendering sadness, but more often giving birth to dreams so wild, that, if vivified by the imagination of Dante, they might have passed into visions as awful and majestic as those of the *Inferno*. As these mists rolled away bright gleams of sunshine took their place; and that robust mind yielded itself to social enjoyments, with the hearty relish, the broad humour, and the glorious profusion of sense and nonsense, which betoken the relaxations of those who are for the moment abdicating the mastery, to become the companions of ordinary men. Luther had other and yet more potent spells with which to exercise the demons who haunted him. He had ascertained and taught that the spirit of darkness abhors sweet sounds not less than light itself; for music, while it chases away the evil suggestions, effectually baffles the wiles of the tempter. His lute,

and hand, and voice, accompanying his own solemn melodies, were therefore raised to repel the more vehement aggressions of the enemy of mankind; whose feebleness he encountered by studying the politics of a rookery, by assigning to each beautiful creation of his flower-beds an appropriate sylph or genius, by the company of his Catherine de Bora, and the sports of their saucy John and playful Magdalene.

The name of Catherine has long enjoyed a wide but doubtful celebrity. She was a lady of noble birth, and was still young when she renounced the ancient faith, her convent, and her vows, to become the wife of Martin Luther. From this portentous union of a monk and nun, the 'obscure men' confidently predicted the birth of Antichrist; while the wits and scholars greeted their nuptials with a thick hail-storm of epigrams, hymns, and dithyrambs, the learned Ecceus himself chiming into the loud chorus with an elaborate epithalamium. The bridegroom met the tempest, with the spirit of another Benedict, by a counter-blast of invective and sarcasms, which, afterwards collected under the title of 'the Lion and the Ass,' perpetuated the memory of this redoubtable controversy. 'My enemies,' he exclaimed, 'triumphed. They shouted, *Jo, Jo!* I was resolved to shew that, old and feeble as I am, I am not going to sound a retreat. I trust I shall do still more to spoil their merriment.'

This indiscreet, if not criminal marriage, scarcely admitted a more serious defence. Yet Luther was not a man to do anything which he was not prepared to justify. He had inculcated on others the advantages of the conjugal state, and was bound to enforce his precepts by his example. The war of the peasants had brought reproach on the principles of the Reformation; and it was incumbent on him to sustain the minds of his followers, and to bear his testimony to evangelical truth by deeds as well as words. Therefore, it was fit that he should marry a nun. Such is the logic of inclination, and such the presumption of uninterrupted success. 'Dr. Ortuinus' himself never lent his venerable sanction to a stranger sophistry, than that which could thus discover in one great scandal an apology for another far more justly offensive.

Catherine was a very pretty woman, if Holbein's portrait may be believed; although even her personal charms have been rudely impugned by her husband's enemies, in grave disquisitions devoted to that momentous question. Better still, she was a faithful and affectionate wife. But there is a no less famous Catherine to whom she bore a strong family resemblance. She brought from her nunnery an anxious mind, a shrewish temper, and great volubility of speech. Luther's arts were not those of Petruchio. With him reverence for woman was at once a natural instinct and a point of doctrine. He observed, that when the first woman was brought to the first man to receive her

name, he called her not wife but mother—'Eve, the mother of all living'—a word, he says, 'more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of Demosthenes.' So, like a wise and kind-hearted man, when his Catherine prattled he smiled; when she frowned, he playfully stole away her anger, and chided her anxieties with the gentlest soothing. A happier or a more peaceful home was not to be found in that land of domestic tenderness. Yet, the confession must be made, that, from first to last, this love tale is nothing less than a case of *laxa majestas* against the sovereignty of romance. Luther and his bride did not meet on either side with the raptures of a first affection. He had long before sighed for the fair Ave Schonfelden, and she had not concealed her attachment for a certain Jerome Baungartner. Ave had bestowed herself in marriage on a physician of Prussia; and before Luther's irrevocable vows were pledged, Jerome received from his great rival an intimation that he still possessed the heart, and, with common activity, might even yet secure the hand of Catherine. But honest Jerome was not a man to be hurried. He silently resigned his pretensions to his illustrious competitor, who, even in the moment of success, had the discernment to perceive, and the frankness to avow, that his love was not of a flaming or ungovernable nature.

'Nothing on this earth,' said the good Dame Ursula Schweickard, with whom Luther boarded when at school at Eisenach, 'is of such inestimable value as a woman's love.' This maxim, recommended more, perhaps, by truth than originality, dwelt long on the mind and on the tongue of the Reformer. To have dismissed this or any other text without a commentary would have been abhorrent from his temper; and in one of his letters to Catherine he thus insists on a kindred doctrine, the converse of the first. 'The greatest favour of God is to have a good and pious husband, to whom you can entrust your all, your person, and even your life; whose children and yours are the same. Catherine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress; thank God for it.' His conjugal meditations were often in a gayer mood; as, for example,—'If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way.'—'During the first year of our marriage she would sit by my side while I was at my books, and, not having any thing else to say, would ask me whether in Prussia the Margrave and the house steward were not always brothers.—Did you say your Pater, Catherine, before you began that sermon? If you had, I think you would have been forbidden to preach.' He addresses her sometimes as my Lord Catherine, or Catherine the Queen, the Empress, the Doctress; or as Catherine the rich and noble Lady of Zeilsdorf, where they had a cottage and a few rods of ground. But as age advanced, these playful sallies



were abandoned for the following graver and more affectionate style. 'To the gracious Lady Catherine Luther, my dear wife, who vexes herself overmuch, grace and peace in the Lord! Dear Catherine, you should read St. John, and what is said in the Catechism of the confidence to be reposed in God. Indeed you torment yourself as though he were not Almighty, and could not produce new Doctors Martin by the score, if the old doctor should drown himself in the Saal.'— 'There is one who watches over me more effectually than thou canst, or than all the angels. He sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty. Therefore be calm.'

There were six children of this marriage; and it is at once touching and amusing to see with what adroitness Luther contrived to gratify at once his tenderness as a father, and his taste as a theologian. When the brightening eye of one of the urchins round his table confessed the allurements of a downy peach, it was 'the image of a soul rejoicing in hope.' Over an infant pressed to his mother's bosom, thus moralized the severe but affectionate reformer: 'That babe and every thing else which belongs to us is hated by the Pope, by Duke George, by their adherents, and by all the devils. Yet, dear little fellow, he troubles himself not a whit for all these powerful enemies, he gaily sucks the breast, looks round him with a loud laugh, and lets them storm as they like.' There were darker seasons, when even theology and polemics gave way to the more powerful voice of nature; nor, indeed, has the deepest wisdom any thing to add to his lamentations over the bier of his daughter Magdalene. 'Such is the power of natural affection, that I cannot endure this without tears and groans, or rather an utter deadness of heart. At the bottom of my soul are engraven her looks, her words, her gestures, as I gazed at her in her lifetime and on her deathbed. My dutiful, my gentle daughter! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths compared to his?) cannot tear me from this thought as it should. She was playful, lovely, and full of love!'

Whatever others may think of these nursery tales, we have certain reasons of our own for suspecting that there is not, on either side of the Tweed, a *Papa* who will not read the following letter, sent by Luther to his eldest boy during the Diet of Augsburg, with more interest than any or all of the five 'Confessions' presented to the Emperor on that memorable occasion.

'Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some pretty fairing. I know of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and sing and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this

garden I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me that they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him, Dear sir, I have a boy, little John Luther; may not he too come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children? And the man said, If he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows. Then the man showed me in the midst of the garden a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning before the children had dined; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much,—may he bring her with him? The man said, Yes, tell him that they may come together. Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Philip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your Aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me. From your Papa who loves you,—Martin Luther.'

If it be not a sufficient apology for the quotation of this fatherly epistle to say, that it is the talk of Martin Luther, a weightier defence may be drawn from the remark that it illustrates one of his most serious opinions. The views commonly received amongst Christians, of the nature of the happiness reserved in another state of being, for the obedient and faithful in this life, he regarded, if not as erroneous, yet as resting on no sufficient foundation, and as ill adapted to 'allure to brighter worlds.' He thought that the enjoyments of Heaven had been refined away to such a point of evanescent spirituality as to deprive them of their necessary attraction; and the allegory invented for the delight of little John, was but the adaptation to the thoughts of a child of a doctrine which he was accustomed to inculcate on others, under imagery more elevated than that of drums, crossbows, and golden bridles.

There is but one step from the nursery to the servants' hall; and they who have borne with the parental counsels to little John, may endure the following letter respecting an aged namesake of his, who was about to quit Luther's family:—

'We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. What have we not given to vagabonds and thankless students who have made a bad use of our money! So we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant, on whom our money will be bestowed in a manner pleasing to God. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him in any other way you can. Think how

this money can be raised. There is a silver cup which might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu.'

Luther's pleasures were as simple as his domestic affections were pure. He wrote metrical versions of the Psalms, well described by Mr. Hallam, as holding a middle place between the doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the meretricious ornaments of the later versifiers of the Songs of David. He wedded to them music of his own, to which the most obtuse ear cannot listen without emotion. The greatest of the sons of Germany was, in this respect, a true child of that vocal land; for such was his enthusiasm for the art that he assigned to it a place second only to that of theology itself. He was also an ardent lover of painting, and yielded to Albert Durer the homage which he denied to Cajetan and Erasmus. His are among the earliest works embellished by the aid of the engraver. With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and thus moralizing over their habits. 'That little fellow,' he said of a bird going to roost, 'has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him.' The following parable, in a letter to Spalatin, is in a more ambitious strain.

'You are going to Augsburg without having taken the auspices, and ignorant when you will be allowed to begin. I, on the other hand, am in the midst of the Comitia, in the presence of illustrious sovereigns, kings, dukes, grandees, and nobles, who are solemnly debating affairs of state, and making the air ring with their deliberations and decrees. Instead of imprisoning themselves in those royal caverns which you call palaces, they hold their assemblies in the sunshine, with the arch of Heaven for their tent, substituting for costly tapestries the foliage of trees, where they enjoy their liberty. Instead of confining themselves in parks and pleasure grounds, they range over the earth to its utmost limits. They detest the stupid luxuries of silk and embroidery, but all dress in the same colour, and put on very much the same looks. To say the truth, they all wear black, and all sing one tune. It is a song formed of a single note, with no variation but what is produced by the pleasing contrast of young and old voices. I have seen and heard nothing of their emperor. They have a supreme contempt for the quadruped employed by our gentry, having a much better method for setting the heaviest artillery at defiance. As far as I have been able to understand their resolutions by the aid of an interpreter, they have unanimously determined to wage war through the whole year against the wheat, oats, and barley, and the best corn and fruits of every kind. There is reason to fear, that victory will attend them everywhere, for they are a skilful and crafty race of warriors, equally expert in collecting booty by violence and by surprise. It has afforded me great pleasure to attend their assemblies as an idle looker-on. The hope I cherish of the triumphs of their valour over the wheat and barley, and every other enemy, renders me the sincere and faithful friend

of these *pulchre patriæ*, these saviours of the commonwealth. If I could serve them by a wish, I would implore their deliverance from their present ugly name of Crows. This is nonsense, but there is some seriousness in it. It is a jest which helps me to drive away painful thoughts.'

The love of fables, which Luther thus indulged at one of the most eventful eras of his life, was amongst his favourite amusements. Æsop lay on the same table with the book of Psalms, and the two translations proceeded alternately. Except the Bible, he declared that he knew no better book; and pronounced it not to be the work of any single author, but the fruit of the labours of the greatest minds in all ages. It supplied him with endless jests and allusions; as for example, 'The dog in charge of the butcher's tray, unable to defend it from the avidity of other curs, said—Well, then, I may as well have my share of the meat, and fell to accordingly; which is precisely what the Emperor is doing with the property of the church.'

Few really great men, indeed, have hazarded a larger number of jokes in the midst of a circle of note-taking associates. They have left on record the following amidst many other *memorabilia*:—'God made the Priest. The Devil set about an imitation, but he made the tonsure too large, and produced a Monk.' A cup composed of five hoops or rings of glass of different colours circulated at his table. Eisleben, an Antinomian, was of the party. Luther pledged him in the following words:—'Within the second of these rings lie the Ten Commandments; within the next ring the Creed; then comes the Paternoster; the Catechism lies at the bottom.' So saying, he drank it off. When Eisleben's turn came, he emptied the cup only down to the beginning of the second ring. 'Ah, said Luther, I knew that he would stick at the Commandments, and therefore would not reach the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, or the Catechism.'

'It must be confessed, however, that Luther's pleasures are less remarkable for wit or delicacy than for the union of strong sense and honest merriment. They were the careless, though not inconsiderate sport of a free-spoken man, in a circle where religion and modesty, protected by an inbred reverence, did not seek the doubtful defence of conventional outworks. But pensive thoughts were the more habitual food of his overburdened mind. Neither social enjoyments, nor the tenderness of domestic life, could ever long repel the melancholy which brooded over him. It breaks out in every part of his correspondence, and tinges all his recorded conversation. 'Because,' he says, 'my manner is sometimes gay and joyous, many think that I am always treading on roses. God knows what is in my heart.' 'There is nothing in this life which gives me pleasure; I am tired of it. May the Lord come quickly and take me hence. Let him come to his final judgment—I await the blow. Let him hurl

his thunders, that I may be at rest.' 'Forty years more life! I would not purchase Paradise at such a price.' Yet, with this lassitude of the world, his contemplations of death were solemn, even to sadness. 'How gloriously,' said his friend, Dr. Jonas, 'does St. Paul speak of his own death. I cannot enter into this.' 'It appears to me,' replied Luther, 'that when meditating on that subject, even St. Paul himself could not have felt all the energy which possessed him when he wrote. I preach, write, and talk about dying, with a greater firmness than I really possess, or than others ascribe to me.' In common with all men of this temperament, he was profuse in extolling the opposite disposition. 'The birds,' he says, 'must fly over our heads, but why allow them to roost in our hair?' 'Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. I who have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed, comes from Satan, but that which we find in the society of good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but, above all, to the young.'

The sombre character of Luther's mind cannot be correctly understood by those who are wholly ignorant of the legendary traditions of his native land. This remark is made and illustrated by M. Henry Heine, with that curious knowledge of such lore as none but a denizen of Germany could acquire. In the mines of Mansfeld, at Eisenach and at Erfurth, the visible and the invisible worlds were almost equally populous; and the training of youth was not merely a discipline for the future offices of life, but an initiation into mysteries as impressive, though not quite so sublime, as those of Eleusis. The unearthly inhabitants of every land are near of kin to the human cultivators of the soil. The Killkropff of Saxony differed from a fairy or a hamadryad as a Saxon differs from a Frenchman or a Greek; the thin essences by which these spiritual bodies are sustained being distilled according to their various national tastes, from the dews of Hymettus, the light wines of Provence, and the strong beer of Germany. At the fireside around which Luther's family drew, in his childhood, there gathered a race of imps who may be considered as the presiding genii of the turnspit and the stable;—witches expert in the right use of the broomstick, but incapable of perverting it into a locomotive engine; homely in gait, coarse in feature, sordid in their habits, with canine appetites, and super-human powers, and, for the most part, eaten up with misanthropy. When, in his twentieth year, Luther for the first time opened the Bible, and read there of spiritual agents, the inveterate enemies of our race, these *spectra* were projected on a mind over which

such legends had already exercised an indestructible influence. Satan and his angels crowded upon his imagination, neither as shapeless presences casting their gloomy shadows on the soul, nor as mysterious impersonations of her foul and cruel desires, nor as warriors engaged with the powers of light, and love, and holiness, in the silent motionless war of antagonist energies. Luther's devils were a set of athletic, cross-grained, ill-conditioned wretches, with vile shapes and fiendish faces; who, like the monsters of Dame Ursula's kitchen, gave buffet for buffet, hate for hate, and joke for joke. His Satan was not only something less than archangel ruined, but was quite below the society of that Prince of Darkness, whom Mad Tom in *Lear* declares to have been a gentleman. Possessing a sensitive rather than a creative imagination, Luther transferred the visionary lore, drawn from these humble sources, to the machinery of the great epic of revelation, with but little change or embellishment; and thus contrived to reduce to the level of very vulgar prose some of the noblest conceptions of inspired poetry.

At the Castle of Wartburg, his Patmos, where he dwelt the willing prisoner of his friendly sovereign, the Reformer chanced to have a plate of nuts at his supper table. How many of them he swallowed, there is, unfortunately, no Boswell to tell; yet, perhaps, not a few—for, as he slept, the nuts, animated as it would seem by the demon of the pantry, executed a sort of waltz, knocking against each other, and against the slumberer's bedstead; when, lo! the staircase became possessed by a hundred barrels rolling up and down, under the guidance, probably, of the imp of the spigot. Yet all approach to Luther's room was barred by chains and by an iron door—vain entrenchments against Satan! He arose, solemnly defied the fiend, repeated the eighth Psalm, and resigned himself to sleep. Another visit from the same fearful adversary at Nuremberg led to the opposite result. The Reformer flew from his bed to seek refuge in society. Once upon a time, Carlostadt, the Sacramentarian, being in the pulpit, saw a tall man enter the church, and take his seat by one of the burgesses of the town. The intruder then retired, betook himself to the preacher's house, and exhibited frightful symptoms of a disposition to break all the bones of his child. Thinking better of it, however, he left with the boy a message for Carlostadt, that he might be looked for again in three days. It is needless to add that, on the third day, there was an end of the poor preacher, and of his attacks on Luther and Consubstantiation. In the cloisters at Wittemburg, Luther himself heard that peculiar noise which attests the devil's presence. It came from behind a stove, resembling, for all the world, the sound of throwing a faggot on the fire. This sound, however, is not invariable. An old priest, in the attitude of prayer, heard Satan behind him, grunting like



a whole herd of swine. 'Ah! ha! master devil,' said the priest, 'you have your deserts. There was a time when you were a beautiful angel, and there you are turned into a rascally hog.' The priest's devotions proceeded without further disturbance; 'for,' observed Luther, 'there is nothing the devil can bear so little as contempt.' He once saw and even touched a Kill-kropff or supposititious child. This was at Dessau. The deviling,—for it had no other parent than Satan himself,—was about twelve years old, and looked exactly like any other boy. But the unlucky brat could do nothing but eat. He consumed as much food as four ploughmen. When things went ill in the house, his laugh was to be heard all over it. If matters went smoothly, there was no peace for his screaming. Luther sportively asserts that he recommended the elector to have this scape-grace thrown into the Moldau, as it was a mere lump of flesh without a soul. His visions sometimes assumed a deeper significance, if not a loftier aspect. In the year 1496, a frightful monster was discovered in the Tiber. It had the head of an ass, an emblem of the Pope; for the Church being a spiritual body incapable of a head, the Pope, who had audaciously assumed that character, was fitly represented under this asinine figure. The right hand resembled an elephant's foot, typifying the Papal tyranny over the weak and timid. The right foot was like an ox's hoof, shadowing forth the spiritual oppression exercised by doctors, confessors, nuns, monks, and scholastic theologians; while the left foot, armed with griffin's claws, could mean nothing else than the various ministers of the Pope's civil authority. How far Luther believed in the existence of the monster whose mysterious signification he thus interprets, it would not be easy to decide. Yet it is difficult to read his exposition, and to suppose it a mere pleasantry. So constantly was he haunted with this midnight crew of devils, as to have raised a serious doubt of his sanity, which even Mr. Hallam does not entirely discountenance. Yet the hypothesis is surely gratuitous. Intense study deranging the digestive organs of a man, whose bodily constitution required vigorous exercise, and whose mind had been early stored with such dreams as we have mentioned, sufficiently explain the restless importunity of the goblins amongst whom he lived. It is easier for a man to be in advance of his age on any other subject than this. It may be doubted whether the nerves of Seneca or Pliny would have been equal to a solitary evening walk by the lake Avernus. What wonder, then, if Martin Luther was convinced that suicides fall not by their own hands, but by those of diabolical emissaries, who really adjust the cord or point the knife—that particular spots, as, for example, the pool near the summit of the Mons Pilatus, were desecrated to Satan—that the wailings of his victims are to be heard in the howlings of the

night wind—or that the throwing a stone into a pond in his own neighbourhood, immediately provoked such struggles of the evil spirit imprisoned below the water, as shook the neighbouring country like an earthquake!

The mental *phantasmagoria* of so illustrious a man are an exhibition to which no one who reveres his name would needlessly direct an unfriendly, or an idle gaze. But the infirmities of our nature often afford the best measure of its strength. To estimate the strength by which temptation is overcome, you must ascertain the force of the propensities to which it is addressed. Amongst the elements of Luther's character was an awe verging towards idolatry, for all things, whether in the works of God or in the institutions of man, which can be regarded as depositaries of the Divine power, or as delegates of the Divine authority. From pantheism, the disease of imaginations at once devout and unhallowed, he was preserved in youth by his respect for the doctrines of the Church; and, in later life, by his absolute surrender of his own judgment to the text of the sacred canon. But as far as a pantheistic habit of thought and feeling can consist with the most unqualified belief in the uncommunicable Unity of the Divine nature, such thoughts and feelings were habitual to him. The same spirit which solemnly acknowledged the existence, whilst it abhorred the use, of the high faculties which, according to the popular faith, the foul fiends of earth, and air, and water, at once enjoy and pervert, contemplated with almost prostrate reverence the majesty and the hereditary glories of Rome; and the apostolical succession of her pontiff, with kings and emperors for his tributaries, the Catholic hierarchy as his vicegerents, and the human mind his universal empire. To brave the vengeance of such a dynasty, wielding the mysterious keys which close the gates of hell and open the portals of heaven, long appeared to Luther an impious audacity, of which nothing less than woe, eternal and unutterable, would be the sure and appropriate penalty. For a man of his temperament to hush these superstitious terrors, and abjure the golden idol to which the adoring eyes of all nations, kindred, and languages were directed, was a self-conquest, such as none but the most heroic minds can achieve; and to which even they are unequal, unless sustained by an invisible but omnipotent arm. For no error can be more extravagant than that which would reduce Martin Luther to the rank of a coarse spiritual demagogue. The deep self-distrust which, for ten successive years, postponed his irreconcilable war with Rome, clung to him to the last; nor was he ever unconscious of the dazzling splendour of the pagantry which his own hand had contributed so largely to overthrow. There is no alloy of affectation in the following avowal, taken from one of his letters to Erasmus:—

'You must, indeed, feel yourself in some measure

awed in the presence of a succession of learned men, and by the consent of so many ages, during which flourished scholars so conversant in sacred literature, and martyrs illustrious by so many miracles. To all this must be added the more modern theologians, universities, bishops, and popes. On their side are arrayed learning, genius, numbers, dignity, station, power, sanctity, miracles, and what not. On mine Wycliff and Laurentius Valla, and, though you forget to mention him, Augustine also. Then comes Luther, a mean man, born but yesterday, supported only by a few friends, who have neither learning, nor genius, nor greatness, nor sanctity, nor miracles. Put them altogether and they have not wit enough to cure a spavined horse. What are they? What the wolf said of the nightingale—a voice, and nothing else. I confess it is with reason you pause in such a presence as this. For ten years together I hesitated myself. Could I believe that this Troy, which had triumphed over so many assaults, would fall at last? I call God to witness, that I should have persisted in my fears, and should have hesitated until now, if truth had not compelled me to speak. You may well believe that my heart is not rock; and if it were, yet so many are the waves and storms which have beaten upon it, that it must have yielded when the whole weight of this authority came thundering on my head, like a deluge ready to overwhelm me.'

The same feelings were expressed at a later time in the following words:—

'I daily perceive how difficult it is to overcome long-cherished scruples. Oh, what pain has it cost me, though the Scripture is on my side, to defend myself to my own heart for having dared singly to resist the Pope, and to denounce him as Antichrist! What have been the afflictions of my bosom! How often, in the bitterness of my soul, have I pressed myself with the Papist's argument,—Art thou alone wise? are all others in error? have they been mistaken for so long a time? What if you are yourself mistaken, and are dragging with you so many souls into eternal condemnation? Thus did I reason with myself, till Jesus Christ, by his own infallible word, tranquillized my heart, and sustained it against this argument, as a reef of rocks thrown up against the waves laughs at all their fury.'

He who thus acknowledged the influence, while he defied the despotism, of human authority, was self-annihilated in the presence of his Maker. 'I have learned,' he says, 'from the Holy Scriptures that it is a perilous and a fearful thing to speak in the House of God; to address those who will appear in judgment against us, when at the last day we shall be found in his presence; when the gaze of the angels shall be directed to us, when every creature shall behold the Divine Word, and shall listen till He speaks. Truly, when I think of this, I have no wish but to be silent; and to cancel all that I have written. It is a fearful thing to be called to render an account of every idle word.' Philip Melancthon occasionally endeavoured, by affectionate applause, to sustain and encourage the mind which was thus bowed down under the sense of unworthiness. But the praise, even of the

chosen friend of his bosom, found no echo there. He rejected it, kindly indeed, but with a rebuke so earnest and passionate, as to show that the commendations of him whom he loved and valued most, were unwelcome. They served but to deepen the depressing consciousness of ill desert, inseparable from his lofty conceptions of the duties which had been assigned to him. In Luther, as in other men, the stern and heroic virtues demanded for their support that profound lowliness which might at first appear the most opposed to their developement. The eye which often turns inward with self-complacency, or habitually looks round for admiration, is never long or steadfastly fixed on any more elevated object. It is permitted to no man at once to court the applauses of the world, and to challenge a place amongst the generous and devoted benefactors of his species. The enervating spell of vanity, so fatal to many a noble intellect, exercised no perceptible control over Martin Luther. Though conscious of the rare endowments he had received from Providence (of which that very consciousness was not the least important), the secret of his strength lay in the heartfelt persuasion, that his superiority to other men gave him no title to their commendations, and in his abiding sense of the little value of such praises. The growth of his social affections was unimpeded by self-regarding thoughts; and he could endure the frowns and even the coldness of those whose approving smiles he judged himself unworthy to receive, and did not much care to win. His was not that feeble benevolence which leans for support, or depends for existence, on the sympathy of those for whom it labours. Reproofs, sharp, unsparing, and pitiless, were familiar to his tongue and to his pen. Such a censure he had directed to the Archbishop of Mentz, which Spalatin, in the name of their common friend and sovereign, the Elector Frederic, implored him to suppress. 'No,' replied Luther, 'in defence of the fold of Christ, I will oppose to the utmost of my power this ravaging wolf, as I have resisted others. I send you my book, which was ready before your letter reached me. It has not induced me to alter a word. The question is decided, I cannot heed your objections.' They were such, however, as most men would have thought reasonable enough. Here are some of the words of which neither friend nor sovereign could dissuade the publication. 'Did you imagine that Luther was dead? Believe it not. He lives under the protection of that God who has already humbled the Pope, and is ready to begin with the Archbishop of Mentz a game for which few are prepared.' To the severe admonition which followed, the princely prelate answered in his own person, in terms of the most humble deference, leaving to Capito, his minister, the ticklish office of remonstrating against the rigour with which the lash had been applied. But neither soothing nor menaces could abate

Luther's confidence in his cause, and in himself. 'Christianity,' he replies, 'is open and honest. It sees things as they are, and proclaims them as they are. I am for tearing off every mask, for managing nothing, for extenuating nothing, for shutting the eyes to nothing, that truth may be transparent and unadulterated, and may have a free course. Think you that Luther is a man who is content to shut his eyes if you can but lull him by a few cajoleries?' 'Expect everything from my affection; but reverence, nay tremble for the faith.' George, Duke of Saxony, the near kinsman of Frederic, and one of the most determined enemies of the Reformation, not seldom provoked and encountered the same resolute defiance. 'Should God call me to Wittenburg, I would go there, though it should rain Duke Georges for nine days together, and each new Duke should be nine times more furious than this.' 'Though exposed daily to death in the midst of my enemies, and without any human resource, I never in my life despised any thing so heartily as these stupid threats of Duke George, and his associates in folly. I write in the morning fasting, with my heart filled with holy confidence. Christ lives and reigns, and I too shall live and reign.'

Here is a more comprehensive denunciation of the futility of the attempts made to arrest his course.

'To the language of the Fathers, of men, of angels, and of devils, I oppose neither antiquity nor numbers, but the single word of the Eternal Majesty, even that gospel which they are themselves compelled to acknowledge. Here is my hold, my stand, my resting-place, my glory, and my triumph. Hence I assault Popes, Thomists, Henrycists, Sophists, and all the gates of hell. I little heed the words of men, whatever may have been their sanctity, nor am I anxious about tradition or doubtful customs. The Word of God is above all. If the Divine Majesty be on my side, what care I for the rest, though a thousand Augustines, and a thousand Cyprians, and a thousand such churches as those of Henry, should rise against me? God can neither err nor deceive. Augustine, Cyprian, and all the saints, can err, and have erred.'

'At Leipsic, at Augsburg, and at Worms, my spirit was as free as a flower of the field.' 'He whom God moves to speak, expresses himself openly and freely, careless whether he is alone or has others on his side. So spake Jeremiah, and I may boast of having done the same. God has not for the last thousand years bestowed on any bishop such great gifts as on me, and it is right that I should extol his gifts. Truly, I am indignant with myself that I do not heartily rejoice and give thanks. Now and then I raise a faint hymn of thanksgiving, and feebly praise Him. Well! live or die, *Domini sumus*. You may take the word either in the genitive or the nominative case. Therefore, Sir Doctor, be firm.'

This buoyant spirit sometimes expressed itself in more pithy phrase. When he first wrote against indulgences, Dr. Jerome Schurf said to him, 'What are

you about?—they won't allow it.' 'What if they must allow it?' was the peremptory answer.

The preceding passages, while they illustrate his indestructible confidence in himself as the minister, and in his cause as the behest, of Heaven, are redolent of that unseemly violence and asperity which are attested at once by the regrets of his friends, the reproaches of his enemies, and his own acknowledgements. So fierce, indeed, and contumelious and withering is his invective, as to suggest the theory, that, in her successive transmigrations, the same fiery soul which in one age breathed 'the Divine Philipics,' and in another, the 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' was lodged in the sixteenth century under the cowl of an Augustinian monk; retaining her indomitable energy of abuse, though condemned to a temporary divorce from her inspiring genius. Yet what she lost in eloquence in her transit from the Roman to the Irishman, this upbraiding spirit more than retrieved in generous and philanthropic ardour, while she dwelt in the bosom of the Saxon. Luther's rage, for it is nothing less—his scurrilities, for they are no better—are at least the genuine language of passion, excited by a deep abhorrence of imposture, tyranny, and wrong. Through the ebullitions of his wrath may be discovered his lofty self-esteem, but not a single movement of puerile vanity; his cordial scorn for fools and their folly, but not one heartless sarcasm; his burning indignation against oppressors, whether spiritual or secular, unclouded by so much as a passing shade of malignity. The torrent of emotion is headlong, but never turbulent. When we are least able to sympathize with his irascible feelings, it is also least in our power to refuse our admiration to a mind which, when thus torn up to its lowest depths, discloses no trace of envy, selfishness, or revenge, or of any still baser inmate. His mission from on high may be disputed, but hardly his own belief in it. In that persuasion, his thoughts often reverted to the Prophet of Israel mocking the idolatrous priests of Baal, and menacing their still more guilty King; and if the mantle of Elijah might have been borne with a more imposing majesty, it could not have fallen on one better prepared to pour contempt on the proudest enemies of truth, or to brave their utmost resentment.

It is paradoxical to ascribe Luther's boisterous invective to his inherent reverence for all those persons and institutions, in favour of which wisdom, power, and rightful dominion, are involuntarily presumed? He lived under the control of an imagination susceptible, though not creative—of that passive mental sense to which it belongs to embrace; rather than to originate—to fix and deepen our more serious impressions, rather than to minister to the understanding in the search or the embellishment of truth. This propensity, the basis of religion itself in some, of loyalty



in others, and of superstition perhaps in all, prepares the feeble for a willing servitude; and furnishes despotism with zealous instruments in men of stronger nerves and stouter hearts. It steeled Dominic and Loyola for their relentless tasks, and might have raised St. Martin of Wittemburg to the honours of canonization; if, in designating him for his arduous office, Providence had not controlled the undue sensibility of Luther's mind, by imparting to him a brother's love for all the humbler members of the family of man, and a filial fear of God, stronger even than his reverence for the powers and principalities of this sublunary world. Between his religious affections and his homage for the idols of his imagination, he was agitated by a ceaseless conflict. The nice adjustment of such a balance ill suited his impatient and irritable temper; and he assaulted the objects of his early respect with an impetuosity which betrays his secret dread of those formidable antagonists (so he esteemed them) of God and of mankind. He could not trust himself to be moderate. The restraints of education, habit, and natural disposition, could be overcome only by the excitement which he courted and indulged. His long-cherished veneration for those who tread upon the high places of the earth, lent to his warfare with them all the energy of self-denial, quickened by the anxiety of self-distrust. He scourged his lordly adversaries, in the spirit of a flagellant taming his own rebellious flesh. His youthful devotion for 'the solemn plausibilities of life,' like all other affections obstinately repelled and mortified, reversed its original tendency, and gave redoubled fervour to the zeal with which he denounced their vanity and resisted their usurpation. If these indignant contumelies offended the gentle, the learned, and the wise, they sustained the courage and won the confidence of the multitude. The voice which commands in a tempest must battle with the roar of the elements. In his own apprehension at least, Luther's soul was among lions—the Princes of Germany and their ministers; Henry the Eighth, and Edward Lee, his chaplain; the Sacramentarians and Anabaptists; the Universities of Cologne and Louvain; Charles and Leo; Adrian and Clement; Papists, Jurists, and Aristotelians; and, above all, the Devils whom his creed assigned to each of these formidable opponents as so many inspiring or ministering spirits. However fierce and indefensible may be his occasional style, history presents no more sublime picture than that of the humble monk triumphing over such adversaries, in the invincible power of a faith before which the present and the visible disappeared, to make way for things unseen, eternal, and remote. One brave spirit encountered and subdued a hostile world. An intellect of no gigantic proportions, seconded by learning of no marvellous compass, and gifted with no rare or exquisite abilities, but invincible in decision and con-

stancy of purpose, advanced to the accomplishment of one great design, with a continually increasing *momentum*, before which all feebler minds retired, and all opposition was dissipated. The majesty of the contest, and the splendour of the results, may, perhaps, even in our fastidious and delicate age, be received as an apology for such reproofs as the following to the Royal 'Defender of the Faith.'

'There is much royal ignorance in this volume, but there is also much virulence and falsehood, which belongs to Lee the editor. In the cause of Christ I have trampled under foot the idol of the Roman abomination which had usurped the place of God and the dominion of sovereigns and of the world. Who, then, is this Henry, this new Thomist, this disciple of the monster, that I should dread his blasphemies and his fury? Truly he is the Defender of the Church! Yes, of that Church of his which he thus extols—of that prostitute who is clothed in purple, drunk with her debaucheries—of that mother of fornications. Christ is my leader. I will strike with the same blow that Church and the defender with whom she has formed this strict union. They have challenged me to war. Well, they shall have war. They have scorned the peace I offered them. Well, they shall have no more peace. It shall be seen which will first be weary—the Pope or Luther.'—'The world is gone mad. There are the Hungarians, assuming the character of defenders of God himself. They pray in their litanies, *et nos defensores tuos exaudire digneris*—why do not some of our princes take on them the protection of Jesus Christ, others that of the Holy Spirit? Then, indeed, the Divine Trinity would be well guarded.'

The Briefs of Pope Adrian are thus disposed of:—'It is mortifying to be obliged to give such good German in answer to this wretched kitchen Latin. But it is the pleasure of God to confound Antichrist in everything—to leave him neither literature nor language. They say that he has gone mad and fallen into dotage. It is a shame to address us Germans in such Latin as this, and to send to sensible people such a clumsy and absurd interpretation of Scripture.'

The Bulls of Pope Clement fare no better. 'The Pope tells us in his answer that he is willing to throw open the golden doors. It is long since we opened all our doors in Germany. But these Italian Scaramouches have never restored a farthing of the gain they have made by their indulgences, dispensations, and other diabolical inventions. Good Pope Clement, all your clemency and gentleness won't pass here. We'll buy no more indulgences. Golden doors and bulls, get ye home again. Look to the Italians for payment. They who know ye will buy ye no more. Thanks be to God, we know that they who possess and believe the gospel, enjoy an uninterrupted jubilee. Excellent Pope, what care we for your bulls? You may save your seals and your parchment. They are in bad odour now-a-days.'—Let them accuse me of too much violence. I care not. Hereafter be it my glory that men shall tell how I enveighed and raged

against the Papists. For the last ten years have I been humbling myself, and addressing them in none but respectful language. What has been the consequence of all this submission? To make bad worse. These people are but the more furious. Well, since they are incorrigible, as it is vain to hope to shake their infernal purposes by kindness, I will break with them, I will pursue them,' &c. 'Such is my contempt for these Satans, that were I not confined here, I would go straight to Rome, in spite of the devil and all these furies. But,' he continues, in a more playful mood, 'I must have patience with the Pope, with my boarders, my servants, with Catharine de Bora, and with every body else. In short, I live a life of patience.'

At the risk of unduly multiplying these quotations, we must add another which has been quoted triumphantly by his enemies. It is his answer to the charge of mis-translating the bible. 'The ears of the Papists are too long with their hi! ha!—they are unable to criticise a translation from Latin into German. Tell them that Dr. Martin Luther chooses that it shall be so; and that a Papist and a jackass are the same.'

We should reprint no small portion of Luther's works before we exhausted the examples which might be drawn from them, of the uproar with which he assailed his antagonists. To the reproaches which this violence drew on him, he rarely condescended to reply. But to his best and most powerful friend, the Elector Frederic, he makes a defence, in which there is some truth and more eloquence. They say that these books of mine are too keen and cutting. They are right: I never meant them to be soft and gentle. My only regret is that they cut no deeper. Think of the violence of my enemies, and you must confess that I have been too forbearing.'—'All the world exclaims against me, vociferating the most hateful calumnies; and if, in my turn, I poor man, raise my voice, then nobody has been vehement but Luther. In fine, whatever I do or say must be wrong, even should I raise the dead. Whatever they do must be right, even should they deluge Germany with tears and blood.' In his more familiar discourse, he gave another and perhaps a more accurate account of the real motives of his impetuosity. He purposely fanned the flame of an indignation which he thought virtuous, because the origin of it was so. 'I never,' he said, write or speak so well as when I am in a passion.' He found anger an effectual, and at last a necessary stimulant, and indulged in a liberal or rather in an intemperate use of it.

The tempestuous phase of Luther's mind was not, however, permanent. The wane of it may be traced in his latter writings; and the cause may be readily assigned. The liberator of the human mind was soon to discover that the powers he had set free were not

subject to his control. The Iconoclasts, Anabaptists, and other innovators, however welcome at first as useful, though irregular partizans, brought an early discredit on the victory to which they had contributed. The Reformer's suspicion of these doubtful allies was first awakened by the facility by which they urged their conquests over the established opinions of the Christian world beyond the limits at which he had himself paused. He distrusted their exemption from the pangs and throes with which the birth of his own doctrines had been accompanied. He perceived in them none of the caution, self-distrust, and humility, which he wisely judged inseparable from the honest pursuit of truth. Their claims to an immediate intercourse with heaven appeared to him an impious pretension; for he judged that it is only as attempered through many a gross intervening medium, that Divine light can be received into the human understanding. Carlstadt, one of the professors at Wittenberg, was the leader of the Illuminati at that university. The influence of Luther procured his expulsion to Jena, where he established a printing press. But the maxims of toleration are not taught in the school of successful polemics; and the secular arm was invoked to silence an appeal to the world at large against a new papal authority. The debate from which Luther thus excluded others he could not deny to himself; for he shrunk from no enquiry and dreaded no man's prowess. A controversial passage at arms accordingly took place between the Reformer and his refractory pupil. It is needless to add that they separated, each more firmly convinced of the errors of his opponent. The taunt of fearing an open encounter with truth, Luther repelled with indignation and spirit. He invited Carlstadt to publish freely whatever he thought fit, and the challenge being accepted, placed in his hands a florin, as a kind of wager of battle. It was received with equal frankness. The combatants grasped each other's hands, drank mutual pledges in a solemn cup, and parted to engage in hostilities more serious than such greetings might have seemed to augur. Luther had the spirit of a martyr, and was not quite exempt from that of a persecutor. Driven from one city to another, Carlstadt at last found refuge at Basle; and thence assailed his adversary with a rapid succession of pamphlets, and with such pleasing appellatives as 'twofold papist,' 'ally of antichrist,' and so forth. They were answered with equal fertility, and with no greater moderation. 'The devil,' says Luther, 'held his tongue till I won him over with a florin. It was money well laid out. I do not regret it.' He now advocated the cause of social order, and exposed the danger of ignorant innovators, assailing these new enemies with his old weapons. 'It will never do to jest with Mr. All-the-World (*Herr omnes*). To keep that formidable person quiet, God has established law-

ful authority. It is his pleasure that there should be order amongst us here.' 'They cry out, the Bible! the Bible!—Bibel! Babel! Babel!' From that sacred source many arguments had been drawn to prove that all good Christians were bound, in imitation of the great Jewish lawgiver, to overthrow and deface the statues with which the Papists had embellished the sacred edifices. Luther strenuously resisted both the opinion and the practice; maintaining that the Scriptures nowhere prohibit the use of images, except such as were designed as a representation or symbol of Deity. But to the war with objects designed (however injudiciously) to aid the imagination, and to enliven the affections, Carlostadt and his partizans united that mysticism which teaches that the mind, thus deprived of all external and sensible supports, should raise itself to a height of spiritual contemplation and repose, where, all other objects being banished, and all other sounds unheard, and all other thoughts expelled, the Divine Being will directly manifest himself, and disclose his will by a voice silent and inarticulate, and yet distinctly intelligible. Luther handles this sublime nonsense as it well deserved. 'The devil,' he says (for this is his universal solvent), opens his large mouth, and roars out, Spirit! spirit! spirit! destroying the while all roads, bridges, scaling-ladders, and paths, by which spirit can enter; namely, the visible order established by God in Holy baptism, in outward forms, and in his own word. They would have you mount the clouds and ride the winds, telling you neither how, nor when, nor where, nor which. All this they leave you to discover for yourself.'

Carlostadt was an image-breaker and a mystic, but he was something more. He had adopted the opinion of Zuingle and Ecolampadius on the Holy Communion,—receiving as an emblem, and as nothing else, the sacred elements in which the Roman Catholic Church, after the words of consecration, recognises the very body and blood of the Divine Redeemer. He was, therefore, supported by the whole body of Swiss reformers. Luther, 'chained down,' as he expresses it, 'by the sacred text,' to the doctrine of the real presence, had ardently desired to be enfranchised from this opinion. 'As often as he felt within himself the strivings of the old Adam, he was but too violently drawn to adopt the Swiss interpretation.' 'But if we take counsel with reason we shall no longer believe any mystery.' He had, however, consulted this dangerous guide too long, thus easily to shake off her company. The text taught him one real presence, his reason assured him of another; and so he required his disciples to admit and believe both. They obeyed, though at the expense of a schism among the reformers, of which it is difficult to say whether it occasioned more distress to themselves, or more exultation to their common enemies.

This is the first and greatest of those 'Variations' of which the history has been written with such inimitable eloquence. Nothing short of the most obtuse prejudice could deny to Bossuet the praise of having brought to religious controversy every quality which can render it either formidable or attractive;—a style of such transparent perspicuity as would impart delight to the study of the year-books, if they could be re-written in it; a sagacity which nothing escapes; and a fervour of thought and feeling so intense, as to breathe and burn not only without the use of vehement or opprobrious words, but through a diction invariably calm and simple; and a mass of learning so vast and so perfectly digested as to be visible every where without producing the slightest encumbrance or embarrassment. To quote from Mr. Hallam's History of the Middle Ages:—'Nothing, perhaps, in polemical eloquence is so splendid as the chapter on Luther's theological tenets. The Eagle of Meaux is there truly seen, lordly of form, fierce of eyes, terrible in his beak and claws'—a graphic and not unmerited tribute to the prowess of this formidable adversary. But the triumph which it appears to concede to him may not be so readily acknowledged.

The argument of the 'Variations' rests on the postulate, that a religion of divine origin must have provided some resource for excluding uncertainty on every debatable point of belief or practice. But it must be vain to search for this steadfast light amongst those who were at variance on so many vital questions. The required *Ductor Dubitantium* could, therefore, be found only in the venerable form of the Catholic Church, whose oracles, every where accessible and never silent, had, from age to age, delivered to the faithful the same invariable truths in one continuous strain of perfect and unbroken harmony.

Much as the real contrast has been exaggerated by the most subtle disputant of modern times, it would be futile to deny, or to extenuate the glaring inconsistencies of the reformers with each other, and with themselves. Protestantism may well endure an avowal which leaves her foundations unimpaired. Bossuet has disproved the existence of a miracle which no one alleges. He has incontrovertibly established that the laws of nature were not suspended in favour of Luther and his associates. He has shown, with inimitable address and eloquence, that, within the precincts of moral science, human reason must toil in vain for demonstrative certainties; and that, in such studies, they who would adopt the same general results, and co-operate for one common end, must be content to rest very far short of an absolute identity of opinion. But there is a deep and impassable gulf between these premises and the inference deduced from them. The stupendous miracle of a traditional unanimity for fifteen hundred years amongst the members of the Christian Church,



at once unattested by any authentic evidence, and refuted by irresistible proofs, is opposed as much to the whole economy of the moral government of the world, as it is to human experience. It was, indeed, easy to silence dissent by terror; to disguise real differences beneath conventional symbols; to divert the attention of the incurious by a gorgeous pageantry; and to disarm the inquisitive at one time by golden preferments, and at another by specious compromises: and it was easy to allege this timid, or blind, or selfish acquiescence in spiritual despotism, as a general consent to the authority, and as a spontaneous adoption of the tenets, of the dominant priesthood. But so soon as men really began to think, it was impossible that they should think alike. When suffrages were demanded, and not accumulations, there was at once an end of unanimity. With mental freedom came doubt, and debate, and sharp dissensions. The indispensable conditions of human improvement were now to be fulfilled. It was discovered that religious knowledge, like all other knowledge, and religious agreement, like all other agreement, were blessings which, like all other blessings, must be purchased at a price. Luther dispelled the illusion that man's noblest science may be attained, his first interests secured, and his most sacred duties discharged, except in the strenuous exercise of the best faculties of his nature. He was early taught that they who submit themselves to this divine ordinance are cut off from the intellectual repose which rewards a prostrate submission to human authority; that they must conduct the search of truth through many a bitter disappointment, and many a humiliating retraction, and many a weary strife; and that they must brace their nerves and strain their mental powers to the task, with sleepless diligence—attended and sustained the while by singleness of purpose, by candour, by hope, by humility, and by devotion. When this severe lesson had been learned, the reformers boldly, nay, passionately, avowed their mutual differences. The imperfect vision, and unsteady gait, of eyes long excluded from the light, and limbs debarred from exercise, drew on them the taunts and contumelies of those whose bondage they had dared to reject. But the sarcasms even of Erasmus, the eloquence even of Bossuet, were hurled at them in vain. Centuries rolled on their appointed course of controversy, of prejudice, of persecution, and of long suffering. Nor was that sharp conflict endured to no good end. Gradually the religion of the gospel resumed much of the benignant and catholic spirit of the primitive ages. The rights of conscience, and the principles of toleration, were acknowledged. Some vehement disputes were consigned to well-merited neglect. The Church of Rome herself silently adopted much of the spirit, whilst anathematising the tenets, of the reformers; and if the dominion of peace and charity be still imperfect and

precarious, yet there is a brighter prospect of their universal empire than has ever before dawned on the nations of Christendom. The Eagle of Meaux, had he been reserved for the nineteenth century, would have laid aside 'the terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye,' and would have winged his lordly flight to regions elevated far above those over which it is his glory to have spread war and consternation.

These, however, are conclusions which, in Luther's age, were beyond the reach of human foresight. It was at that time supposed that all men might at once freely discuss, and unanimously interpret, the meaning of the inspired volume. The trial of the experiment brought to light many essential variations, but still more in which the verbal, exceeded the real difference; and such was, perhaps, the case with the Sacramentarian controversy. The objection to Luther's doctrine of Consubstantiation, was not that it was opposed to the reason of man, nor even that it was contradicted by the evidence of his senses; but that no intelligible meaning could be assigned to any of the combinations of words in which it was expressed. It might be no difficult task to be persuaded that whatever so great a doctor taught, on so high a point of theology, must be a truth;—just as the believers in George Psalmanazer may have been firmly assured of the verity of the statements he addressed to them in the language of Formosa. But the Lutheran doctrine could hardly have been more obscure, if delivered in the Formosan, instead of the Latin or the German tongue. To all common apprehension, it appeared nothing less than the simultaneous affirmation and denial of the very same thing. In this respect, it closely resembled the kindred doctrine of the Church of Rome. Yet who would dare to avow such presumptuous bigotry as to impute to the long unbroken succession of powerful and astute minds which have adorned the Roman Catholic and Lutheran Churches, the extravagance of having substituted unmeaning sounds for a definite sense, on so momentous an article of their respective creeds? The consequence may be avoided by a much more rational supposition. It is, that the learned of both communions used the words in which that article is enounced, in a sense widely remote from that which they usually bear. The proof of this hypothesis would be more easy than attractive; nor would it be a difficult, though an equally uninviting office, to show that Zuingle and his followers indulged themselves in a corresponding freedom with human language. The dispute, however, proceeded too rapidly to be overtaken or arrested by definitions; which, had they preceded, instead of following the controversy, might have stifled in its birth many a goodly folio.

The minds of men were rudely called away from these subtleties. Throughout the west of Germany, the peasants rose in a sudden and desperate revolt

against their lords, under the guidance of Goetz of the 'Iron Hand.' If neither animated by the principles, nor guided by the precepts, of the gospel, the insurgents at least avowed their adherence to the party then called Evangelical, and justified their conduct by an appeal to the doctrines of the reformers. Yet this fearful disruption of the bands of society was provoked neither by speculative opinions, nor by imaginary wrongs. The grievances of the people were galling, palpable, and severe. They belonged to that class of social evils over which the advancing light of truth and knowledge must always triumph; either by prompting timely concessions, or by provoking the rebound of the overstrained patience of mankind. Domestic slavery, feudal tenures, oppressive taxation, and a systematic denial of justice to the poor, occupied the first place in their catalogue of injuries: the forest laws and the exaction of small tithes the second. The demand of the right to choose their own religious teachers, may not improbably have been added, to give to their cause the semblance of a less sublunary character; and rather in compliment to the spirit of the times, than from any very lively desire for instructors, who, they well knew, would discourage and rebuke their lawless violence. Such a monitor was Luther. He was at once too conspicuous and too ardent to remain a passive spectator of these tumults. The nobles arraigned him as the author of their calamities. The people invoked him as an arbiter in the dispute. He answered their appeal with more than papal dignity. A poor untitled priest asserted over the national mind of Germany a command more absolute than that of her thousand Princes and their Imperial head. He had little of the science of government, nor, in truth, of any other science. But his mind had been expanded by studies which give wisdom even to the simple. His understanding was invigorated by habitual converse with the inspired writings, and his soul had drunk deeply of their spirit. And therefore it was, that from him Europe first heard those great social maxims which, though they now pass for elementary truths, were then as strange in theory as they were unknown in practice. He fearlessly maintained that the demands of the insurgents were just. He asserted the all-important though obvious truth, that power is confided to the rulers of mankind not to gratify their caprice or selfishness, but as a sacred trust to be employed for the common good of society at large; and he denounced their injustice and rapacity with the same stern vehemence which he had formerly directed against the spiritual tyrants of the world. For, in common with all who have caught the genius as well as the creed of Christianity, his readiest sympathies were with the poor, the destitute, and the oppressed; and, in contemplating the unequal distribution of the good things of life, he was not slowly roused to a generous indignation against

those to whom the advantages of fortune had taught neither pity nor forbearance. But it was an emotion restrained and directed by far deeper thoughts than visit the minds of sentimental patriots, or selfish demagogues. He depicted, in his own ardent and homely phrase, the guilt, the folly, and the miseries of civil war. He reminded the people of their ignorance and their faults. He bade them not to divert their attention from these, to scan the errors of their superiors. He drew from the evangelical precepts of patience, meekness, and long suffering, every motive which could calm their agitated passions. He implored them not to dishonour the religion they professed; and showed that subordination in human society was a divine ordinance, designated to promote, in different ways, the moral improvement of every rank, and the general happiness of all.

The authority, the courage, and the pathetic earnestness of the great Reformer were exerted in vain. Oppression, which drives wise men mad, had closed the ears of the German peasantry to the advice even of Martin Luther; and they plunged into a contest more desperate in its character, and more fatal in its results, than any which stains the annals of the empire. He felt, with the utmost keenness, the reproach thus brought on the Reformation; nor may it be concealed, that at last his voice was raised in terrible indignation against the insurgents by whom his pacific efforts had been defeated and his remonstrances despised. His old antagonist, Carlostadt, was charged with a guilty participation in the revolt; and in his distress appealed to the much-reviled Consubstantialist for protection. It was hardly in human nature, certainly not in Luther's, to reject such a suppliant. The *odium theologicum* is, after all, rather a vituperative than a malignant affection, even its worst type; and Luther possessed, more than most polemics, the faculty of exorcising the Demon of Wrath, through the channel of the pen. He placed Carlostadt in safety, defended him from the charge of fostering rebellion, and demanded for him a fair trial and a patient hearing. His preternatural fate has been already noticed.

But a more formidable enemy was at hand. The supremacy of Erasmus in the world of letters was such as no other writer ever lived to enjoy. Literature had then an universal language, and the learned of all nations acknowledged him as their guide and model. In an age of intense mental activity, no other mind was so impatient of repose; at a period when freedom of thought was asserted with all the enthusiasm of new-born hope, he emulated the most sanguine of the insurgents against the ancient dynasties. The restorer, almost the inventor, of the popular interpretation of the Scriptures, he was excelled by few, if any, in the more ambitious science of biblical criticism. His philosophy (if in deference to custom it must so

be called) was but the application to those enquiries in which the present and future welfare of mankind is chiefly involved, of an admirable good sense—penetrating sophisms under the most specious disguise, and repelling mere verbal subtleties, however imposing their pretensions, or however illustrious their patrons. Alternately a man of the world, and a recluse scholar, he was ever wide awake to the real business of life; even in those studies which usually conduct the mere prisoners of the cloister into dreamy and transcendental speculations. In his hands, the Latin language was bent to uses of which Cicero himself might have thought it incapable; and without any barbarous innovations, became, almost for the first time, the vehicle of playful banter, and of high and mysterious doctrines, treated in a familiar and easy tone. Of the two imperial virtues, industry and self-denial, the literary character of Erasmus was adorned by the first, much more than by the second. Grasping at universal excellence and immediate renown, he poured out orations, verses, essays, dialogues, aphorisms, biographies, translations, and new editions of the classical writers, with a rapidity which at once dazzled the world, and exhausted himself. Deeply as the impress of his mind was fastened on his own generation, those only of his countless works retain their charm in later times which he regarded but as the pastime of a few leisure hours. Every one has read the ‘Colloquies,’ and admired their gay and graceful exposure of the frauds and credulity of his age. The ‘Praise of Folly,’ should never be separated from Holbein’s etchings, without which the reader may now and then smile, but hardly laugh. The ‘Ciceronianus’ is one of those elaborate pleasures which give pleasure only to the laborious. For neither as a wit nor as a theologian, nor perhaps even as a critic, does Erasmus rank among master intellects; and in the other departments of literature no one has ventured to claim for him a very elevated station. His real glory is to have opened at once new channels of popular and of abstruse knowledge—to have guided the few, while he instructed the many—to have lived and written for noble ends—to have been surpassed by none in the compass of his learning, or the collective value of his works—and to have prepared the way for a mighty revolution, which it required moral qualities far loftier than his to accomplish. For the soul of this great man did not partake of the energy of his intellectual faculties. He repeatedly confesses that he had none of the spirit of a martyr; and the acknowledgment is made in the tone of sarcasm, rather than in that of regret. He belonged to that class of actors on the scene of life, who have always appeared as the harbingers of great social changes;—men gifted with the power to discern, and the hardihood to proclaim, truths of which they want the courage to encounter the infallible results; who outrun their generation in

thought, but lag behind it in action; players at the sport of reform so long as reform itself appears at an indefinite distance; more ostentatious of their mental superiority, than anxious for the well-being of mankind; dreaming that the dark page of history may hereafter become a fairy tale, in which enchantment will bring to pass a glorious catastrophe, unbought by intervening strife, and agony, and suffering; and therefore overwhelmed with alarm when the edifice begins to totter, of which their own hands have sapped the foundation. He was a reformer until the Reformation became a fearful reality;—a jester at the bulwarks of the papacy until they began to give way;—a propagator of the Scriptures, until men betook themselves to the study and the application of them;—depreciating the mere outward forms of religion, until they had come to be estimated at their real value;—in short, a learned, ingenious, benevolent, amiable, timid, irresolute man, who, bearing the responsibility, resigned to others the glory of rescuing the human mind from the bondage of a thousand years. The distance between his career and that of Luther was, therefore, continually enlarging, until they at length moved in opposite directions, and met each other with mutual animosity. The Reformer foresaw and deprecated this collision; and Bossuet has condemned as servile the celebrated letter in which Luther endeavoured to avert the impending contest. In common with many of his censures of the great father of the Protestant churches, this is evidently the result of prejudice. It was conceived with tenderness, and expressed with becoming dignity.

‘I do not,’ he says, ‘reproach you in your estrangements from us, fearing lest I should hinder the cause which you maintain against our common enemies the Papists. For the same reason, it gives me no displeasure that, in many of your works, you have sought to obtain their favour, or to appease their hostility, by assailing us with undeserved reproaches and sarcasms. It is obvious that God has not given you the energy or the courage requisite for an open and fearless attack on these monsters, nor am I of a temper to exact from you what is beyond your strength.’—‘I have respected your infirmity, and that measure of the gifts of God which is in you. None can deny that you have promoted the cause of literature, thus opening the way to the right understanding of the Scriptures; or that the endowment which you have thus received from God is magnificent and worthy of all admiration. Here is a just cause for gratitude. I have never desired that you should quit your cautious and measured course to enter our camp. Great are the services you render by your genius and eloquence; and as your heart fails you, it is best that you should serve God with such powers as He has given you. My only apprehension is, lest you should permit yourself to be dragged by our enemies to publish an attack upon our doctrines, for then I should be compelled to resist you to the face.’—‘Things have now reached a point at which we should feel no anxiety for our cause, even though Erasmus himself should direct all his abilities against us. It is no wonder that our party should be impatient of your attacks. Human



weakness is alarmed and oppressed by the weight of the name of Erasmus. Once to be lashed by Erasmus is a far different thing from being exposed to the assaults of all the Papists put together. 'I have written all this in proof of my candour, and because I desire that God may impart to you a spirit worthy of your name. If that spirit be withheld, at least let me implore you to remain a mere spectator of our tragedy. Do not join your forces to our enemies. Abstain from writing against me, and I will write nothing against you.'

This lofty tone grated on the fatidious ear of the monarch of literature. He watched his opportunity, and inflicted a terrible revenge. To have attacked the doctrines of the Reformation would have been to hazard an unanswerable charge of inconsistency. But Luther, in exploring his path, had lost his way in the labyrinth of the question of free-will; and had published opinions which were nothing short of the avowal of absolute fatalism. In a treatise, *De Libero Arbitrio*, Erasmus made a brilliant charge on this exposed part of his adversary's position; exhausting all the resources of his sagacity, wit, and learning, to lower the theological character of the founder of the Lutheran Church. The Reformer staggered beneath this blow. For metaphysical debate he was ill prepared—to the learning of his antagonist he had no pretension—and to his wit could oppose nothing but indignant vehemence. His answer, *De Seruo Arbitrio*, has been confessed by his most ardent admirers, to have been but a feeble defence to his formidable enemy. The temper in which he conducted the dispute may be judged from the following example:—'Erasmus, that king of amphibology, reposes calmly on his amphibological throne, cheats us with his ambiguous language, and claps his hands when he finds us entangled amongst his insidious tropes, like beasts of chase fallen into the toils. Then seizing the occasion for his rhetoric, he springs on his captive with loud cries, tearing, scourging, tormenting, and devoting you to the infernals, because, as it pleases him to say, his words have been understood in a calumnious, scandalous, and Satanic sense, though it was his own design that they should be so taken. See him come on creeping like a viper,' &c. &c.

To the last, the sense of this defeat would appear to have clung to Luther. Accustomed to triumph in theological debate, he had been overthrown in the presence of abashed friends and exulting enemies; and the record of his familiar conversation bears deep traces of his keen remembrance of this humiliation. Many of the contumelious words ascribed to him on this subject, if they really fell from his lips, were probably some of those careless expressions in which most men indulge in the confidence of private life; and which, when quoted with the utmost literal exactness, assume, in books published for the perusal of the world at large, a new meaning, and an undesigned emphasis. But there is little difficulty in receiving as authentic

the words he is said to have pronounced when gazing on the picture of Erasmus—that it was, like himself, full of craft and malice; a comment on the countenance of that illustrious scholar, as depicted by Holbein, from which it is impossible altogether to dissent.

The contests with Erasmus and the Sacramentarians had taken place in that debateable land which religion and philosophy each claim for her own. But Luther was now to oppose a revolt not merely against philosophy and religion, but against decency and common sense. Equally astounding and scandalous were the antics which the minds of men performed when, exempt from the control of their ancient prepossessions, they had not as yet been brought into subjection to any other. Throughout the north of Germany and the Netherlands, there were found many converts to the belief, that a divorce might be effected between the virtues which the Gospel exacts, and those new relations between man and the Author of his being, which it at once creates and reveals; that, in short, it was possible to be at the same time a Christian and a knave. The connexion between this sottish delirium, and the rejection of infant baptism, was an accident, or at most a caprice; and the name of Anabaptists, afterwards borne by so many wise and good men, is unfortunately, though indelibly, associated with the crazy rabble who first assumed or received it at Munster. Herman Shapreda, and after him Rothmann, were the first who instructed the inhabitants of that city in these ill-omened novelties; and they quickly gained the authority which any bold and unscrupulous guide may command in times when hereditary creeds have been abandoned by those who want the capacity or the knowledge to shape out new opinions for themselves. He who has not received adult baptism is not a Christian; he who is not a Christian is a Pagan; and it is the duty of the faithful to oppose the enemies of truth by all arms, spiritual or secular, within their reach. Strong in this reasoning, and stronger still in numbers and in zeal, the Anabaptists declared open war, expelled the Catholics and Lutherans from the city, pillaged the churches and convents, and adopted as their watchword the exhortation to repent, with which the Baptist of old had addressed the multitudes who surrounded him in the wilderness of Judæa. If the insurgents did no works meet for repentance, they did many to be bitterly repented of. Their success was accompanied by cruelty, and followed by still fouler crimes. John de Matheison, their chief prophet, established a community of goods, and committed to the flames every book except the Bible. John of Leyden, his successor, was a journeyman tailor, and, though at once a rogue and a fanatic, was not without some qualities which might have adorned a better cause. He conducted the defence of the city against the Bishop with as much skill and gallantry as if his accustomed seat had been, not

the shopboard, but the saddle of a belted knight. In the Scriptures, which his predecessor had exempted from the general conflagration, he found a sanction for the plurality of wives, and proofs that the sceptre of David had passed into his own hands. Twelve princes, representing the heads of the tribes of Israel, received from him authority to ascend the thrones of Europe; and apostles were sent to the great cities of Germany to propagate the new faith, and to attest the miracles of which they had been the witnesses. The doctrine they taught was less abstruse than might have been anticipated. It consisted in these propositions:—There have been four prophets: the true are King David and King John of Leyden; the false are the Pope and Martin Luther: but Luther is worse than the Pope. While this pithy creed was inculcated without the walls, the most frightful debaucheries, and a strange burlesque on royalty, went on within. The king paraded the city, attended by his queen, and followed by a long train of led horses caparisoned in gold brocade, a drawn sword being borne at his left hand, and a crown and Bible at his right. Seated on a throne in the public square, he received petitions from supplicants prostrate on the earth before him. Then followed impious parodies on the most sacred offices of the Christian worship, and scenes of profligacy which may not be described. To these, ere long, succeeded horrors which rendered the New Jerusalem no inapt antitype of the old. The conquered king expiated his crimes on the scaffold,—enduring protracted and inhuman torments with a firmness which redeems his character from the abhorrence to which it had so many indisputable titles. Yet the story is not without interest. The rapidity with which the contagion of such stupid extravagances was propagated, and the apparent genuineness of the belief which a man of much fortitude and some acuteness at length yielded to the coinage of his own brain, however frequent, are still curious phenomena in the science of mental nosology. From his answers to the interrogatories which attended his trial, it may be inferred that he was perfectly sane. His mind had been bewildered, partly by a depraved imagination and ungoverned appetites, and partly by his encounter with questions too large for his capacity, and with detached sentences from Holy Writ, of which he perceived neither the obvious sense nor the more sublime intimations. The memory of this guilty, presumptuous, and unhappy man, is rescued from oblivion by the audacity of his enterprise, and still more by the influence it exerted in arresting the progress of the Reformation.

The reproach, however unmerited, fell heavily on Luther. It is the common fate of all who dare to become leaders in the war against abuses, whether in religious or in political society, to be confounded with the baser sort of innovators, who at once hate their persons, and exaggerate and caricature the principles

on which they have acted. For this penalty of rendering eminent services to the world every wise man is prepared, and every brave man endures it firmly, in the belief that a day is coming when his fame will be no longer oppressed by this unworthy association. Luther's faith in the ultimate deliverance of his good name from the obloquy cast on it by the madness of the Anabaptists, has but imperfectly been justified by the event. Long after his name belonged to the brightest page of human history, it found in Bossuet an antagonist as inveterate as Tetzels, more learned than Cajetan, and surpassing Erasmus himself in eloquence and ingenuity. Later still has arisen, in the person of Mr. Hallam, a censor, whose religious opinions, unquestionable integrity, boundless knowledge, and admirable genius, give a fearful weight to his unfavourable judgment of the Father of the Reformation. Neither of these great writers, indeed, countenance the vulgar calumny which would identify the principles of Martin Luther with those of John of Leyden, although both of them arraign him in nearly the same terms, as having adopted and taught the antinomian doctrines of which the Anabaptists exhibited the practical results.

The course we are shaping having brought us within reach of the whirlpools of this interminable controversy, roaring in endless circles over a dark and bottomless abyss, we cannot altogether yield to that natural impulse which would pass them by in cautious silence and with averted eyes. The *Labarum* of Luther was a banner inscribed with the legend 'Justification by Faith'—the compendium, the essence, the *Alpha* and the *Omega* of his distinctive creed. Of the many received or possible interpretations of this enigmatical symbol, that which Bossuet and Mr. Hallam regard as most accordant with the views of the great standard-bearer himself, may be stated in the following terms:—If a man be firmly assured that his sins have been remitted by God, in the exercise of a mercy gratuitous and unmerited as it respects the offender himself, but accorded as the merited reward of the great propitiation, that man stands within the line which, even in this life, separates the objects of the Divine favour from the objects of the Divine displeasure. We believe this epitome of the Lutheran doctrine to be inaccurate, and, but for the greatness of the names by which it is sanctioned, we should have ventured to add, superficial. In hazarding a different translation of Luther's meaning into the language of the world we live in, we do but oppose one assertion to another, leaving the whole weight of authority on the unfavourable side. The appeal ultimately lies to those whose studies have rendered them familiar with the Reformer's writings, and especially with his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians,' which he was wont affectionately to call his *Catherine de Bora*. It must be

conceded that they abound in expressions which, detached from the mass, would more than justify the censure of the historian of the 'Literature of the Middle Ages.' But no writer would be less fairly judged than Luther by isolated passages. Too impetuous to pause for exact discrimination, too long entangled in scholastic learning to have ever entirely recovered the natural relish for plain common sense, and compelled habitually to move in that turbid polemical region which pure and unrefracted light never visits, Luther, it must be confessed, is intelligible only to the impartial and laborious, and might almost be supposed to have courted the reproaches which he least deserves. Stripped of the technicalities of divinity and of the schools, his *Articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*, may, perhaps, with no material error be thus explained.

Define the word 'conviction' as a deliberate assent to the truth of any statement, and the word 'persuasion' as the habitual reference to any such truth (real or supposed) as a rule of conduct; and it follows, that we are persuaded of many things of which we are not convinced: which is credulity or superstition. Thus, Cicero was persuaded of the sanctity of the mysteries which he celebrated as one of the College of Augurs. But the author of the Treatise *De Naturâ Deorum* had certainly no corresponding convictions. We are convinced of much of which we are not persuaded, which, in theological language, is a 'dead faith.' The Marquis of Worcester deliberately assented to the truth, that the expansive force of steam could be applied to propel a vessel through the water; but wanting the necessary 'persuasion,' he left to others the praise of the discovery. Again, there are many propositions of which we are at once convinced and persuaded, and this in the Lutheran style is a 'living or saving faith.' In this sense Columbus believed the true configuration of the earth, and launched his caravels to make known the two hemispheres to each other. It is by the aid of successful experiment engendering confidence; of habit producing facility; and of earnest thoughts quickening the imagination and kindling desire, that our opinions thus ripen into motives, and our theoretical convictions into active persuasions. It is, therefore, nothing else than a contradiction in terms to speak of Christian faith as separable from moral virtue. The practical result of that as of any other motive, will vary directly as the intensity of the impulse, and inversely as the number and force of the impediments; but a motive which produces no motion, is the same thing as an attraction which does not draw, or as a propensity which does not incline. Far different as was the style in which Luther enounced his doctrine, the careful study of his writings will, we think, convince any dispassionate man that such was his real meaning. The faith of which he wrote was not a mere opinion, or a mere emotion. It was a mental energy, of slow but stately

growth, of which an intellectual assent was the basis; high and holy tendencies the lofty superstructure; and a virtuous life the inevitable use and destination. In his own emphatic words:—'We do not say the sun *ought* to shine, a good tree *ought* to produce good fruit, seven and three *ought* to make ten. The sun shines by its own proper nature, without being bidden to do so; in the same manner the good tree yields its good fruit; seven and three have made ten from everlasting—it is needless to require them to do so hereafter.'

If any credit be due to his great antagonist, Luther's doctrine of 'Justification' is not entitled to the praise or censure of novelty. Bossuet resents this claim as injurious to the Church of Rome, and as founded on an extravagant misrepresentation of her real doctrines. To ascribe to the great and wise men of whom she justly boasts, or indeed to attribute to any one of sound mind, the dogma or the dream which would deliberately transfer the ideas of the market to the relations between man and his Creator, is nothing better than an ignorant and uncharitable bigotry. To maintain that, till Luther dispelled the illusion, the Christian world regarded the good actions of this life as investing even him who performs them best, with a *right* to demand from his Maker an eternity of uninterrupted and perfect bliss, is just as rational as to claim for him the detection of the universal error which had assigned to the animal man a place among the quadrupeds. There is in every human mind a certain portion of indestructible common sense. Small as this may be in most of us, it is yet enough to rescue us all, at least when sane and sober, from the stupidity of thinking not only that the relations of creditor and debtor can really subsist between ourselves and him who made us, but that a return of such inestimable value can be due from Him for such ephemeral and imperfect services as ours. People may talk foolishly on these matters; but no one seriously believes this. Luther slew no such monster, for there was none such to be slain. The error which he refuted was far more subtle and refined than this, and is copiously explained by Hooker, to whose splendid sermon on the subject it is a 'good work' to refer any to whom it is unknown.

The celebrated thesis of 'Justification by Faith,' if really an Antinomian doctrine, was peculiar to Luther and to his followers only in so far as he extricated it from a mass of superstitions by which it had been obscured, and assigned to it the prominence in his system to which it was justly entitled. But if his indignation had been roused against those who had darkened this great truth, they by whom it was made an apology for lewdness and rapine were the objects of his scorn and abhorrence. His attack on the Anabaptists is conceived in terms so vigorous and so whimsical, that it is difficult to resist the temptation to exhibit some extracts. But who would needlessly disturb the mould



beneath which lies interred and forgotten a mass of disgusting folly, which in a remote age exhaled a moral pestilence? Resolving all the sinister phenomena of life by assuming the direct interference of the devil and his angels in the affairs of men, Luther thought that this influence had been most unskilfully employed at Munster. It was a *coup manqué* on the part of the great enemy of mankind. It shewed that Satan was but a bungler at his art. The evil one had been betrayed into this gross mistake that the world might be on their guard against the more astute artifices to whom he was about to resort:—

'These new theologians did not,' he said, 'explain themselves very clearly.' 'Having hot soup in his mouth, the devil was obliged to content himself with mumbling out *mum mum*, wishing doubtless to say something worse.' 'The spirit which would deceive the world must not begin by yielding to the fascinations of woman, by grasping the emblems and honours of royalty, still less by cutting people's throats. This is too broad; rapacity and oppression can deceive no one. The real deceit will be practised by him who shall dress himself in mean apparel, assume a lamentable countenance, hang down his head, refuse money, abstain from meat, fly from woman as so much poison, disclaim all temporal authority, and reject all honours as damnable; and who then, creeping softly towards the throne, the sceptre, and the keys, shall pick them up and possess himself of them by stealth. Such is the man who would succeed, who would deceive the angels, and the very elect. This would indeed be a splendid devil, with a plumage more gorgeous than the peacock or the pheasant. But thus impudently to seize the crown, to take not merely one wife, but as many as caprice or appetite suggests—oh! it is the conduct of a mere schoolboy devil, of a devil at his A B C; or rather it is the true Satan—Satan, the learned and the crafty, but fettered by the hands of God, with chains so heavy that he cannot move. It is to warn us, it is to teach us to fear his chastisements, before the field is thrown open to a more subtle devil, who will assail us no longer with the A B C, but with the real, the difficult text. If this mere *devil* at his letters can do such things, what will he not do when he comes to act as a reasonable, knowing, skilful, lawyer-like, theological devil?'

These various contests produced in the mind of Luther the effects which painful experience invariably yields, when the search for truth, prompted by the love of truth, has been long and earnestly maintained. Advancing years brought with them an increase of candour, moderation, and charity. He had lived to see his principles strike their roots deeply through a large part of the Christian world, and he anticipated, with perhaps too sanguine hopes, their universal triumph. His unshaken reliance in them was attested by his dying breath. But he had also lived to witness the defection of some of his allies, and the guilt and folly of others. Prolonged enquiry had disclosed to him many difficulties which had been overlooked in the first ardour of the dispute, and he had become pain-

fully convinced that the establishment of truth is an enterprise incomparably more arduous than the overthrow of error. His constitutional melancholy deepened into a more habitual sadness—his impetuosity gave way to a more serene and pensive temper—and as the tide of life ebbed with still increasing swiftness, he was chiefly engaged in meditating on those cardinal and undisputed truths on which the weary mind may securely repose, and the troubled heart be still. The maturer thoughts of age could not, however, quell the rude vigour and fearless confidence which had borne him through his early contests. With little remaining fondness or patience for abstruse speculations, he was challenged to debate one of the more subtle points of theology. His answer cannot be too deeply pondered by polemics at large. 'Should we not,' he said, 'get on better in this discussion with the assistance of a jug or two of beer?' The offended disputant retired,—'the devil,' observed Luther, 'being a haughty spirit, who can bear any thing better than being laughed at.' This growing contempt for unprofitable questions was indicated by a corresponding decline in Luther's original estimate of the importance of some of the minor topics in debate with the Church of Rome. He was willing to consign to silence the question of the veneration due to the Saints. He suspended his judgment respecting prayers for the dead. He was ready to acquiesce in the practice of auricular confession, for the solace of those who regarded it as an essential religious observance. He advised Spalatin to do whatever he thought best respecting the elevation of the Host, deprecating only any positive rule on the subject. He held the established ceremonies to be useful, from the impression they left on gross and uncultivated minds. He was tolerant of images in the churches, and censured the whole race of image-breakers with his accustomed vehemence. Even the use of the vernacular tongue in public worship, he considered as a convenient custom, not an indispensable rule. Carlostadt had insisted upon it as essential. 'Oh, this is an incorrigible spirit,' replied the more tolerant Reformer; 'for ever and for ever positive obligations and sins!'

But while his catholic spirit thus raised him above the exaggerated estimate of those external things which chiefly attracted the hostility of narrower minds, his sense of the value of those great truths in which he judged the essence of religion to consist, was acquiring increased intensity and depth. In common with Montaigne and Richard Baxter (names hardly to be associated on any other ground), he considered the Lord's Prayer as surpassing every other devotional exercise. 'It is my prayer,' said Luther; 'there is nothing like it.' In the same spirit, he preferred the Gospel of St. John to all the other sacred books, as containing more of the language of Christ himself. As he felt, so he taught. He practised the most simple

and elementary style of preaching. 'If,' he said, 'in my sermons I thought of Melancthon and other doctors, I should do no good; but I speak with perfect plainness for the ignorant, and that satisfies every body. Such Greek, Latin, and Hebrew as I have, I reserve for the learned.' 'Nothing is more agreeable or useful for a common audience than to preach on the duties and examples of Scripture. Sermons on grace and justification fall coldly on their ears.' He taught that good and true theology consisted in the practice, the habit, and the life of the Christian graces—Christ being the foundation. 'Such, however,' he says, 'is not our theology now-a-days. We have substituted for it a rational and speculative theology. This was not the case with David. He acknowledged his sins, and said, *Miserere, mei Domine!*'

Luther's power of composition is, indeed, held very cheap by a judge so competent as Mr. Hallam; nor is it easy to commend his more elaborate style. It was compared by himself to the earthquake and the wind which preceded the still small voice addressed to the prophet in the wilderness; and is so turbulent, copious, and dogmatical, as to suggest the supposition that it was dictated to a class of submissive pupils, under the influence of extreme excitement. Obscure, redundant, and tautologous as these writings appear, they are still redeemed from neglect, not only by the mighty name of their author, but by that all-pervading vitality and downright earnestness which atone for the neglect of all the mere artifices of style; and by that profound familiarity with the sacred oracles, which far more than compensates for the absence of the speculative wisdom which is drawn from lower sources. But the Reformer's lighter and more occasional works not unfrequently breathe the very soul of eloquence. His language in these, ranges between colloquial homeliness and the highest dignity,—now condensed into vivid figures, and then diffused into copious amplification,—exhibiting the successive phases of his ardent, melancholy, playful, and heroic character in such rapid succession, and with such perfect harmony, as to resemble the harp of Dryden's Timotheus, alternately touched and swept by the hand of the master—a performance so bold and so varied, as to scare the critic from the discharge of his office. The address, for example, to the Swabian insurgents and nobles, if not executed with the skill, is at least conceived in the spirit of a great orator. The universal testimony of all the most competent judges, attests the excellence of his translation of the Bible, and assigns to him, in the literature of his country, a station corresponding to that of the great men to whom James committed the corresponding office in our own.

Bayle has left to the friends of Luther no duty to perform in the defence of his moral character, but that of appealing to the unanswerable reply which his Dic-

tionary contains to the charges preferred against the Reformer by his enemies. One unhappy exception is to be made. It is impossible to read without pain the names of Luther, Melancthon, and Bucer, amongst the subscribers to the address to the Landgrave of Hesse, on the subject of his intended polygamy. Those great but fallible men remind his Highness of the distinction between universal laws, and such as admit of dispensation in particular cases. They cannot publicly sanction polygamy. But his Highness is of a peculiar constitution, and is exhorted seriously to examine all the considerations laid before him; yet, if he is absolutely resolved to marry a second time, it is their opinion that he should do so as secretly as possible! Fearful is the energy with which the 'Eagle of Meaux' pounces on this fatal error,—tearing to pieces the flimsy pretexts alleged in defence of such an evasion of the Christian code. The charge admits of no defence. To the inference drawn from it against the Reformer's doctrine, every Protestant has a conclusive answer. Whether in faith or in practice, he acknowledges no infallible Head but one.

But we have wandered far and wide from our proper subject. Where, all this while, is the story of Luther's education, of his visit to Rome, of the sale of Indulgences, of the denunciations of Tetzel, of the controversy with Eccius, the Diets of Worms and Augsburg, the citations before Cajetan and Charles, the papal excommunication, and the appeal to a general council! These, and many other of the most momentous incidents of the Reformer's life, are recorded in M. D'Aubigné's work, from which our attention has been diverted by matters of less account, but perhaps a little less familiar. It would be unpardonable to dismiss such a work, with a merely ceremonious notice. The absolute merit of this Life of Martin Luther is great, but the comparative value far greater. In the English language, it has no competitor; and though Melancthon himself was the biographer of his friend, we believe that no foreign tongue contains so complete and impressive a narrative of these events. It is true that M. D'Aubigné neither deserves nor claims a place amongst those historians, usually distinguished as philosophical. He does not aspire to illustrate the principles which determine or pervade the character, the policy, or the institutions of mankind. He arms himself with no dispassionate scepticism, and scarcely affects to be impartial. To tell his tale copiously and clearly, is the one object of his literary ambition. To exhibit the actors on the scene of life, as the free but unconscious agents of the Divine Will, is the higher design with which he writes; to trace the mysterious intervention of Providence in reforming the errors and abuses of the Christian Church is his immediate end; and to exalt the name of Luther, his labour of love. These purposes, as far as they are attainable, are effec-

tually attained. M. D'Aubigné is a Protestant of the original stamp, and a Biographer of the old fashion;—not a calm, candid, discriminating weigher and measurer of a great man's parts, but a warm-hearted champion of his glory, and a resolute apologist even for his errors;—ready to do battle in his cause with all who shall impugn or derogate from his fame. His book is conceived in the spirit, and executed with all the vigour, of Dr. McCre's 'Life of Knox.' He has all our lamented countryman's sincerity, all his deep research, more skill in composition, and a greater mastery of subordinate details; amongst with the same inestimable faculty of carrying on his story from one stage to another, with an interest which never subsides, and a vivacity which knows no intermission. If he displays no familiarity with the moral sciences, he is no mean proficient in that art which reaches to perfection only in the Drama or the Romance. This is not the talent of inventing, but the gift of discerning, incidents which impart life and animation to narrative. For M. D'Aubigné is a writer of scrupulous veracity. He is at least an honest guide, though his prepossessions may be too strong to render him worthy of implicit confidence. They are such, however, as to make him the uncompromising and devoted advocate of those cardinal tenets on which Luther erected the edifice of the Reformation. To the one great article on which the Reformer assailed the Papacy, the eye of the biographer is directed with scarcely less intentness. To this every other truth is viewed as subordinate and secondary; and although, on this favourite point of doctrine, M. D'Aubigné's meaning is too often obscured by declamation, yet must he be hailed by every genuine friend of the Reformation, as having raised a powerful voice in favour of one of those fundamental truths which, so long as they are faithfully taught and diligently observed, will continue to form the great bulwarks of Christendom against the overweening estimate, and the despotic use, of human authority, in opposition to the authority of the Revealed Will of God.

From the Spectator.

#### SELF-OPERATING PROCESSES OF FINE ART.

##### *The Daguerotype.*

An invention has recently been made public in Paris that seems more like some marvel of a fairy tale or delusion of necromancy than a practical reality: it amounts to nothing less than making light produce permanent pictures, and engrave them at the same time, in the course of a few minutes. The thing seems incredible, and, but for indisputable evidence, we should not at first hearing believe it; it is, however, a fact: the process and its results have been witnessed

by M. Arago, who reported upon its merits to the Académie des Sciences. To think of Nature herself reflecting her own face, though but as "in a glass, darkly," and engraving it too, that we may have copies of it! This looks like superseding Art altogether; for what painter can hope to contend with Nature in accuracy or rapidity of production? But Nature is only become the handmaid to Art, not her mistress. Painters need not despair; their labours will be as much in request as ever, but in a higher field: the finer qualities of taste and invention will be called into action more powerfully; and the mechanical process will be only abridged and rendered more perfect. What chemistry is to manufactures and the useful arts, this discovery will be to the fine arts; improving and facilitating the production, and lessening the labour of the producer; not superseding his skill, but assisting and stimulating it. The following particulars of this beautiful and extraordinary invention are gleaned principally from fragments of the report of M. Arago, quoted in the communications of the foreign correspondents of the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette*, and partly from private information.

The apparatus consists of a camera obscura with the superaddition of an engraving power: in lieu of the white disc on which the moving picture of external objects is reflected by the rays of light, a metal plate is substituted, covered with a particular coating, on which the light forms the image by its action thereon. M. Daguerre, the inventor, "has found a substance," says M. Arago, "more sensible to light than the chlorure of silver, which is altered in an inverse manner—that is to say, it leaves on the several parts of the plate, corresponding to the several parts of the object, dark tints for the shadowy, half-tints for the lighter parts, and no tint whatever for the tints that are luminous." When this action of the light on the different parts of the plate has produced the desired effect, it is arrested at once by a particular process, and the plate may be exposed to the full light of day without undergoing any change. The appearance of the monochrome picture has been compared to mezzotint engravings, deep-toned aquatint, or the etchings of Rembrandt. The length of time required for the process varies with the state of the atmosphere and the quality of the light; moonlight is slower in its operation than sunlight; and on a dark day the engraving—or, to speak more correctly, the etching—requires a longer time; but twenty minutes seems to be the maximum under unfavourable circumstances: in ordinary weather eight or ten minutes is the average, "but under a pure sky like that of Egypt," says M. Arago, "perhaps one minute might suffice to execute the most complex design."

As it is the continued stream of light that acts upon the metal, fixed objects only can be delineated: "the foliage of trees," again to quote M. Arago, "from its



always being more or less agitated by the air, is often but imperfectly represented. In one of the views, a horse is faithfully portrayed, except the head, which the animal had never ceased moving: in another, a *decrotteur* (shoe-black), all but the arms which were never still." The slight or occasional motion of objects does not, however, invalidate the process; for, says the *Athenæum* correspondent, "in one view of the Boulevard du Temple, taken from M. Daguerre's own residence, a coach and horses are introduced with the most literal and lineal exactness." But it is obvious that the views produced by these means will only be pictures of still-life, inanimate objects, buildings, mountains, rocks, and tracts of country, under settled aspects of the atmosphere, whether it be the bright glare of noon, the even-down pour of rain, or the cold moonlight, will be pictured with an accuracy of form and perspective, a minuteness of detail, and a force and breadth of light and shade, that artists may imitate but cannot equal. The precision and exactness of the effect of the pictures may be judged of from these facts: the same bas-relief in plaster and in marble are differently represented, so that you can perceive which is the image of the plaster and which of the marble; you may almost tell the time of the day in the out-door scenes. Three views of the Luxor Obelisk were taken, one in the morning, one at noon, and the other in the evening, and the effect of the morning light is distinctly discernible from that of the evening, though the sun's altitude, and consequently the length of the shadows, are the same in both. But what the lifeless, monotonous, and cold reflections of the camera, when applied to motionless objects are to the living reality, with all its magic harmonies of colour, will be the monochromes produced by the graphic camera to the glowing pictures which by the combined operation of skill and genius, arrest and fix on the canvas the evanescent beauties and ever-varying forms of animated nature as seen through the medium of the painter's imagination. We have not seen one impression of these light-created monochromes, but we venture to predict that they will, present an appearance of shadowy insubstantiality combined with the rigidity and fixedness of a model, which will, after the first blush of novelty, fall upon the eye, and render them only valuable as models for the painter's use: as it is, they require his touch to vivify, and, in some instances, to complete them. The reflection of a head in the camera lucida looks like an exquisite miniature in wax-work; and sketches taken with the camera have a fixedness peculiarly unpleasant; because they are deprived of the ethereal medium of the atmosphere, the want of which is so sensibly felt in the pictures of some clever but mechanical-minded painters. We make these remarks not to disparage the value of a discovery the most remarkable in the history of art, nor, assuredly, to depreciate the ingenuity

and perseverance of the inventor; but for the twofold purpose of calming the apprehensions of the more humble class of artists, who may fancy that their occupation's gone, and of preparing our readers not to expect the beauties of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro in the engravings produced by the Daguerotype. The process is simple, and readily available to all persons; and the machine is so compact, that M. Daguerre has stood upon the bridges of Paris using it without attracting much notice from the passengers. Its utility to travellers, in delineating any curious objects of architecture, machinery, costume, and furniture, is at once apparent.

The influence of this invention on painting will be very great, and (we think) beneficial also: the increased exactitude of delineation superinduced by its use will make people more critical in their appreciation of the verisimilitude of pictures, and painters will find a much higher degree of correctness required of them in the delineation of living forms and moving objects: pictures will become more true and more animated, for every artist will be eager to escape the reproach of a mere copyist of the Daguerotype. We hail this important discovery, therefore, as one equally valuable to art as the power-loom and steam-engine to manufactures, and the drill and steam-plough to agriculture.

M. Daguerre is well known as the collaborateur of M. Bouton in the production of the beautiful illusory pictures of the Diorama; and it was in the course of his experiments in producing their effects of light and shade, that he made the wonderful discovery he has matured with such complete success. It has occupied his attention during fifteen years, and its progress to perfection has been very gradual; owing principally, we understand, to the difficulty of procuring such an amalgam of metal as would be operated on by the rays of light permanently, at first he could only get the rays to remain for a few seconds, then he was enabled to retain them for half a minute, next for a minute, and so on until a few years ago he fixed them for ten minutes. "The earlier sketches, or reflections rather," says the *Athenæum*, "which he made some four years since, have a slight degree of haziness: this defect he has now entirely overcome."

M. Daguerre's pursuit of this discovery has been the talk of the ateliers in Paris for several years; but no artist having seen any results, it was regarded as a delusion, like the search for the philosopher's stone, or perpetual motion; and the indefatigable inventor, who neglected his painting and looked more like a blacksmith than an artist, was compared to the alchemists of old: he may now turn the laugh against the incredulous. It is said that he has offered his invention to the French Government for 300,000 francs; and, pending the result of the negotiation, he does not of course make his secret known. He has, however,

an agent in London who is receiving subscriptions for the machine.

Contemporaneous with this chemical process of picturing and engraving, other self-acting machines of mechanical operation have been invented, and by Frenchmen also, that may be opportunely mentioned here. The process of M. Collas for medallie engraving, by which the relief of coins, medals, chasing, and basso-relievo of sculpture, is imitated to illusion by a machine, has already been described, and its productions frequently spoken of in our columns; and the Pentagraph, an instrument in common use for reducing the points of linear forms on a flat surface—such as outlines of drawings, plans, maps, &c. is well known; but we have heard of the invention of a machinery for reproducing on a diminished scale highly-finished line engravings; and of another, in which the reductive power is applied to the curved surfaces of solid forms, and being armed with a sharp tool, cuts out a miniature model in soap or wax of a bust or statue: the machine does not require the guidance of an artist, and it is capable of adjustment to any given scale. The little plaster models of the statue of Joan of Arc, in the shop-windows, are reduced by this machine (we are told) from the life-sized marble in the Gallery at Versailles, that was sculptured by the fair hands of the late Dutchess of Wurtemberg. The premature death of this amiable and accomplished princess gives a melancholy interest to the most beautiful work of art; of which we will only say, that it struck us more than any other statue in the gallery, though at the time we were not aware of its being the work of a daughter of Louis Philippe. A miniature bust of Rossini, that has been sent to us by the publishers, Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, may probably be reduced by the same machine from a life-sized original.

Another invention, more simple and beautiful and striking in its effects, has been produced by the same ingenious person: it is a mechanical contrivance for taking casts of the human form, the face, body, or limbs; with the minutest delicacy. By the common mode of taking a cast, the weight and constriction of the wet plaster not only renders the process disagreeable, but imperfect, especially in representing the features; for the muscles of the face become rigid and the physiognomical expression of a plaster mask is sullen and painful in consequence. These defects are entirely obviated by the new machine; which consists of a vertical disc whose surface is composed of an almost innumerable quantity of very fine steel wires or needles, as close together as the hairs of a brush, moving in two plates perforated with a corresponding number of holes, with so much ease that the points yield to the slightest pressure: into this surface the face is gently pushed, and by a most simple and ingenious contrivance the whole of the needles are in an

instant fixed securely, their surface presenting a concave mould of the face; plaster is then poured in—the wires being so close that the liquid cannot escape between them; and when set and hard, a working mould is taken from it, in which other casts are made. So instantaneous is the operation, and so delicate the construction of the mechanism, that the face of a crying child is taken with all its muscular contortions; and were any person to keep open his eyes, the eyeball would not be injured, and a stiff beard of two days' growth would be marked in the cast.

The ingenious inventor, we have heard, is at present in this country, and in the want of the means to enable him to bring forward his invention: we shall be glad if this notice have the effect of calling the attention of some enterprising person disposed to embark a few hundreds in the speculation. We have not seen either of the machines; but our information is derived from a trustworthy source.

*From the Spectator.*

#### PETER PILGRIM.

If the merit of writing consisted in diffusing the smallest stock of facts and ideas over the greatest possible space, these volumes would deserve the highest praise; for the most expert operative of authorcraft, who lives by weaving the web of verbiage for magazines and newspapers, cannot surpass the skill of the American littérateur, Dr. Bird, in making much out of nothing. 'Peter Pilgrim' is the cognomen assumed by an author who frankly tells his readers he has never strayed from home, and amuses them with amplifications of adventures, that, however, amusing or exciting they might be if simply told, loose their point by the process of expansion. His descriptions are spread out like the kaleidoscopic confusion of colours in the pattern of a carpet, or like the dissolvent pictures that are expanded till the hues fade and the outline melts into air.

For example, "The Legend of Merry the Miner" tells of one who, after long hunting for gold, discovers a cavern filled with petrified human beings, the treasures of which he plunders, but is himself petrified before he can escape: this allegory of the fruitlessness of amassing wealth loses all its force by the tedious length to which it is spun out, the one idea being repeated in every possible variety of sameness in the most mechanical manner. Again, a description of a "Mammoth Cave" fills half a volume, though its conclusion in the tenth chapter—"the beginning of the end"—tells us there is nothing extraordinary in it but its extent. The satire on American foibles, conveyed in the similitude of a visit to a madhouse, is not forc-

ble in proportion to its justness; the machinery of fiction is too apparent, and the sarcasm is deficient in humour and delicacy. The most interesting paper is on "the Fascinating Power of Reptiles" over the human species as well as animals. We quote two curious instances: premising that they are extracted from a work by Dr. Samuel Williams, of the state of Vermont. The heroes of both adventures are boys: but other cases are recorded where men were equally affected; one in particular, given by Le Vaillant, of a British officer who was "suddenly seized with a convulsive and involuntary trembling, followed by a cold sweat," and discovered, *but not till then*, that an enormous serpent had fixed its gaze on him.

#### FASCINATING POWER OF THE BLACK SNAKE.

The first is a story, authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance upon a large black snake; upon which one of them, an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake, so celebrated for its powers, could charm or fascinate him; he requested his companion to take up a stick, and keep a good eye upon the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made trial of its powers. "This," says Mr. Beach, "the other agreed to do; when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake, and made a stand, looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion; and the lad says that at that instant there appeared something to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror when turned in the sunshine: he said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colours appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings, circles, or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him everywhere else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over swift running water. He then says, he thought he would go from the snake; and as it was dark everywhere but in the circles, he was fearful of treading anywhere else; and as they still grew in less circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, and he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak, it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the centre. His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approach nearer the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the nightmare, he said he could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. The lad that had been charmed was much terrified, and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat; he complained much of a dizziness in his head, attended with pain, and appeared to be in a melancholy stupid situation for some days.

#### FASCINATION OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

"When I was a boy about thirteen years old," says Mr. Willard, "my father sent me into a field to mow some briars. I had not been long employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked round for some-

thing to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colours that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious, in the highest degree melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond anything I ever heard before or since, and indeed far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward the hated reptile; and as I had been often used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger: but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power. And I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away."

From the Monthly Review.

*Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires.* By J. L. Stephens, Esq., Author of "Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land." 2 vols. 12mo. London: Bentley, 1839.

Not very long ago we had before us "Incidents of Travel" by the same author, through Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land; a work which not only pleased us, but which has been favourably received in America, the father-land of the author, and in this country. Mr. Stephens, it now appears, has been bred to the profession of the law; but with the true spirit of his nation was restless and enterprising enough to undertake a journey through various regions of Asia, Africa, and Europe, before, we presume, anything like weighty business bound him, and without any other apparent purpose than the satisfaction of a rational curiosity.

The travels which formed the subject of the former work were but part of the result of one and the same long journey, and, indeed, the latter part,—Mr. Stephens most probably presuming that his first venture in the way of publishing his Incidents would be most wisely confined to the fruits of his most mature experience. In the hands, however, of a person so active and lively, capable of throwing off graphic and characteristic sketches at a glance of his subjects, and, at



the same time, inclined and able to deal in shrewd inferences where the premises are exceedingly slender and the facts meagre,—inferences, which, strongly cast in the mind of sound sense, have a sufficiency of *Yankee* feeling and manner about them to render the whole work fragrant as well as instructive to Europeans,—it is now perfectly manifest that it would have been of very little importance as concerns the popularity of the several volumes which of them were first or last in the market.

After having indicated what are some of the leading features in both publications, it is proper to remark, as, we believe, was done in our review of our author's *Egypt, Edom, and Holy Land*, that there appear, in as far as scholarship goes, no traces in his manner or matter to prove him possessed of more than the education generally bestowed upon persons in a genteel sphere of life confers. His knowledge again in the fine arts, of antiquities, or of any particular science, seems to be but of a general kind, such as popularly exists. Nor is his enthusiasm so lofty and sentimental as to make poetic visions and aspirations supply the place of real information of an entirely new or abundant order. But what is better to the majority of readers, his remarks are his own; they are always fresh and natural; while his sentiments are never mawkish and false, nor his enthusiasm blown.

We have intimated that it would have signified little which of the two separate publications made from the one and the same journey first appeared as regards their popularity or the agreeable characteristics of the author. Such must have been the case, particularly in America, where the works were first published, and for which sphere they were, no doubt, mainly intended. In this country, however, in as far as matter is concerned, something like an exception must be taken to the first of the volumes now before us, in which Greece and Turkey are the scenes of travel and description. In regard to these fields the English have bared the soil. But if we refer to the manner of our author, no where does he appear to better or more peculiar advantage—the very random and hasty journeyings, apparently, having excited at first the writer's best spirit, temper and talents, as well as tried his physical qualities. We never met with a traveller whose self-possession, amounting in not a few instances to American impertinence, and to the full indulgence of *Yankee* inquisitiveness, is so freely avowed. Mr. S., it appears, had few or no introductions but what his own confidence produced. He very seldom understood the language of those who chiefly interested him, and never did we suppose of the countries he traversed. We are led to suspect that his pockets were not always well furnished with the magic key to all favour and universal acceptance. He, times without number, threw himself *slap-dash* amongst other strangers, and though

sometimes indiscreetly and perilously, yet he always went or got "ahead" with marvellous success. Near the beginning of his travels, and when along with two companions, he is driven into Missilonghi, a scene so closely identified with Byron's latter days, we find him stating that all of what he was then worth was on his back, having lost at one of the Ionian Islands his carpet-bag. Immediately follows in a passage we shall quote entire some particulars and reflections that are quite characteristic of the author. He says, "Every condition, however, has its advantages: mine put me above porters and custom-house officers; and while my companions were busy with these plagues of travellers, I paced with great satisfaction the shore of Greece, though I am obliged to confess that this satisfaction was for reasons utterly disconnected with any recollections of her ancient glories. Business before pleasure: one of our first inquiries was for a breakfast. Perhaps, if we had seen a monument, or solitary column, or ruin of any kind, it would have inspired us to better things; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could recall an image of the past. Besides, we did not expect to land at Missilonghi, and were not bound to be inspired at a place into which we were thrown by accident: and, more than all, a drizzling rain was penetrating to our very bones: we were wet and cold, and what can men do in the way of sentiment when their teeth are chattering?" This is a fair sample of the writer's downright and plain, but agreeable and forcible style; nor need we now do more than follow him, taking wide strides to the end of his journey as recorded in these volumes.

Before leaving Missilonghi, however, let us inform our readers that, according to Mr. S., the manner in which the Greeks at that place spoke of Lord Byron was most disrespectful. He had attached himself to one of the great parties that then distracted the patriots, and therefore political opponents, though he had given the country all that man could give,—in his dying words, "his time, his means, his health, and lastly his life," and the people, where he breathed his last, treated his memory with malignity and affirmed that he was no friend to Greece.

But Marco Bozzaris is a theme, which, as suggested by a visit to Missilonghi, obtains far more gratifying notice by our author,—this patriot as a hero appearing in his estimation equal to Miltiades or Leonidas. A highly interesting account is also given of the widow and daughters of the Suliot chief, with whom Mr. S. had an interview; but the passage is too long to be inserted in our pages at such an early part. We must mention that the burial-place of the chief is not otherwise externally distinguished than by a "few round stones piled over his head."

In the course of his rapid race over Greece, Mr. S., of course, visited Athens, but lets the reader easily off,

as regards antiquities and the trite themes of classic or pseudo-classic tourists. On one theme connected with the celebrated city, we like his tone just as we rejoice in his information. American missionaries have established themselves at Athens, by whom their countryman was naturally most warmly received. We here must quote some particulars:—

"The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find anything that would particularly touch my national feelings, but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection that, in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle thought, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster.—In 1830, the Rev. Messrs. Hill and Robinson, with their families, sailed from this city (New York) as the agents of the Episcopal missionary society, to found schools in Greece."

Mrs. Hill had set up a school for the instruction of girls, which, in two months after its opening, attracted one hundred and sixty-seven scholars. "Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that imperfectly; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter." By the time of our author's visit the school numbered nearly five hundred. It must, as he declares, have been a gratifying scene for him when he and his companions entered the seminary as acknowledged Americans, to behold all the scholars rise to greet them. A few more notices and reflections will be relished by our readers while on this subject:—

"At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females; and, humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilization and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all the European diplomacy has ever done for her."

\* \* Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and, being Americans, we were everywhere looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I waived in favour of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The didaskalissas, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English.—Before we went away the

whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilized domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith."

We have an anecdote of a Greek who accosted Mr. Hill one day, and in language declared by that gentleman to be poetry itself, styling himself a "Stagyrite," saying he was from the land of Aristotle, &c. His business was to ask for one of the books which Mr. Hill was in the habit of distributing, to take home with him. The instance is stated to have been of common occurrence; and while it evinces the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern, cannot but suggest affecting comparisons with the condition of the ancient Greeks, when America was undreamed of among civilized men. Before leaving Athens we must have a glance of King Otho:—

"Returning, we met the king taking his daily walk, attended by two aides, one of whom was young Marco Bozzaris. Otho is tall and thin, and, when I saw him, was dressed in a German military frock-coat and cap, and altogether, for a king, seemed to be an amiable young man enough. All the world speaks well of him, and so do I. We touched our hats to him, and he returned the civility; and what could he do more without inviting us to dinner? In old times there was a divinity about a king; but now, if a king is a gentleman, it is as much as we can expect. He has spent his money like a gentleman, that is, he cannot tell what has become of it. Two of the three millions loan are gone, and there is no colonization, no agricultural prosperity, no opening of roads, no security in the mountains; not a town in Greece but is in ruins, and no money to improve them. Athens, however, is to be embellished. With ten thousand pounds in the treasury, he is building a palace of white Pentelican marble, to cost three hundred thousand pounds."

Otho was not at the time mentioned either married or crowned. We further learn,—

"The pride of the Greeks was considerably humbled by a report that their king's proposals to several daughters of German princes had been rejected; but the king had great reason to congratulate himself upon the spirit which induced the daughter of the Duke of Oldenburgh to accept his hand. From her childhood she had taken an enthusiastic interest in Greek history, and it had been her constant wish to visit Greece; and when she heard that Otho had been called to the throne, she naively expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterward, by the merest accident, she met Otho at a German watering-place, travelling with his mother, the Queen of Bavaria, as the Count de Missolonghi; and in February last she accompanied him to Athens, to share the throne which had been the object of her youthful wish. \* \* I might have been presented to the

king, but my carpet-bag—Dr. W. borrowed a hat and was presented by Dr. —, a German, the king's physician, with whom he had discoursed much of the different medical systems in Germany and America. Dr. W. was much pleased with the king. Did ever a man talk with a king who was not pleased with him? But the doctor was particularly pleased with King Otho, as the latter entered largely into discourse on the doctor's favourite theme, Mr. Hill's school, and the cause of education in Greece. Indeed, it speaks volumes in favour of the young king, that education is one of the things in which he takes the deepest interest."

The travelling companions already alluded to soon parted from our author, their objects being different. This took place on the plain of Argos, they to Europe, and Mr. S., he hardly knew where. We may mention that as a sort of balance against the loss of familiar friends, his carpet-bag was in the course of his travels in Greece recovered.

On leaving Greece Mr. Stephens made for Smyrna, having an eye to various scenes in Asia Minor. The voyage was a long and tiresome one, in the course of which the vessel was obliged to take shelter, besides other places, in the harbour of Scio. His picture of the desolate condition of this once flourishing, fertile, and populous island is distressing; for, in an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, the inhabitants were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon, fifty thousand of their once hard taskmasters but now sanguinary enemies being let loose at the command of the Sultan upon them. The invaders acted fully the part of bloodhounds,—for out of a population of one hundred and ten thousand, sixty thousand are said to have been butchered, while thirty thousand were sold into slavery, twenty thousand escaping. One of the latter fortunate few was a fellow-passenger of our author; and in company they traversed parts of the island and visited some of the once busy towns. Take a notice or two:—

"After a ride of about five miles we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would anywhere have fixed the attention, as having been once a favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together, strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same kind of stone, and altogether in a style far superior to anything I had seen in Greece. These were the country-houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio."

Some minuter and more touching particulars are now given:—

"The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling to ruins. But where were they who once occupied them, where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend and to welcome a stranger? An awful solitude, a stillness that struck a cold upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody; and our own voices, and the tramping of our

horses upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. \* \* My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets; telling me, as we went along, that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had become acquainted in Greece, until, stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born; there he had spent his youth; he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him!"

Even after the wearisome voyage Mr. S. did not arrive directly at Smyrna, but had to travel thither under Tartar aid and guidance a considerable way by land. The ride, however, afforded various opportunities for witnessing, at least, the outside of life and places, of all which he has given a pleasing and an amusing account. He finds frequent occasion to congratulate the Turks on the use of their chibouks, coffee, &c., though he experienced some important drawbacks in the manner of their lives. One of his pleasant interviews in the course of his journey towards Smyrna, was when he and his guide had alighted upon a piece of fine pasture to refresh themselves, and when a travelling party consisting of five Turks and three women also stopped at the same place. Our author did not understand a word they spoke, and they eyed him as "some wild thing" that the Tartar had just caught and was forwarding to Constantinople. The American, however, looked at the females sentimentally, who had been obliged to uncover their faces for accommodation-sake during the process of eating; but this they did not seem to understand at all. He smiled; this seemed

"To please them better; and there is no knowing to what a point I might have arrived, but my Tartar hurried me away; and I parted on the wild plains of Turkey with two young and beautiful women, leading almost a savage life, whose personal graces would have made them ornaments in polished and refined society. Verily, said I, the Turks are not so bad, after all; they have handsome wives, and a handsome wife comes next after chibouks and coffee."

Some time after this the ladies of a harem, in travelling guise, were encountered, who were all, according to a truly oriental fashion, dressed in white, with their white shawls wrapt around their faces, so that the artillery of the eyes alone were to be seen,—leaving abundant scope for a romantic and lively imagination, and our author making a Fatima of every one of them. They were all on horseback, "not riding sideways, but otherwise." But further—

"They were escorted by a party of armed Turks, and followed by a man in a Frank dress, who, as I afterwards understood, was the physician of the harem. They were thirteen in number, just a baker's dozen, and belonged to a pacha who was making his annual tour of the different posts under his government, and



had sent them on before to have the household matters arranged upon his arrival. And no doubt, also, they were to be in readiness to receive him with their smiles; and if they continued in the same humour in which I saw them he must have been a happy man who could call them all his own. I had not fairly recovered from the cries of the poor camel when I heard their merry voices; verily, thought I, stopping to catch the last musical notes, there are exceedingly good points about the Turks: chibouks, coffee, and as many wives as they please. It made me whistle to think of it."

Our free and easy traveller is to be beheld in a different situation when arrived in the vicinity of Smyrna, and being, in consequence of a storm, obliged to seek succour and shelter in a wretched-enough hut:—

"Three Turks were sitting round a brazier of charcoal frying doughballs. Three rugs were spread in three corners of the cabin, and over each of them were the eternal pistols and yataghan. There was nothing there to defend; their miserable lives were not worth taking; why were these weapons there? The Turks at first took no notice of me, and I resolved to go to work boldly, and at once elbowed among them for a seat around the brazier. The one next to me on my right seemed a little struck by my easy ways; he put his hand on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated, and then took his pipe from his mouth, and offered it to me. The ice broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff, and handed it to him to be refilled; with all the horrors of dyspepsia before my eyes, I scrambled with them for the last doughball, and, when the attention of all of them was particularly directed toward me, took out my watch, held it over the lamp, and wound it up. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable by always smoking his pipe. After coffee and half a dozen pipes, he gave me to understand that I was to sleep with him upon his mat, at which I slapped him on the back and cried out 'Bono,' having heard him use that word apparently with a knowledge of its meaning. I was surprised in the course of the evening to see one of them begin to undress, knowing that such was not the custom of the country, but found that it was only a temporary disrobing for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and bed bugs; by which I had an opportunity of comparing the Turkish with some I had brought with me from Greece; and though the Turk had great reason to be proud of his, I had no reason to be ashamed of mine. I now began to be drowsy, and should soon have fallen asleep; but the youngest of the party, a sickly and sentimental young man, melancholy and musical, and no doubt, in love, brought out the common Turkish instrument, a sort of guitar, on which he worked with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. My friend accompanied him with his voice, and this brought out my Tartar, who joined in with groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. But my cup was not yet full. During the musical festival my friend and intended bedfellow took down from a shelf above me a large plaister, which he warmed over the brazier. He then unrolled his turban, took of a plaister from the back of his head, and disclosed a wound, raw, gory, and ghastly, that made my heart sink within me: I knew that the plague was about Smyrna; I had heard that it was on this road; I involuntarily recurred to the Italian prayer, 'Save me from the three miseries of the

Levant: plague, fire, and the dragoman.' I shut my eyes; I had slept but two hours the night before; had ridden twelve hours that day on horseback; I drew my cloak around me; my head sank upon my carpet-bag, and I fell asleep, leaving the four Turks playing cards on the bottom of a pewter plate."

As soon as actually installed at Smyrna, Mr. S. betook himself to a Turkish bath, in remembrance of which and other delights he exclaims, "Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs. Chibouks, coffee, hot baths, and as many wives as you please!"

Before getting with our traveller to Constantinople, we will present to our readers two very different pictures, and yet both remind one of ancient renown and modern desolation! The former regards a specimen of the Jews of Smyrna, to some of the wealthier of whom Mr. S. contrived to get himself introduced. The quarter in which the members of the most peculiar race on earth dwell in that city, is described as being externally most wretched and mean; but internally there is often much comfort and many signs of wealth. Here is an instance, with some curious addenda:—

"At one end of a spacious room was a raised platform opening upon a large latticed window, covered with rich rugs and divans along the wall. The master of the house was taking his afternoon siesta, and while we were waiting for him I expressed to my gratified companion my surprise and pleasure at the unexpected appearance of the interior. In a few minutes the master entered, and received us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. He was about thirty, with the high square cap of black felt, without any rim or border, long silk gown tied with a sash around the waist, a strongly-marked Jewish face and amiable expression. In the house of the Israelite the welcome is the same as in that of the Turk; and seating himself, our host clasped his hands together, and a boy entered with coffee and pipes. After a little conversation he clasped his hands again; and hearing a clatter of wooden shoes, I turned my head and saw a little girl coming across the room, mounted on high wooden sabots almost like stilts, who stepped up the platform, and with quite a womanly air, took her seat on the divan. I looked at her, and thought her a pert, forward little miss, and was about asking her how old she was, when my companion told me she was our host's wife. I checked myself, but in a moment felt more than ever tempted to ask the same question; and, upon inquiring, learned that she had attained the respectable age of thirteen, and had been then two years a wife. Our host told us that she had cost him a great deal of money, and the expense consisted in the outlay necessary for procuring a divorce from another wife. He did not like the other one at all; his father had married him to her, and he had great difficulty in prevailing on his father to go to the expense of getting him freed. This wife was also provided by his father, and he did not like her much at first; he had never seen her till the day of marriage, but now he began to like her very well, though she cost him a great deal for ornaments. All this time we were looking at her, and she, with a perfectly composed expression, was listening to the conversation as my companion interpreted it, and following with her eyes the different speakers. I

was particularly struck with the cool, imperturbable expression of her face, and could not help thinking that, on the subject of likings and dislikings, young as she was, she might have some curious notions of her own; and since we had fallen into this little disquisition on family matters, and thinking that he had gone so far himself that I might waive delicacy, I asked him whether she liked him; he answered in that easy tone of indifference of which no idea can be given in words, 'oh yes;' and when I intimated a doubt, he told me I might ask herself. But I forbore."

The other subject alluded to is Ephesus, the ruins and desolation of which are effectually represented. Our traveller's first visit to the scene was after the shades of evening had begun to gather around and over it:—

"We moved along in perfect silence, for besides that my Turk neither spoke, and my Greek, who was generally loquacious enough, was out of humour at being obliged to go on, we had enough to do in picking our lonely way. But silence best suited the scene; the sound of the human voice seemed almost a mockery of fallen greatness. We entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewn on each side, probably having been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck; he moved about in the slow and desultory way that suited my humour; now sinking to his knees in heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hillside is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, these ruins appeared to be a confused and shapeless mass; but they have been examined by antiquaries with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a fountain; that this was a gymnasium and that a market-place; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the mouldering walls, the grass-grown streets, and the wide extended scene of desolation and ruin around me were all that remained of one of the greatest cities of Asia, one of the earliest Christian cities in the world. But what do I say? Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith, 'lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed;' and how the people, having caught 'Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel,' rushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians?' I sat among the ruins of that theatre; the stillness of death was around me; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be seen save my two companions and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook. A man of strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections; and do not let it surprise you, that even one like me, in nowise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself roused, and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world; when a large and

busy population was hurrying through its streets, intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now; that he should, in imagination, see before him St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians, shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers, gods made with their own hands; and the noise and confusion, and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat; that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians;' and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory and eternal ruin to his own far-distant land; a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast when the whole world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone and its very site unknown.—But where is the temple of the great Diana, the temple two hundred and twenty years in building; the temple of one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each column the gift of a king? Can it be that the temple of the 'Great goddess Diana,' that the ornament of Asia, the pride of Ephesus, and one of the seven wonders of the world, has gone, disappeared, and left not a trace behind: As a traveller, I would fain be able to say that I have seen the ruins of this temple; but, unfortunately, I am obliged to limit myself by facts."

As on many other occasions our author shortly but forcibly points out the fulfilment of scripture prophecy in reference to Ephesus; for verily, the "candlestick is removed from its place," not a human being dwelling amongst its ruins, beasts and birds of prey being its seldom-disturbed tenants.

We have been tempted by our buoyant author to linger too long on the way, and, before reaching novel scenes, to allow more time to Constantinople than to obtain a glimpse of the Sultan, who when taking part personally in a grand fête on occasion of an extraordinary launch was minutely observed by Mr. Stephens; and this immediately after nothing but visions of oriental gorgeousness, splendour, power, and despotism, had been occupying the fancy of the novice:—

"I was rolling these things through my mind, when a murmur, 'the sultan is coming,' turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state; a citizen king, a republican president or a democratic governor could not have made a more unpretending appearance than did this 'shadow of God upon earth.' He was seated in the bottom of a large caique, dressed in the military frock-coat and red tarbouch, with his long black beard, the only mark of a Turk about him, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations: and when he landed at the little dock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a wholesale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any man living; who had slaughtered the janissaries, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of bastinadoes, impale-

ments, cutting off heads, and tying up in sacks, which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself would say, fate, has ever been driving him on. I look upon him as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessities of his position."

From the capital of the Turks Mr. S. steamed it to Odessa, having Russia and Poland next in his eye. But we shall not remain longer at this city of mushroom growth, than to mark that our author happily and in strict accordance with what might be expected from a citizen of the United States of America, contrasts the circumstance of rapidity and greatness in regard to the miracle on the borders of the Black Sea with the wonders which such places as Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. present; in the former case a gigantic government saying, "Let there be a city," and immediately the thing is created; where, as in the latter, a few individuals cut down some of the trees of a forest or locate themselves on the banks of a stream and build houses suitable to their means; the accumulation, however, to the number of settlers, the enterprise of a community of freemen, in a marvellously short time producing all the real elements and all the real results which art, commerce, and education, united, so completely have at their command. But we shall immediately see how much more unfavourably illustrative of despotism and serfdom, and next of freedom though young, does a comparison of Russia with America become when following our traveller across the Steppes, and other regions remote from the seats of government.

Before setting out on the long and rarely described route, in the course of which we must make a few halts, seldom doing more than performing the office of selectors, we may mention that the principal points in it, after leaving Odessa, were the venerable and holy city of Chioff in Southern Russia, Moscow, St. Petersburg, thence through Lithuania to Warsaw, and terminating at Cracow. We begin with the Steppes of Russia as the subject of one picture:—

"At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates as the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain was covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly uncultivated, yet everywhere capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought six thousand miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of wagons: there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be

covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and secured by cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network; but the postillions were so perfectly reckless as to the fate of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired."

The travellers met with on the Steppes were sometimes varied in the following manner,—

"Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle: but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of wagons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise toward Moscow or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The wagons were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammer and tools, and everything necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads, and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the wagons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

"Late in the afternoon, we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbersome vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all around with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur's lady and a little girl: then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on everywhere about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether, it was an equipage in caravan-style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and everything necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure anything on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the posthouse."



Here is a sketch of a village:—

"The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good everywhere in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder, and whenever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of quass, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his seat was so hard, and he was so roughly shaken, that eating did him no good."

"My man Henri," together with the Russian fashion of posting and the obdurate extortioners the Postmasters, as is always their treatment of mere gentlemen or persons who have no government or military authority, was the source of a sufficiency of annoyances. At length Mr. Stephens and his fellow travellers arrived at Chioff; one of the churches of which, with the devotees who resort to it, must for an instant detain us:—

"The Church of the Catacombs, or the Cathedral of the Assumption, stands a little out of the city, on the banks of the Dnieper. It was founded in 1073, and has seven golden domes with golden spires, and chains connecting them. The dome of the belfry, which rises above the hill to the height of about three hundred feet, and above the Dnieper to that of five hundred and eighty-six, is considered by the Russians a chef d'œuvre of architecture. It is adorned with Doric and Ionic columns and Corinthian pilasters; the whole interior bears the venerable garb of antiquity, and is richly ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones and paintings; indeed, it is altogether very far superior to any Greek church I had then seen. In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the unburied bodies of the Russian saints, and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers, and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bareheaded and with lighted tapers in our hands, descended a long wooden staircase to the mouth of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of kneeling devotees, of the same miserable description I had so often seen about the churches in Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacombs, the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, on niches in the walls, and open coffins, enveloped in wrappers of cloth and silk, ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and Son; and their bodies are left unburied that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, seeing their honours after death, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names,

and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and desperate fanaticism; for besides the bodies of saints who had died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the devoted Russian, while he kneels before them, believes that their unnatural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed. We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial place, everywhere strewed with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the farthest parts of the immense empire of Russia: perhaps at that time more than three thousand were wandering in these sepulchral chambers."

The appearance of the diligence between Chioff and Moscow, by which Mr. S. travelled, was a wonderful rarity to the people; nor, during the seven days they took, did they receive one accession to the original number of passengers,—a strange contrast for a man who was from a land everywhere intersected with lines of canals and railroads, and where steam-boats and other means of transit are constantly crowded. In the course of one of the days, on entering a village, the whole population was observed in the streets in a state of "absolute starvation." Mr. Stephens explains the matter thus,—*"The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food; and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread,"*—the provision furnished by their owner, or the dominant seigneur. It is refreshing to find an American in connection with this melancholy sight expressing the following sentiments, and fearlessly attesting the following facts. He says,—

"I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own, but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the republic of the United States, every country in the civilized world can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated; but I do not hesitate to say that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions; it belies our words and our hearts; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country withers under this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free

republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the North of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the Negro on our best-ordered plantations, appeared to me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical or personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the White race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the Sultan's."

Neither Moscow nor St. Petersburg shall detain us, although it would amuse our readers had we space to show or explain how the American picked up acquaintances, and what sort of acquaintances he did pick up in these cities as well as elsewhere. We are on towards Warsaw, and take one or two sketches by the way. Of Lithuania we are told,—

"When Napoleon entered the province of Lithuania, his first bulletins proclaimed, 'Here, then, is that Russia so formidable at a distance! It is a desert for which its scattered population is wholly insufficient. They will be vanquished by the very extent of territory which ought to defend them;' and, before I had travelled in it a day, I could appreciate the feeling of the soldier from La Belle France, who, hearing his Polish comrades boast of their country, exclaimed, 'Et ces gueux-là appellent cette pays une patrie!' The villages are a miserable collection of straggling huts, without plan or arrangement, and separated from each other by large spaces of ground. They are about ten or twelve feet square, made of the misshapen trunks of trees heaped on each other, with the ends projecting over; the roof of large shapeless boards, and the window a small hole in the wall, answering the double purpose of admitting light and letting out smoke. The tenants of these wretched hovels exhibit the same miserable appearance both in person and manners. They are hard-boned, and sallow-complexioned; the men wear coarse white woollen frocks, and a round felt cap lined with wool, and shoes made of the bark of trees, and their uncombed hair hangs low over their heads, generally of a flaxen colour. Their agricultural implements are of the rudest kind. The plough and harrow are made from the branches of the fir-tree, without either iron or ropes; their carts are put together without iron, consisting of four small wheels, each of a single piece of wood; the sides are made of the bark of a tree bent round, and the shafts are a couple of fir branches; their bridles and traces platted from the bark of trees, or composed merely of twisted branches. Their only instrument to construct their huts and make their carts is a hatchet. They were servile and cringing in their expressions of respect, bowing down to the ground and stopping their carts as soon as we came near them, and stood with their caps in their hands till we were out of sight. The whole country, except in some open places around villages, is one immense forest of firs, perhaps sixty feet in height, compact and thick, but very slender."

Take a notice of a sight in Poland Proper:—

"We had scarcely left the postmaster's daughter, on

the threshold of Poland, almost throwing a romance about the Polish women, before I saw the most degrading spectacle I ever beheld in Europe, or even in the barbarous countries of the East. Forty or fifty women were at work in the fields, and a large, well-dressed man, with a pipe in his mouth and a long stick in his hand, was walking among them as overseer. In our country the most common labouring man would revolt at the idea of his wife or daughter working in the open fields. I had seen it, however, in gallant France and beautiful Italy; but I never saw, even in the barbarous countries of the East, so degrading a spectacle as this; and I could have borne it almost anywhere better than in chivalric Poland."

A general sketch of Warsaw does not enhance our notions of the Polish nation neither as to the intelligence, the civilization, nor the moral character of the people as a whole:—

"Immediately on entering it I was struck with the European aspect of things! It seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of Western Europe, which may, perhaps, be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St. Petersburg; and the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the remnant of a barbarous taste for show, exhibiting itself in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciusko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to seventy-five thousand. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be one hundred and forty thousand, thirty thousand of whom are Jews. Calamity after calamity has befallen Warsaw; still its appearance is that of a gay city. Society consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders, the nobles and the peasantry, without any intermediate degrees. I except, of course, the Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and piercing eyes, met me at every corner of Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungeur in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in their political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them 'dumb' in contrast with their own fluency and loquacity; and before their fall were called by their neighbours the 'proud Poles.' They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough. A Sicilian, a fellow-passenger from Palermo to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea-sickness, and the next playing on his violin, said to me, 'Canta il, signore!' 'Do you sing?' I answered 'No;' and he continued, 'Suonate!' 'Do you play?' I again answered 'No;' and he asked me, with great simplicity, 'Cosa fatte? Niente!' 'What do you do? Nothing!'

and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw. The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan."

Cracow at last draws out the accustomed good and fresh feeling as well as the graphic powers of our author. But we must stop, although many stretches of his journeyings be barren of new information, owing in a great measure to the speed at which he travelled, and, as respects the latter part, owing frequently no doubt to the fact of his going over a great deal of ground during night, yet that throughout the volumes the manner in which little incidents pertaining to himself are described, and personal occurrences are connected with localities, individuals, and national characteristics, the whole becomes picturesque, entertaining, and not seldom instructive. The work will unquestionably be popular, as were the former volumes in this country, as they deserve to be.

From the Monthly Review.

#### DEER-STALKING, &c.

- 1.—*The Art of Deer-Stalking.* By Wm. Scrope, Esq. London: Murray. 1839.
- 2.—*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie.* By C. F. Hoffman, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1839.

It requires routine-citizens like ourselves to read such works as are now before us, to teach how different may be the manner of life, how diversified the occupations and pastimes of civilized people, even of those whose feelings are alive to all that is beautiful, and whose hearts respond to every ennobling appeal. While some regard with the utmost admiration all that is excellent in the imitative arts, and with perfect complacency all that is comely in the conventional forms of society, others resort to the cultured and adorned landscape, either in person or imagination; while a third class love to have their spirits stirred and strung by sports among the magnificent wildernesses of nature, and by whatever seems to remove them from artificial or gentle forms. A high degree of moral sensibility may, and presumptively does, characterize each and all of these parties; nor is there anything more likely than that they may often unite their purposes and efforts in behalf of many of the same great and practical enterprises which distinguish the most enlightened nations of Christendom.

We know that many good and worthy people regard a passion for the sports of the field, as a sure index

not only of an unamiable but of a gross, cruel, immoral nature. It would be easy to show that there is nothing necessarily immoral in man taking the life of a wild animal for his use, or necessarily unfeeling either, seeing that in all likelihood he saves it from a much more lingering and painful death. But we go further, and maintain that field sports, the hunt and the chase, are capable and calculated to serve propitiously the moral nature of man. Not to dwell upon the good purposes which are realized in the very process of training the canine race, for example, is there no high and legitimate end attained by those exercises that above all others invigorate the body and exhilarate the spirit!—by those wayward and random excursions that, when in the happiest and most susceptible mood of mind, make man acquainted with the varieties, beauties, and most majestic scenes of the external world? Who but the sportsman, the Deer-stalker pre-eminently, has ever tasted the true inspiration which the wildest Alpine scenery of old Scotland begets?—who but he can force the unadventurous citizen to love the untamed tenants of the heath, the mountains, the rocks, and the headlong streams, to sympathize with them, to weep over them though far away? In short, let priest or cynic preach or sneer as each may, we assert it as a fact, that the most gentle and sensitive natives, and pure-minded of all we have ever known or studied among mankind, have been those who, the moment they were initiated in the sports of flood and field, have become the most enthusiastic votaries, not to the derangement or searing of their moral susceptibilities, but to the chasing away all morbidity, and producing in its stead a braced and active humanity.

Our readers, however, will hardly forgive us for this dull, introductory sort of essay, when we come, which we no longer refrain to do, to the healthful, spirit-stirring, and rewarding narratives and sketches before us. Our extracts will be far better than a thousand arguments in support of the views we entertain on the subject; nor is it possible that any one can peruse them, whose mind is whole and feelings undiseased, without welcoming the literary taste that is everywhere married to these vivid pictures and enlivening stories.

It is corroborative of our views, in regard to field sports, even the wildest of them, that though Mr. Scrope describes scenes and occurrences belonging to years, not recent, as we understand him, yet his impressions are as fresh, and his enthusiasm as ardent, as if he were setting down the experience of yesterday. We have often had an opportunity in our younger days of noticing this vividness of recollection and accuracy of description on the part of old or keen sportsmen. Ride through a country, traverse a field with any such worthy, provided that part has been the theatre at any time of his favourite pastime; and if he do not wax earnest in his details, even to the anxious precision of



telling you of the date, the state of the weather, the number and names of his dogs, the make and character of his fowling-piece, the spot, the form of the hedge or thicket, the motion, the action of all concerned in the exploit, which is the text, the whole falling most naturally and effectively into a dramatic form, then, mark him as not belonging to the craft, and having no right to desecrate its beauties and mysteries by the stupid use of its technicalities. For certain Mr. Scrope is no such dull chronicler of his Deer-Stalking triumphs.

But we forget our promise; which was, that we should no longer tarry on the threshold, keeping the anxious reader from the treat that awaits him.

Our Deer-Stalker unnecessarily bespeaks the indulgence of his literary readers. He says,—

“Shall a poaching, hunting, hawking ‘squire, presume to trespass on the fields of literature?’ These words, or others of similar import, I remember to have encountered in one of our most distinguished reviews. They ring still in my ears, and fill me with apprehension as it is; but they would alarm me much more if I had attempted to put my foot within the sacred enclosures alluded to. These are too full of spring-traps for my ambition, and I see ‘this is to give notice’ written in very legible characters, and take warning accordingly. Literature!—Heaven help us!—far from it; I have no such presumption; I have merely attempted to describe a very interesting pursuit as nearly as possible in the style and spirit in which I have always seen it carried on. Ten years successful practice in the forest of Atholl, (that is, we must observe, generally at best, a forest of *heather*,) have enabled me to enter into all the details that are connected with deer-stalking. That it is a chase which throws all our other field-sports far into the back-ground, and, indeed, makes them appear wholly insignificant, no one, who has been initiated in it, will attempt to deny. The beautiful motions of the deer, his sagacity, and the skilful generalship which can alone ensure success in the pursuit of him, keep the mind in a constant state of pleasurable excitement.”

Upon this prefatory passage we have merely to remark, that Mr. Scrope’s literature is sometimes fine to a fault, his scholarship uncalled for, and the writing too elaborate. We regret also that he, or any other, should think that the vividness and force of any sporting details or pictures can be increased by such exclamations as “Heaven help us!”—“For Heaven’s sake,” when the narrative may only regard the loss of a stag, or the jeopardy of a dog. Such expressions may in the heat of the chase escape lips that are habitually guarded; but truth requires it from us to say that it is too bad to interlard a closet-composition and a printed book with such irreverent phrases. Due reverence and taste can never be dissembled.

There is a good deal of useful information in Mr. Scrope’s volume, such as many curious points in the natural history of the deer, which few naturalists can have had an opportunity to observe. We shall, before

proceeding to quote some passages containing accounts of the requisites of deer-stalking, and some illustrative anecdotes and sketches, direct attention to a few of these points, in order to enable our readers to enter with better understanding and fervour into the subsequent scenes.

The shedding of horns is one of the remarkable annual events in the history of the deer. The new horns, says our author, are very sensitive, and the harts avoid bringing them into collision with any substance. Therefore, at this time—

“When they fight, they rear themselves upon their hind legs, and spar with their fore feet, keeping back their heads. They carry their horns just as long as the hind carries her fawn, which is eight months. They are not always shed at the same time, but one of them occasionally drops a day or two after the other. I myself have seldom found any other than single horns in the mosses of the forest. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the number which are picked up in any forest bears no proportion to those which are shed; and this cannot arise from their being overlooked, for they are a valuable perquisite to the keepers, and there is no part of the forest that is not traversed by them in the course of the season. What, then, becomes of them? Hinds have been seen to eat them; one will consume a part, and, when she drops it, it will be taken up and gnawed by the others. The late Duke of Atholl, indeed, once found a dead hind which had been choked by a part of the horn, that remained sticking in its throat. It is not, however, credible that all those which are missing are disposed of in this way; they rather seem to be thus eaten from wantonness and caprice, and I am not able to account satisfactorily for their disappearance. The new horns which deer acquire annually are covered with a thick sort of leaden-coloured skin, which remains on them till the deer are in good condition; it then begins to fall off, and, for a short space, hangs in shreds, ragged and broken; but they remove it as quickly as they can, by raking their antlers in the roots of the heather, or in such branches of shrubs as they can find to the purpose. When they have shaken off this skin, which is called the velvet, and which disappears in the months of August and September, they are said to have clean horns; and, as these deer are in the best condition, they are the particular object of the sportsman.”

There is much that is wild and picturesque in the courting season of the deer. Severely contested battles take place at this period between the gallants, often in presence of the dames, like others who, of old, in justing and chivalric encounters, were wont to bestow their favours on the most valiant. Death frequently ensues. But the severest combats occur when there are no hinds present, the harts being so occupied, and possessed with such fury, that they may be occasionally approached in a manner that it would be vain to attempt at any other time. “A conflict of this savage nature,” says our stalker, “which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon’s forests, was fatal to both of the combatants.” Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so

firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain in Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found. Mezentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner."

The sagacity of the deer is great; but in no particular is this displayed in a more interesting manner than in the care and the stratagies which the young call forth. After repeating that the period of gestation in a hind is eight months, Mr. Scrope continues:—

"She drops her fawn in high heather, where she leaves it concealed the whole of the day, and returns to it late in the evening, when she apprehends no disturbance. She makes it lie down by a pressure of her nose; and it will never stir or lift up its head the whole of the day, unless you come right upon it, as I have often done. It lies like a dog, with its nose to its tail. The hind, however, although she separates herself from the young fawn, does not lose sight of its welfare, but remains at a distance to the windward, and goes to its succour in case of an attack of the wild cat, or fox, or any other powerful vermin. I have heard Mr. John Crerer say, and it is doubtless true, that if you find a young fawn that has never followed its dam, and take it up and rub its back, and put your fingers in its mouth, it will follow you home for several miles; but if it has once followed its dam for ever so small a space before you find it, it will never follow human being. When once caught, these fawns or calves are easily made tame; and there were generally a few brought up every year by the dairy-maid at Blair. I speak of hinds only; stags soon turn vicious and unmanageable. When the calf is old enough to keep up with a herd of deer, and to take pretty good care of itself, its mother takes it off and leads it into ground that can be travelled without difficulty, avoiding precipitous and rocky places."

A few more particulars, as given by Mr. Scrope, will show how familiar he is with the habits of the animal that interests him so deeply, and with what life-like reality he can picture these wild Alpine and forest-roaming creatures to others:—

"Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill-tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of wind come occasionally from all quarters. I have said that deer go up wind; but, by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind (those men being concealed from their view), they may be driven down it; and in certain cases they may be easily sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary. It is to be noted, that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed these fine

fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible. There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor,—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him full in view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired."

But we must come to the business of deer-stalking, and to some of the sketches and reflections to which that manly pastime and occupation have given rise, the author's professed purpose being to illustrate all the essential points that occur in the business, "both in slow and quick time," and to describe the various turns and accidents of the chase drawn from actual experience, and a passionate love of it. As for the sport itself, says he, no one can have a proper perception till he is chief in command, and able to stalk for himself; which requires long practice, close observation, and a thorough knowledge of the ground hunted and the habits of the animal. All these advantages have clearly been possessed and realized by Mr. Scrope; and by the recital of their application and use, in what he calls some instances of "moderate sport," he fulfils his professed purpose.

The Forest of Atholl was one of the principal fields and regions of our author's ardent stalking pursuits. But to those whose excursions and travels have been limited to Margate or Ramsgate, it is not easy to convey one correct notion of such expansive, strongly marked, and wild scenery. The following, however, may be relied on as a graphic notice of some of the grandest Highland compartments:—

"Here, every thing bears the original impress of nature, untouched by the hand of man since its creation.

That vast moor spread out below you: this mass of huge mountains heaving up their crests around you; and those peaks in the distance, faint almost as the sky itself,—gave the appearance of an extent boundless and sublime as the ocean. In such a place as this, the wild Indian might fancy himself on his own hunting grounds. Traverse all this desolate tract, and you shall find no dwelling, nor sheep, nor cow, nor horse, nor anything that can remind you of domestic life: you shall hear no sound but the rushing of the torrent, or the notes of the wild animals, the natural inhabitants; you shall see only the moor-fowl and the plover flying before you from hillock to hillock, or the eagle soaring aloft with his eye to the sun, or his wings wet with mist."

What nerve, what vigour, and activity of limb must be in constant requisition on the part of the man who undertakes to chase the deer in these awful solitudes, and among these magnificent traces of power and majesty! Listen, ye level-earth and tame-world sportsmen! Your consummate deer-stalker, says our author, should be able to run like an antelope and breathe like the trade winds. But this is not all:—

"He should be able to run in a stooping position, at a greyhound pace, with his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog, or in gliding down a burn, *ventre à terre*, like that insinuating animal the eel,—accomplished he should be in skillfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable. Strong and pliant in the ankle, he should most indubitably be; since in running swiftly down precipices, picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, angular, vindictive stones, his feet will unadvisedly get into awkward cavities and curious positions:—thus, if his legs are devoid of the faculty of breaking, so much the better,—he has an evident advantage over the fragile man. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back (for if he has any tact, or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this. We would recommend him to try the thing in a speat, during a refreshing north wind, which is adverse to deer-stalking; thus no day will be lost pending his education. To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and moreover it is very cowardly to die. As for sleep, he should be almost a stranger to it, activity being the great requisite; and if a man gets into the slothful habit of lying a-bed for five or six hours at a time, I should be glad to know what he is fit for in any other situation? Lest, however, we should be thought too niggardly in this matter, we will allow him to doze occasionally from about midnight till half-past three in the morning. Our man is thus properly refreshed, and we retain our character for liberality. Steady, very steady, should his hand be, and at times wholly without a pulse. Hyacinthine curls are a very graceful ornament to the head, and, accordingly, they have been poet-

ically treated of; but we value not grace in our shooting-jacket, and infinitely prefer seeing our man, like Dante's Frati, '*che non hanno coperchio piloso al capo*;' because the greater the distance from the eye to the extreme point of the head, so much the quicker will the deer discover their enemy, than he will discover them. His pinnacle or predominant, therefore, should not be ornamented with a high finial or tuft. Indeed, the less hair he has upon it the better. It is lamentable to think that there are so few people who will take disinterested advice upon this or any other subject; but, without pressing the affair disagreeably, I leave it to a deer-stalker's own good sense to consider whether it would not be infinitely better for him to shave the crown of his head at once, than to run the risk of losing a single shot during the entire season. A man so shorn, with the addition of a little bog earth rubbed scientifically over the crown of his head, would be an absolute Ulysses on the moor, and (*ceteris paribus*) perfectly invincible."

It would appear, that to be all this and equal to all this, a man should be trained in the way he should go as soon as he is out of petticoats; otherwise the symmetry of the Antinous will avail him nought. Neither will the skill of the most dexterous rifleman be of much service, unless he has patience, hardihood, and be a perfect tactician. For instance, there happened to be appointed to the responsible and honourable office of forester, some years ago, in the forest of Ben-Ormin, one of the best shots in a rifle regiment. But he was, as respected every other most essential requisite, quite a novice; he was only able to kill one hart, during two years of apprenticeship, and at length resigned in despair. The fact is, unless a man is skilled in all particulars, possessed of unflinching confidence and resolution, and master of the stalking troop as well as of his own actions, he must obey and follow another, who, while he may be whispering, "This way, this way, Sir," may be leaving at a killing pace the pupil, or, for the time, *subordinate*, wedged among stones, sunk to the thighs among miry moss, or standing aghast at a yawning chasm, which requires a gigantic leap. Or if the *led* should be so lucky as to keep up with the forester, and game come suddenly in view, and though the sportsman be instantaneously apprised of the chance, ten to one but he is so out of breath and in such a staggering condition, that he is useless; or, which is not less provoking, the kilted leader most probably will be in a precisely mathematical straight line between the rifle and the hart which he expects the sportsman to kill, leaving it to the prompt judgment of the latter whether to fire through the daylight that may appear between Donald's legs, who is several yards in advance, or give up the probable reward of a night and day's incessant toil and anxiety.

There are many things not yet alluded to by us that require to be known by the real, legitimate, and tasteful deer-stalker. He must, for instance, at a glimpse be able to distinguish between the ages, and the difference of sex of the game that comes in sight. To



kill a hind or fawn is a disgrace; and also a real injury and loss to the proprietor. The reader may guess then, how the Duke of Gordon felt, when a stranger, not aware of these circumstances, wrote to thank his Grace for a day's deer-shooting, intimating, at the same time, that he "had wounded a hind, and killed an exceedingly promising young fawn."

Mr. Scrope amusingly but effectively illustrates the rules and practices of his favourite sport by a number of well-told examples and anecdotes. One of the best of these regards a French nobleman, who had obtained considerable notoriety in the Highlands for his skill with the rifle; not, it is hinted, from any feats that had been witnessed, but simply from his excellent *soi-disant* qualities. He really had attracted the admiration even of such foresters as John Crerar and Peter Frazer; but chiefly it would seem on account of properties which were quite adequate to destroy the sport of a whole season. Nothing could have prevented his voluble tongue from going, and his singing French airs, but laudanum, so long as he remained in the glen. In this dilemma it was resolved to send him up with the drivers, to get quit of him:—

"He started joyfully, for he was a famous walker—out of all sight the best in France; indeed no one of any nation was equal to him. But the hillmen asserted that this was not his particular walking day; so that, I am told, he soon became most deplorably exhausted, and, according to all accounts, delayed the drive at least an hour or so. Fortune bounteously gave him many fair shots; but, alas, what she distributed with one hand, she took away with the other; for he missed them clean every one.—*'Mais c'est donnant celà.'* I who never make the miss." "Perhaps your honour forgot to put in the baal."—*'Ah! voilà ce que c'est, vous l'avez trouvé, mon ami. Le moyen de tuer sans balle!'* Now, then, I put in the powder of cannon, and there goes de balle upon the top of it—*'mort de ma vie!'* I now kill all the stag in Scotland, expect a leetle, and you shall surprouse much." He was a bad prophet, for he still went on, missing as before, amongst winking hillmen and grinning gillies. At length, however, the sun of his glory (which had been so long eclipsed) shone forth in amazing splendour. 'Fortune,' says Fluellen, 'is painted upon a wheel, to signify to you (which is the moral of it) that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations;' and the turn was now in the Count's favour, for she directed his unwilling rifle towards the middle of a herd of deer, which stood 'Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa.' Every thing was propitious; circumstance, situation, and effect; for he was descending the mountain in full view of our whole assemblage of sportsmen. A fine stag, in the midst of the herd, fell to the crack of his rifle. "Hah, hah!" forward ran the Count, and sat upon the prostrate deer triumphing. *'Hé bien, mon ami, vous êtes mort donc! Moi je fais toujours des coups sûrs. Ah! pauvre enfant!'* He then patted the sides of the animal in pure wantonness, and looked east, west, north, and south for applause, the happiest of the happy; finally he extracted a Mosaic snuff-box from his pocket, and, with an air that nature has denied to all save the French nation, he held a pinch

to the deer's nose: *'Prends, mon ami, prends donc.'* This operation had scarcely been performed, when the hart, who had only been stunned, or perhaps shot through the loins, sprang up suddenly, overturned the Count, ran fairly away, and was never seen again. *'Arrête toi, traître, arrête, mon enfant. Ah, c'est un enfant perdu! Allez donc à tous les diables.'* Thus ended the Count's chase."

We must now let the reader have a specimen of what the author regards as moderate sport; which includes moderate fatigue, difficulty, and uncertainty. The extract, curtail it as we may, must take up more space than we can well afford to it, thrown as the illustration is into a sort of dramatic perusal. Let it be borne in mind by the reader that *Tortoise* is the narrator himself and *Lightfoot* is a novice; hillmen and dogs filling up the list of the *personæ dramatis*:—

"The party then advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy progress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was not so favourable. Here was a great difficulty; it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage then was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise, in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution. 'Raise not a foot nor a hand; let not a hair of your head be seen; but, as you value sport, imitate my motions precisely: everything depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds.' He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs; and, placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. 'Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here; but for Heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper.' 'Pshaw, I can follow wherever you go, and in the same position too.' 'Bravo;—here goes then. But for Heaven's sake do not make a splash and noise in the water; but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly: that is a difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not wet the rifles.—Hist, Peter: here lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hush! hush!—he has not seen us yet; and yonder

is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south: he is almost within gun-shot even now.' A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind, and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment.

"Tortoise raised his head slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. 'By heavens he's off, and you have missed him; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing; and I suppose you call this sport. If you had killed that magnificent animal, I should have rejoiced in my plight; but to miss such a great beast as that!—Here, Peter, come and squeeze my clothes, and lay me out in the sun to dry. I never saw so base a shot.' 'Hush, hush!—keep down. Why the deer's safe enough, Harry.' 'By Jove, I think he is, for I see him going through the moss as comfortably as possible.' 'We must louse a doeg, sir, or he will gang forrat to the hill.' 'Let go both of them; it will be a fine chance for the young dog; but get on a little first, and put him on the scent; the deer is so low in the bog that he cannot see him.' Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Mealowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity. 'Now, Sandy, run forward to the right, if you have a run in you, and get a view with the glass all down the burn of auld Heelan, and then come forwards towards Glen Deery, if you do not see the bay there. Come along, Harry, the deer is shot through the body I tell you.' 'Sanguie di Diana! what makes him run so, then?' 'Hark! I thought I heard the bay under the hill.—No; 'twas the eagle; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again; do you hear them, Peter?' 'I didna hear naething but the plevair; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heelan; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it brawly afterwards: we shall see them at the down-come.'

Peter prognosticated truly; the hart, a magnificent creature, is discovered standing on a narrow projecting ledge of a rock within a cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract, the spray and mist around him,

while the rocks close in upon his flanks. There he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold:—

"Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm; and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. Fortunately the stag (sensible perhaps of the extreme peril of his own situation) shewed less fight than wounded deer are apt to do; still the suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy, and, as he menaced with his antlers, they retreated backwards within an inch of instant dissolution. 'For Heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal: I must make sure work, for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor, gallant Derig!'

"Tortoise crept round cannily, cannily towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious. Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that, as he always fronted the enemy, he knew not, or, in the heat of the combat, had forgotten the danger of his situation. The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and, in avoiding it, the poor dog at length lost his footing,—his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but, as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and, being also, like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore legs he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever. Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised,—but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening: the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall;—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot, without a struggle."

We tack to this a bit of sentimental description of a true sportsman character, that may almost vie or be chosen as a companion-picture with one in the "Seasons."

"Give me the glass; I see him plainly enough: he is shot through the body, rather far behind, and cannot go far. Now one of the deer is licking his wound—now he begins to falter—now he turns aside and sends a wistful look after his companions, who are fast leaving him, happy and free as the air we breathe. He is making another effort to regain them: poor fellow! it may not be; you shall never join them more. Never again shall you roam with them over the grey mountains,—never more brave the storm together—sun your red flanks in the corrie—or go panting down to your wonted streams: 'brief has been your dwelling on the moor!'"

Then comes the *grallocking* of the hart; that is, the deer's head is turned back on the shoulder; it is covered with turf; a little gunpowder is sprinkled over him; and a black flag is tied to his horns to scare away the ravens. A beacon is also erected close by, to guide the party who is sent, at a convenient time, to carry home the spoil.

Such is one of the gentlest illustrations of our deer-stalking experience. But there are various other amusing features in the book, as well as details that are not without value. There are not only a variety of strange stories, legends, and accounts of superstitious belief, which one can freely excuse the foresters for originating and cherishing, bred and living as they are among those awakening scenes described by our author, but there are accounts of the most celebrated deer-forests and hunting grounds of the north. There are other features that cannot fail to recommend the work still more highly than what is solely due to Mr. Scrope's pen. It contains poetry by T. H. Liddell, &c., and certain antiquarian notices; while Landseer and other artists have lent their illustrative and embellishing aid that nothing may be left undone to interest and convey to the world a knowledge of the mysteries, the triumphs, and the ennobling delights of deer-stalking. But to many the book will be chiefly prized for the reality of its picture of strongly marked features and scenes in Highland life. We have felt transported by it to the land of mountain and flood; it has set us down among the foresters, the hill-men, the free-livers or poachers, of the north. One of these we shall introduce to our readers and then bid adieu to Mr. Scrope, with many thanks for writing such an enticing work on an unhackneyed subject. The story is of one John More who lived in Durness, renting a small farm near Dirrie-more. He was a forester to the late Duke of Atholl, but did a small business upon his own account, as the reader will now learn. John—

"Neither had, nor cared to have, permission to kill deer and game: but his whole time was devoted to poaching, and his wild mode of life rendered him an uncouth, but tolerated plunderer of the forest. Donald

Lord Reay happening to pass near John More's residence one summer morning, determined to call and endeavour to reclaim him from his lawless propensities. He left his attendants at some distance, that he might ensure confidence on the part of his rude host. He found John at home, and told him that he called to get some breakfast. John was evidently proud of this visit, and pleased with the frank manner in which he was accosted, having been usually threatened by those in authority with imprisonment and the gallows.—"Come in, Donald," said John, in Gaelic, "and sit on my stool, and you will get to eat what cost me some trouble in collecting." His lordship entered the hut, and was soon seated in a dismal corner; but John opened a wooden shutter that had filled up a hole in the wall, through which daylight entered, and revealed a tall black-looking box, which was the only article in the house that could be used as a table. John bustled about with great activity, and, to his lordship's surprise, pulled out from the box two or three beautifully white dinner napkins. One of them was placed on the top of the box as a table-cloth, and the other spread on his lordship's knees. The fire, which glimmered in the centre of the room, was then roused, and made to burn more freely. This proceeding denoted that John had some provisions to cook;—from a dark mysterious recess he drew forth a fine gilse, already split open and ready for being dressed. By means of two long wooden spigots, which skewered the fish, and the points of which were stuck into the earthen hearth, the gilse was placed before the burning peats, and turned occasionally. Soon after a suspicious looking piece of meat was placed over the embers; and when all was cooked, John placed it upon the box before his chief, saying—"John More's fattest dish is ready;"—adding, that the salmon was from one of his lordship's rivers, and the meat the breast of a deer. Lord Reay asked for a knife and some salt; but John replied—"that teeth and hands were of little use, if they could not master dead fish and flesh; that the deer seasoned their flesh with salt on the hill, whilst the herring could not do so in the sea; and that the salmon, like the Durness butter, was better without salt. John produced also some smuggled brandy; and pressed his lordship to eat and drink heartily, making many remarks on the manliness of eating a good breakfast. The chief thought this a good opportunity to endeavour to make a proper impression upon his lawless host; and, after having been handsomely regaled by plunder from his own forest, determined to act with such generosity towards More as would keep him within reasonable bounds in future. "I am well pleased, John (said he), that although you invade the property of others, you do not conceal the truth, and that you have freely given me the best entertainment that your depredations on my property have enabled you to bestow. I will, therefore, allow you to go occasionally to Fionavon in search of a deer, if you will engage not to interfere with deer or any sort of game in any other part of my forest." More could never tolerate any restraint, and his answer was begun almost before Lord Reay had finished his handsome offer. "Donald (said he), you may put Fionavon in your paunch,—for wherever the deer are, there will John More be found."

Many of Mr. Hoffman's "Wild Scenes" on the other side of the Atlantic form good companion-pictures to those furnished by Mr. Scrope. They are frequently, however, of a still more exciting and adven-



turous cast; being equally characteristic of the country, of the people, of the game and objects of chase. We must also say that the descriptions are not less happy, fresh, and real; and that they are manifestly the offspring of experience and unforced enthusiasm, bearing at the same time more decided marks of youthful glee and forward-looking. If length of days is vouchsafed to the American, he assured the sources of the Hudson, the banks of the Wisconsin, and the Sacandaga,—the three points in the Forests and Prairies constituting the theatre of Mr. Hoffman's sketches,—will again be the scenes to him of "Wild Sports," and furnish themes not less arousing for legendary tales, anecdotes of redmen, lumberers, and hunters, and powerful descriptions of appalling solitudes, than what are here before us.

These volumes consist of a series of tales, intended, no doubt, to serve as a pleasant vehicle, or frame-work to a variety of faithful delineations of scenery and life in the new world—the sports pursued in the localities already mentioned constituting, in our estimation, by far the most striking and attractive portions. To these our present purpose, at any rate, properly confines us; and a few specimens from such portions, we are sure, will be welcomed by our readers, even after the large space occupied by kindred topics.

It will not be necessary to go farther than the sources of the Hudson to find materials to the reader's mind. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable that this locality, though so near the capital, and in the state of New York, has only lately been surveyed—it may be said, discovered; our author having been among the very first that explored it. It is a lofty and expansive region, yet in its purely natural condition; the mountains, lakes, and forests being still, and so near the sea-board too, the undisturbed haunts, save by a few John Cheney's, of the wolf, the panther, the bear, the moose, the deer, &c. The demolition of the pine-forests, however, and the conversion of less valuable wood into charcoal, are operations which have been rapidly clearing the country. Farming is about to make large encroachments; the old race of hunters having already begun to find new employment in acting as guides to the owners of lands, and in projecting roads for them through districts where an ordinary surveyor could hardly be paid for the exercise of his profession.

We must now introduce our readers to one of these hunters, under whose kindly wing our author witnessed various forest adventures and forest life-shifts, that would put Mr. Serope's *helpers*, and the hillmen of Old Scotia, to the blush. Mr. Hoffman says—

"I had heard of some of John Cheney's feats before coming into this region, and expected, of course, to see one of those roystering, cavorting, rifle-shirted blades that I have seen upon our western frontier, and was at first not a little disappointed when a slight-looking man

of about seven-and-thirty, dressed like a plain countryman, and of a peculiar quiet, simple manner, was introduced to me as the doughty slayer of bears and panthers; a man that lived winter and summer three-fourths of the time in the woods; and a real *bona fide* hunter by profession. Nay, there struck me as being something of the ridiculous about his character when I saw that this formidable Nimrod carried with him, as his only weapon and insignia of his art, a *pistol and a jack-knife*! But when, at my laughing at such toys, I was told by others of the savage encounters which John, assisted by his dog, and aided by these alone, had undertaken successfully—not to mention the number of deer which he sent every winter to market—my respect for his hunting-tools was mightily increased, and a few days in the woods with him sufficed to extend that respect to himself."

John is expert at all kinds of wild sports which the region affords; he can also dress and cook as dexterously as he can kill. After having prepared a plump, red, juicy, lake trout, all ready for the appetite, and put it upon a clean cedar chip, laid before the gentlemen, with an accompaniment of roast potatoes and capital wheaten bread, the party being squatted, of course, under the unscreened canopy of heaven, and high among the mountains, the conversation took this turn, at an early period of the mutual acquaintance-ship:—

"'Now,' said John, 'isn't this better than taking your dinner shut up in a close room?'—'Certainly, John,' said I. 'A man ought never to go into a house except he is ill, and wishes to use it for a hospital.' 'Well, now, I don't know whether you are in earnest in saying that, but that's jist my way of thinking. Twice I have given up hunting, and taken to a farm: but I always get sick after living long in housen. I don't sleep well in them; and sometimes when I go to see my friends, not wishing to seem particular like, I jist let them go quietly to bed, and then slip out of a window with my blanket, and get a good nap under a tree in the open air. A man wants nothing but a tree above him to keep off the dew, and make him feel kind of homelike, and then he can enjoy a real sleep.'—'But are you never disturbed by any wild animal when sleeping thus without fire or a camp?' one of us asked.—'Well, I remember once being awakened by a cretur. The dumb thing was standing right over me, looking into my face. It was so dark, that neither of us, I suppose, could see what the other was: but he was more frightened than I was, for when I raised myself a little he ran off so fast that I couldn't make out what he was; and seeing it was so dark, that to follow him would be of no account, I laid down again and slept till morning, without his disturbing me again.'—'Suppose it had been a bear?'—'Well, a bear isn't exactly the varmint to buckle with so off-hand; though lying on your back is about as good a way as any to receive him, if your knife be long and sharp; but afore now, I've treed a bear at nightfall, and sitting by the root of the tree until he should come down, have fallen asleep, from being too tired to keep good watch, and let the fellow escape before morning.'"

This is capital: what reader can refuse his respect for John Cheney, or would not after this trust property

and life to him with the utmost alacrity and confidence, though utterly defenceless and far away from all other human succour! But he grows upon us, in whatever scene or adventure he is met. Take him in the case of *camping out* in the wilderness:—

“‘It ain’t so bad a place for camping out,’ said John Cheney, as he rose from slaking his thirst at a feeble rill which trickled from beneath the roots of a rifted cedar over which he leaned—‘it ain’t so bad a place to camp, if it didn’t rain so like all natur. I wouldn’t mind the rain much, nother, if we had a good shantee; but you see the birch bark won’t run at this season, and it’s pretty hard to make a water-proof thatch, unless you have hemlock boughs—how’s’ever gentlemen, I’ll do the best by ye.’ And so he did! Honest John Cheney, thou art at once as staunch a hunter, and as true and gentle a practiser of woodcraft as ever roamed the broad forest; and beshrew me when I forget thy services that night in the Indian Pass. The frame of a wigwam used by some former party was still standing, and Cheney went to work industriously tying poles across it with withes of yellow birch, and thatching the roof and sides with boughs of balsam-fir. Having but one axe with us, my friend and myself were, in the mean time unemployed, and nothing could be more disconsolate than our situation, as we stood dripping in the cold rain, and thrashing our arms, like hackney-coachmen, to keep the blood in circulation. My hardy friend, indeed, was in a much worse condition than myself. He had been indisposed when he started upon the expedition, and was now so hoarse that I could scarcely hear him speak amid the gusts of wind which swept through the ravine. We both shivered as if in an ague, but he suffered under a fever which was soon superadded. We made repeated attempts to strike a fire, but our matches would not ignite, and when we had recourse to flint and steel, every thing was so damp around us that our fire would not kindle. John began to look exceedingly anxious:—‘Now, if we only had a little daylight left, I would make some shackleberry-tea for you; but it will never do to get sick here, for if this storm prove a north-easter, God only knows whether all of us may ever get away from this notch again. I guess I had better leave the camp as it is, and first make a fire for you.’ Saying this, Cheney shouldered his axe, and striking off a few yards, he felled a dead tree, split it open, and took some dry chips from the heart. I then spread my cloak over the spot where he laid them to keep off the rain, and stooping under it he soon kindled a blaze, which we employed ourselves in feeding until the ‘camp’ was completed. And now came the task of laying in a supply of fuel for the night. This the woodman effected by himself with an expedition that was marvellous. Measuring three or four trees with his eye, to see that they would fall near the fire without touching our wigwam, he attacked them with his axe, felled, and chopped them into logs, and made his wood-pile in less time than could a city sawyer, who had all his timber carted to hand. Blankets were then produced from a pack which he had carried on his back; and these, when stretched over a carpeting of leaves and branches, would have made a comfortable bed, if the latter had not been saturated with rain. Matters, however, seemed to assume a comfortable aspect, as we now sat under the shade of boughs, drying our clothes by the fire; while John busied himself in broiling some bacon

which we had brought with us. But our troubles had only yet begun.”

We must pass over the detail of these troubles, stirring though it be one way and another; but, in consequence of John’s management and dexterity, they got through a dreadful night. Mr. Hoffman never enjoyed a sounder snooze, though the hunter, it appears, took precedence of him in going to the land of dreams; for, says the author, “The last words I heard John utter, as he coiled himself in a blanket, were—‘Well it’s one comfort, since its taken on to blow so, I’ve cut down most of the trees around us that would be likely to fall and crush us during the night.’”

We regret, on account of our readers, that we cannot make room for an illustration of the method of taking that noblest of all forest game, the moose, in what is called his *yard*, during the severity of winter, when deep deep snow is upon the ground; for to be in keeping with the principal subject of our paper, we wish to give an example of deer-hunting in the vicinity of the sources of the Hudson. *Withing* is one of the arts employed by the *camping-out* hunters; that is, a lasso is made of the saplings of birchwood, which is thrown over the animal, sometimes in the forests, but more effectually, it would seem, when it is overtaken swimming in a lake. The following account can hardly be surpassed for vividness, spirit, and freshness. The writer’s perception and glowing description of scenic beauty, and his hearty and tender appreciation of the sentiments naturally inspired by the things that surrounded him, are delightfully exemplified in what follows:—

“Running the canoe under the trees, whose morning shadows still hung over the lake, we stretched ourselves upon the grass, listening and looking with the most eager attention for the first intimation of approaching sport. There was a slight ripple upon the lake, which was not favourable to our seeing the deer should he take the water at any great distance from us; and the incessant call of the jay, with the ever-changing cry of the loon, created so many noises in the woods, generally so still, that the opening of the hounds might have escaped us unheard. These early sounds, however, soon ceased as the sun came marching up above the mountain tops, and spread the silver waves from the centre of the lake far and wide, into all its sheltered bays and wood-embowered friths. The faint ripple of the waters upon the rocky shore was the only murmur left. My companions were conversing in a subdued voice, and I was lying a little apart from them revelling in the singular beauty of the scene, and trying to fix in my memory the peculiar outline of a ridge of mountains opposite, when I heard the faint crashing of a bough upon the other side of the lake, and running my eye along the water, discovered a noble buck, with fine antlers, swimming beneath the bank. My comrades caught sight of him a moment afterwards, and we all waited with eager anxiety to see him put out far enough for us to row round him, and cut him off from the shore. But the buck had evidently no idea of making a traverse of the lake at this time. He was far in advance of the

hounds, and had taken the water at this place, not from being hotly pursued, but only to throw them off the scent, and then double on his own track. He, therefore, kept swimming along the shore, close under the steep bank, looking up at it every now and then, as if in search of a 'runway' which would carry him back again into the depths of the forest."

Before following Mr. H. to the hunt, an incidental reflection will come aptly in. No one could have thought of the ideas which it embraces and recognises, and no one could have so distinctly and delicately expressed them, who had never been in a situation where they were forced upon him:—

"There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting-station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such 'creeping murmurs' from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, making themselves heard above the rustling of his footsteps. But watching thus for young quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you, at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses. Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the 'piled leaves,' too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting."

It cannot require all Mr. Scrope's experience and congeniality of feeling, after this, to impress a due sense of the appropriateness of the phrase *still-hunting*, Mr. Hoffman's term for the stealthy craftship of deer-stalking, or deer-withing. Now for the *finale*:—

"The buck, after crossing at the inlet, made a circuit of several miles, and before we could pull half way down the lake, took the water at a runway opposite to the islet, behind which Catlin was watching in his skiff. Cool and experienced in the sport, this hunter never broke his cover until the deer got fairly out into the lake, when he launched out and turned him so quickly, that the buck made for the island which his pursuer had just left. Linus, however, was too quick for him, and threw his withe over the deer's antlers before he could touch the bottom with his feet. But the buck was a fellow of great weight and vigour, and feeling himself thus entangled, he made a lateral spring into deeper water, which dragged the hunter out of the boat in an instant. Linus fortunately seized one of the oars, which, being rigged with swivels instead of rowlocks, still kept him connected with the skiff. But his situation was a precarious one; the buck becoming the assailant, struck at him with his forefeet, and got him again fairly under water. He rose this time however, with the oar between himself and his antagonist, and while clutching the gunwale of the boat with one hand, seized the withe which had escaped from his grasp, in the same moment that the buck made a pass at him with his horns, which ripped up the bosom of his shirt, and was within an inch of goring him to death. But before the desperate animal could repeat the thrust, the hunter had gained the skiff, now half full of water, and

seizing the first missile that came to hand, he dealt the buck a blow upon the head, which followed up by a slash from his hunting-knife, put an end to the encounter.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A group worthy of Inman's pencil was collected around the roaring fire, by which the dripping Catlin was drying himself; while Cheney, with the fat buck before him, and the dogs licking the blood at his feet, as ever and anon he paused in his operation, and turned round to us, to point out some graceful line of fat with his hunting-knife, would have formed the prominent features of the picture. The potatoes, in the meantime, were roasted whole, or sliced up with various savoury matters, which were put into the kettle to boil; and though we had omitted to bring tumblers with us, Cheney's axe hollowed out and fashioned some most ingenious drinking-cups, which were ready by the time divers choice morsels of venison had been grilled upon the coals. There were a few drops at the bottom of an old flask of cognac for each of us; we had Mackinaw-blankets, stretched upon balsam branches, to recline upon; there was no call of duty or business to remind us of the lapse of hours: and stories and anecdotes of former huntings in these mountains, with practical discussions as to what part of a deer afforded the most savoury venison, prolonged the repast till sunset."

From the Quarterly Review.

*How to Observe—Morals and Manners.* By Harriet Martineau. Charles Knight. London. 1838.

In the year of the world 6798, answering to the vulgar era of 1835, an association of philanthropic geniuses of both sexes combined to emulate the *material* improvements of the age—gas, rail-roads, and balloons—by teaching mankind a new and wonderful problem in *morals—how to observe*. This association seems to be an offshoot from the illustrious 'Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' and means, we understand, to publish a complete encyclopædia *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—of which the work before us is an early specimen. As *observation*, in the general sense of the term, is clearly the dawn of human faculties, (for the new-born infant shows by an expression of pain that it *observes* its change of situation,) it is strictly in the order of nature and logic that this society, meaning to proceed scientifically through the whole physical and mental economy of man, should begin with *How to observe*. The next essay of the series—*How to suck*—is in the hands of the professor of statistics in the London University, and will speedily appear, with an appendix, by Charles Babbage, Esq., on *artificial sucking*, vulgarly called *milk-ing*, accompanied by the specification of a machine which he has invented for performing that operation on more cleanly and economical principles than by the human hand, and which only awaits a grant of 5000*l.* from the Treasury, to be brought into operation at



Spring Garden gate: and the third, *How to talk*, by a promising pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, is only delayed by Mr. Knight's not being yet able to find a deaf and dumb compositor to communicate with the author: and so on through all the other categories.

*How to observe*, in *geology*, has, we understand, already appeared, by an able explorer of the bowels of the earth under the typical cognomen of *De la Bèche*. This author labours under the disadvantage of knowing a good deal of the matter he writes about, which makes his book rather perplexing to the uninformed, for whose use the society professes to publish. But even in this work, though much of it is above ordinary capacities, there are some things not uninteresting even to very young tastes—such as the precept that every body should be constantly furnished with a cup half full of *treacle* to ascertain the direction of *earthquakes*.\*

But the second treatise of this class, namely, *How to observe the morals and manners* of the various nations of the globe, has been most properly confided to Miss Martineau—who enjoys, it seems, the great, and in the literary world almost singular, advantage of never having been on the continent of Europe, nor indeed in any country of which English is not the vernacular idiom. This circumstance, it is clear, must produce a fortunate sympathy between the teacher and the pupil, however ignorant and inexperienced the latter may be.

We shall hereafter perhaps take a larger view of the progress of his magnificent scheme, which promises to render the future modes of performing all animal and intellectual functions as superior to those in present use as the Birmingham rail-carriage is to Pickford's waggon. For the present, however, we must content ourselves with displaying the merits of the system as developed by Miss Martineau, and, as *mere* extracts could give but an inadequate idea of the precision of her style and the closeness of her reasoning, we shall rather endeavour to let her explain herself in her own words, and to exhibit to our readers a *miniature*, as it were, rather than a review of this great original, preserving even her scientific division of her labours into *parts, chapters, sections, &c.*, and only interjecting here and there a few explanatory remarks of our own to render our abridgment more intelligible.

## PART I.

### REQUISITES FOR OBSERVATION.

#### INTRODUCTION.

'There is no department of inquiry in which it is not full as easy to miss truth as to find it:' as 'a child does not catch a gold fish in water at the first trial.' p. 1—

\* This ridiculous, and utterly impracticable proposition has been actually and solemnly propounded in the work alluded to, as the combined recommendation of two grave philosophers, Messrs. Babbage and De la Bèche.

'The power of observation must be trained;' for 'which of us would undertake to classify the morals and manners of any hamlet in England after spending a summer in it?' 'If it be thus with us at home,' 'what hope remains for the foreign tourist?'—p. 4.

Not much, certainly; for, at *six months* per hamlet, Methuselah himself would hardly get from La Vendée to the Simplon.

'I remember some striking words addressed to me, before I set out on my travels, by a *wise man*, since dead. "You are going to spend two years in the United States," said he. "Now just tell me,—do you expect to understand the Americans by the time you come back? You do not: that is well. I lived five and twenty years in Scotland, and I fancied I understood the Scotch; then I came to England, and supposed I should soon understand the English. I have now lived five-and-twenty years here, and I begin to think I understand neither the Scotch nor the English."—p. 5.

Such was the low state of the science of observation under the old system; but by Miss Martineau's new lights she was enabled, contrary to her own modest apprehension and her *wise man's* prophecy, to see all America in two years, and has published six octavo volumes on that country, containing, no doubt, more valuable information than 'the wise man' of the old school could collect about his native land in *twice* five-and-twenty years.

'The traveller must not generalize on the spot.'—*'A raw English traveller in China* was entertained by a host who was intoxicated, and a hostess who was red-haired; he immediately made a note of the fact that all the men in China were drunkards, and all the women red-haired.'—p. 6.

We have heard this 'anecdote,' not of a *raw English* traveller (who could not be very raw if he travelled *into* China), but of an old case-hardened Scotch doctor, one Tobias Smollett, to whom the thing is said to have happened, not at Peking, but at a French post-house.\*

'These anecdotes,' however, 'are better than the old narratives of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."—*ib.*

#### How much?

'It was a great mistake of a geologist to assign a wrong level to the Caspian Sea;' and 'it is difficult to foresee when the British public will believe that the Americans are a mirthful nation, or even that the French are not almost all cooks or dancing-masters.' p. 7.—'As long as travellers generalize on morals and manners as hastily as they do, it will probably be impossible to establish a general conviction that no *civilised* nation is ascertainably better or worse than any other on this side barbarism.'—pp. 7, 8.

\* The story is still older than Smollett. We find it in a French '*Dictionnaire a Anecdotes*,' printed long before Smollett's travels, and there attributed to a German, 'qui passant par Blois, où son hôteesse étoit rousse et peu complaisante, mit sur son *Album*.—*N. B. Toutes les femme de Blois sont rousses et acariâtres.*'

With a short commentary on this important and undeniable truth—that no *civilised nation can be better in morals or manners than any other civilised nation, unless the last-mentioned civilised nation should be also barbarous*,—the *Introduction* closes.

## CHAPTER I.

### PHILOSOPHICAL REQUISITES.

'There are two parties to the work of observation—the observer and the observed: *This is an important fact*.—p. 11.

Very!

### SECTION I.

'A traveller must have made up his mind as to what it is he wants to know. In physical science great results may be obtained by *hap-hazard* experiments; but this is not the case in morals.' p. 11.—'The wise traveller's aim' should be 'the exclusion of prejudice. In short, he is to prepare himself to bring whatever he may observe to the test of some *high and broad principle*, and not to that of a low comparative practice,' which will enable him to discover that, although 'in his native village, to leave the door open or shut bears no relation to morals and little to manners, to shut the door is as *cruel an act* in a Hindoo hut, as to leave it open in a Greenland cabin.'—p. 14.

Just the same—there seldom being a *door* in either.

'To test one people by another is to argue within a very small segment of a circle.'—*ib.*

To argue in a circle is, we all know, bad logic: how much worse must it be to argue in the *segment* of a circle! There was long ago in France a fellow, one Molière, who is supposed to have known *how to observe*; and, though he was reckoned no great mathematician, he had the good luck to stumble '*hap-hazard*,' as will 'sometimes happen in the physical sciences,' on this very distinction between the circle and the segment.

'*Masearille*.—Te souvient-il, Vicomte, de cette *demi-lune* que nous emportâmes sur les ennemis au siège d'Arras?

'*Jodelet*.—Que veux-tu dire avec ta *demi-lune*? C'était bien une *lune toute entière*.'

This curious coincidence may perhaps induce Miss Martineau to look into the ingenious work which she has thus, no doubt unconsciously, imitated—it is called *LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES*, and cannot fail, we assure her, to be of great use to one who so well knows '*how to observe*.'

### SECTION II.

'The traveller, when he was a child, was probably taught that eyes, ears, and understanding are all sufficient to gain for him as much knowledge as he will have time to acquire;' *ib.*—

but that was a mistake—,

'a traveller may do better without eyes, or without ears, than without principles.'—p. 14.

And, indeed, the only two travellers mentioned with any degree of approbation in the whole work are

'Holman, the *blind* traveller, who gains a wonderful amount of information, though he is shut out from the evidence yielded by the human countenance, and by way-side groups,' and 'the case of the Deaf Traveller,'—[name not stated]—'which leads us to say the same about the other great avenue of knowledge.'—The blind and the deaf travellers must suffer under a deprivation or deficiency of certain classes of facts. The condition of the unphilosophical traveller is *much worse*. *ib.*—

This superiority of the blind and deaf in the new science of *observing* is strongly illustrated by the following questions:—

'Is the Shaker of New England a good judge of the morals and manners of the Arab of the Desert?'—p. 17.

Clearly not—particularly if he can *see or hear*.

'What sort of a verdict would the shrewdest gipsy pass upon the monk of La Trappe? What would the Scotch peasant think of the magical practices of Egypt? or the Russian soldier of a meeting of electors in the United States?'—*ib.*

We cannot answer these questions; but Miss Martineau's inference is plain and undeniable—none of these persons could be expected in their present state to write an instructive book of travels, whereas, if any of them, after losing eyes and ears, should by any means become acquainted with this excellent work, and thereby learn *how to observe*, he

'would see the whole of the earth in one contemplation.'

'In the extreme North, there is the snow-hut of the Esquimaux, shining with the fire within, like an alabaster lamp left burning in a wide waste.'—'In the extreme East, there is the Chinese family in their garden, treading its paved walks.'—'In the extreme South, there is the Colonist of the Cape, lazily basking before his door.'—'In the extreme West, the hunters laden with furs.'—'Here is the Russian nobleman on his estate, the lord of the fate of his serfs;—his wife leads a languid life among her spinning-maidens.'—'There is the Frankfort trader dwelling among equals.'—'Here is the French peasant returning from the field in total ignorance of what has taken place in the capital of late; and there is the English artisan carrying home to his wife some fresh hopes of the interference of parliament about labour and wages. Here is a conclave of Cardinals; there a company of Brahmins.'—'A troop of horsemen traversing the desert.'—'A German vineyard.'—'The Swiss mountains.'—'The coffee-house at Cairo.'—'The churches of Italy.'—'And the New England parlour, where the young scholar reads the Bible to parent or aged grandfather. All these, and more, will a traveller of the most enlightened order revolve before his mind's eye as he notes the groups which are presented to his senses. Of such travellers there are but too few.' pp. 18, 19.

Very few indeed; and, considering that there are but two *blind* travellers extant,\* and only *one* that we

\* The French, who seem resolved to outdo us in all branches of *philosophy*, have pushed Miss Martineau's

know of, stone deaf, we cannot but wonder where Miss Martineau has collected all this valuable information.

## SECTION III.

'As an instance of the advantage which a philosophical traveller has over an unprepared one, look at the difference which will enter into a man's judgment of nations, according as he carries about with him the *vague popular notion of a moral sense*, or has investigated the laws under which feelings of right and wrong grow up in all men.' p. 21.—'When he sees the Arab or American Indian offer daughter or wife to the stranger, as a part of the hospitality which is, in the host's mind, the first of the duties, the observer regards the fact as he regards the mode of education in old Sparta, where physical hardihood and moral slavery constituted a man most honourable.'—'To go without clothing was, till lately, perfectly innocent in the South Sea Islands; but, now that civilization has been fairly established by the missionaries, it has become a sin.'—'Instances of such varieties and oppositions of conscience might be multiplied till they filled a volume, to the perplexity and grief of the unphilosophical, and the *serene instruction* of the philosophical observer.'—p. 24.

No doubt the Cyprian hospitality of the Indian might surprise and, peradventure, perplex an *unphilosophical* observer, while even the stark-naked modesty of the South Seas could not disturb the *blind*; but what is meant by *serene instruction*, or what *instruction* of any kind could be derived from those odd exhibitions, we do not exactly understand. We suppose Miss Martineau does.

'Whatever tends to make men happy, becomes a fulfilment of the will of God.'—'When the Ashantee offers a human sacrifice,'—'when the Hindoo exposes his sick parent in the Ganges,'—'when Sand stabbed Kotzebue,'—'when the Georgian planter buys and sells slaves,'—'these things would be wickedness, perpetrated against better knowledge, if the supposition of a universal infallible *moral sense* were true.' The traveller who should consistently adhere to the motion of a moral sense, must pronounce the Ashantee worshipper as guilty as Greenacre: the Hindoo son a parricide, not only in fact, but in the most revolting sense of the term: Sand, a Thurtell; and the Georgian planter such a monster of tyranny as a Sussex farmer would be if he set up a whippingpost for his labourers, and sold their little ones to gipsies. Such judgments would be cruelly illiberal.'

'So much for one instance of the advantage to the traveller of being provided with definite principles,'—'instead of mere *vague moral notions* and general prepossessions, which can serve only as a false medium, by which much that he sees must necessarily be perverted or obscured.'—p. 25.

theory even further than Lieutenant Holman, the blind Englishman; he only publishes his observations—but a blind Frenchman has announced his voyage round the world with *sketched views*. We copy the advertisement from the last French papers:—'*Souvenirs d'un Aveugle. Voyage autour du Monde, par M. Jacques Arago, enrichi de soixante magnifiques dessins d'après les croquis de M. Arago, à la fidélité desquels l'Académie a rendu les témoignages les plus honorables.* Horte! et Ozanne, Editeurs, 58, Rue Jacob.' This blind traveller and draftsman is a younger brother of Arago, the *savant*.

The conclusion is clear—a traveller had better get rid of that old *prejudice* about a *moral sense*, or else not see at all.

## SECTION IV.

'The traveller, having satisfied himself that there are some universal feelings about right and wrong.'—'[This seems somewhat inconsistent with the former chapter—but what of that?]'—'must next give his attention to modes of conduct, which seem to him good or bad,—'His first general principle is, that the *law of nature* is the only one by which mankind at large can be judged.'—p. 27.

With these lights—the moral and religious purity of which needs no eulogy from us—he will be able to distinguish, what no human intellect can do with such guiding principles, 'a citizen of Philadelphia from one of London,' 'a Polish peasant from an American farmer'—'a court lady from Dr. Adam Smith'—'gold and silver' from bread and butter—and 'a feudal castle on a rock or some other eminence,' from a steamboat on the Mississippi.

These are, it will be confessed, fine distinctions, and indeed shades of character imperceptible to any one who has not profoundly studied *how to observe*, while a traveller who has that unspeakable advantage will not only be able to *distinguish* between such material objects as 'Madame d'Aunoy' and the Glasgow professor, but, what seems still more difficult, will be taught to confound certain moral notions hitherto considered as quite irreconcilable:—

'His second general principle'—'[we have just seen that his *first* must be that there is no such thing as a *moral sense*]'—'must be that every prevalent virtue or vice is the result of the particular circumstances amidst which the society exists.'—'He will not visit individuals with any bitterness of censure for participating in prevalent faults.'—'Nor indulge contempt, or anything but a mild compassion, for ANY social depravity or deformity.'—p. 39.

So far is clear and easy; there is no real distinction between good and bad, nor any moral difference between right and wrong; but the second chapter opens with a postulate, which is, to us at least, somewhat discouraging:—

## CHAPTER II.

## 'MORAL REQUISITES.

'An observer, to be perfectly accurate, should be himself *perfect*.' p. 40. *A fortiori*, one who can teach observers, must be *præter-pluperfect*, or we should perhaps write it *præter-blue-perfect*.

But Miss Martineau is aware that few mortals can be so fortunate as herself in having attained absolute perfection, and she kindly holds out a hope that a person who may happen to fall something short of *perfection* may still be allowed to make a tour on the Conti-



nent; but there is one qualification, less difficult, indeed, which she still rigidly insists upon as a *sine qua non*.

'The observer must have sympathy; and his sympathy must be untrammelled and unreserved.' p. 41.—'As well might the *Erk-king* go and play the florist in the groves and plains of the tropics, as an unsympathizing man render an account of society.'—'If a man have not sympathy, there is no point of the universe—none so wide even as the Mahomedan bridge over the bottomless pit—where he can meet with his fellow.'—p. 42.

It seems as if some awful and important truth were shrouded under this mysterious imagery; but all that we can gather from it is an inference that, if such a philosophical traveller as Miss Martineau describes, shall ever meet his fellow, it must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the *bottomless pit*.

"Human conduct," says a philosopher, "is guided by rule."—p. 44.

We could have wished that a proposition so startling as this had been substantiated by the name of the philosophic author; but it is at least supported by an illustrious practical example—

'*Robinson Crusoe* could not have endured his life a month without rules to live by.'

Miss Martineau has, no doubt, discovered that *Robinson Crusoe* was not, as is vulgarly thought, a vision of Defoe's brain, but a real traveller, whose example should be carefully studied. For this, she has the authority of the French lady, who asked Sir Thomas Robinson at a dinner-table in Paris, '*Monsieur, seriez vous, par hazard, le fameux Robinson?*'

From *Robinson Crusoe*, Miss Martineau proceeds naturally to the metaphysics of sympathy.

'When sentiment is connected with the rules by which men live, they become religion.'—'If the stranger cannot sympathize in the sentiment, he can never understand the political religion of the United States'—'like one who, without hearing the music, sees a room-full of people begin to dance. The case is the same with certain Americans who have no antiquarian sympathies, and who think our sovereigns mad for riding to St. Stephen's in the royal state-coach.'—*ib.*

Here is a striking instance that knowing *how to observe* may be as useful at home as abroad—until Miss Martineau's more accurate system of observation had enlightened us, we always thought that, when our sovereigns went to parliament, they went to the House of Lords, and not to the House of Commons, and we even imagined that there might be some latent constitutional reason for the preference—but we were, it seems, mistaken.

'If an unsympathizing stranger is so perplexed by' 'a royal procession,' 'what would he have thought' 'in Hayti, when Toussaint L'Ouverture ranged his negro forces before him, called out thirteen men from the

ranks by name, and ordered them to be immediately shot?' 'Toussaint's nephew being one of them.'—'He might have pronounced Toussaint a ferocious despot, and the thirteen so many craven fools; while the facts wear a very different aspect to one who knows the minds of the men.'—p. 45.

The unsympathizing traveller would have, it seems, sympathized with the victims, while a sympathizing traveller would not.

## CHAPTER III.

### 'MECHANICAL REQUISITES.'

'No philosophical or moral fitness will qualify a traveller to observe a people if he does not select a mode of travelling which will enable him to see and converse with a number and variety of persons.' 'The travelling arrangements of the English preclude the possibility of studying morals and manners.' 'I have heard gentlemen say that they lose half their pleasure in going abroad, from the coldness and shyness with which the English are treated.'—'I have heard ladies say that they find great difficulty in becoming acquainted with their neighbours at the *tables d'hôte*.'—p. 52.

It is certainly a lamentable truth that English ladies, and even English women, are miserably deficient in this kind of sympathy; and what is still worse, unphilosophical husbands and fathers encourage them in such *unnatural* and culpable reserve: while on the contrary,

'A good deal may be learned on board steamboats, and in such vehicles as the American stages;—but—'when steamboats ply familiarly on the Indus, and we have the railroad to Calcutta,'—'when we make trips to New Zealand, and think little of a run down the west coast of Africa,'—'our countrymen will perforce, exchange conversation with the persons they meet, and may chance to get rid of the unsociability for which they are notorious.'—'Meantime, the wisest and happiest traveller is the pedestrian.'—'To see either scenery or people, let all who have strength and courage go on foot. I prefer this even to horse-back. A horse is an anxiety and a trouble.'—p. 52.

This is undeniable; particularly if Miss Martineau had to groom her own nag; and indeed, under any circumstances a horse would be of comparatively little use either in the American stages or steamboats, and quite as little in a voyage to New Zealand; but there are circumstances in which we humbly think that horses and carriages have their advantages; even a male pedestrian might get foot-sore, a female might find it difficult to carry an adequate quantity of becoming apparel, and the progress of either, would be rather slow, considering that, according to Miss Martineau's programme, one has to visit the 'Esquimaux,' 'the Chinese,' 'the Hottentots,' 'the American fur-hunters,' 'the Russians,' 'Frankfort,' 'France,' 'England,' 'Rome at the Conclave,' 'Cairo,' &c. Captain Barclay, in his best speed and a flannel-jacket, could not get over the ground during his natural life, particularly if he were to diverge—as is prescribed by Miss Martineau—

'To sit on a rock in the midst of a rushing stream as often in a day as he likes'—to hunt a waterfall by its sound—to follow out any tempting glade in any wood. There is no cushion of moss at the foot of an old tree that he may not sit down on if he pleases. He can read for an hour without fear of passing by something unnoticed.'—'His food; he eats it under the alders in some recess of a brook. He is secure of his sleep; and, when his waking eyes rest upon his knapsack, *his heart leaps* with pleasure as he remembers where he is, and what at day is before him.'—p. 53.

In all this we cordially agree, except, perhaps, as to the superior security of the *knapsack*, which we fear might be as easily stolen from a sleeping traveller as a coach-trunk or imperial out of a bed-chamber. In general Miss Martineau does not describe her *philosophical* traveller as subject to violent emotions. Witness the indifference with which he is supposed to contemplate the Venuses of the South sea; but his *heart leaps* at the sight of his *knapsack*. This reminds us of a philosophical observer of the name of Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, senior, who was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at his club, when he showed some demonstration of vivacity at the sight of a delicate *loin of veal*!

But, after all, the greatest difficulty in the way of pedestrianism is the delay, particularly as Miss Martineau specifically states as the most contiguous places which must be visited after this manner, 'Dunkeld Bridge, the brook Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat.' p. 56. And, indeed, here she may be right, for we do think that, if half a dozen travellers were to set out under her directions from Dunkeld, their first and final place of meeting might possibly be the valley of Jehoshaphat.

'Nothing need be said on a matter so obvious as the necessity of understanding the language of the people visited.' p. 58.—'Difference of language is undeniably a great difficulty.'—'Happily, however, the difficulty may be *presently* so far surmounted as not to interfere with the object of observing morals and manners.'—p. 59.

This is certainly the most useful and important point in the whole book; this '*presently*,' acquiring all languages—this miraculous gift of tongues, will immortalize the name of the illustrious inventor. Instead of the old French proverb, *il parle français comme une vache Espagnole*, we shall hear, *il parle telle ou telle langue comme Mademoiselle Martineau*, who, it seems, talks no language but her own. Like all other great discoveries, the 'process,' when once explained, appears equally simple and effectual. It is conveyed in one word—an *observer* need never *speak*! and to one who never speaks all tongues are clearly the same. But—

'Impossible as it may be to attain to an adequate expression of one's self in a foreign tongue, it is *easy* to

most persons to learn to *understand it perfectly* when spoken by others.'—*ib.*

Quite easy; the *only* possible difficulty in the process would be our having already

'become first acquainted with the language in books,' such as 'French Dialogue' and 'Krummacher's Parables,' which lead us to suppose too solemn and weighty a meaning in what is expressed in an unfamiliar language.'—*ib.*

But a language which you have had the prudence never to attempt to learn out of a book, and *a fortiori* all the other languages (Esquimaux', Hottentot's, New Zealander's, &c.) which have no books to impede the process, come,—as reading and writing did to Dogberry,—'by nature,' and are, in short, '*as easy as—lying!*'

These preliminaries having been settled—that the traveller must proceed on foot—that he shall not have attempted to learn the various languages out of books—and that he shall have furnished himself with a knapsack and *sympathy*, as means *how to observe*, we are next to enquire *what to observe*.

## 'PART II.

### 'WHAT TO OBSERVE.

'A good many features compose the physiognomy of a nation; and scarcely any traveller is qualified to study them all.'—p. 61.

This useful suggestion as to concentrating one's curiosity is inculcated by a familiar and well-known illustration.

'I believe every portrait-painter trusts mainly to *one feature* for the fidelity of his likenesses, and bestows more study and care on that one than on any other.'—*ib.*

Every body knows that Sir Thomas Lawrence attained his high excellence by this process. Of his various beautiful portraits he never painted more than the left eye, in which he was supposed to be peculiarly happy; his right eyes, when he did attempt them, were very inferior; they were generally by Wilkins; Mr. Simpkins did the noses, necks, and chins; the legs and lips were generally divided between Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Jenkins, and the other pupils took the features in which they respectively excelled. This process produced that grace and harmony that we observe in the works of our great artist.

But, although it is best as a *general principle* to study one feature only, Miss Martineau would in practice allow some small variety of investigation, and she particularly mentions a few topics which a traveller may be allowed to notice.

'Passion-week at Rome,'—'a camp-meeting in Ohio,'—'the worship of the sun in China,'—'town-halls in England,'—'an Italian carnival,'—'Egyptian holiday,'—'opera at Milan,'—'the theatre at Paris,'—'a bull-fight at Madrid,'—'a fair at Leipzig,'—'a review at St. Pe-

tersburgh,'—'fruit, stories, also, politics, tea, coffee, dominoes, lemonade, and *Punch*,'—'cricket,'—'a Scotch burial,'—'the funeral ceremonies among the Cingalese,'—'conclave of White Boys in Mayo,'—'a similar conclave of Swiss insurgents,'—'last revolution in Paris,'—'the Covenanters of the Scottish mountains,'—'the freedom of the Australian peasantry,'—'the etiquette of the court of Ava.'—pp. 64, 65.

These are some of the places and subjects which a pedestrian traveller—with *sympathy*, a *knapsack*, and his thoughts *fixed on one feature*—may advantageously visit and investigate.

## CHAPTER I.

### 'RELIGION.'

'*Dieu a dit, Peuples, je vous attends.*'—DE BERANGER.

It is impossible not to observe the propriety of introducing the subject of *religion* by a quotation from a book of *licitious* and *infidel* songs. It proves Miss Martineau to be above many prejudices which still hang about inferior women, and prepares us for the general views she takes of religion.

'Of religion, in its *widest* sense (the *sense* in which the traveller must recognise it,) there are three kinds; not in all cases *minutely distinguishable*, but bearing different general impress, viz:

'The *Licentious*,  
'The *Ascetic*, and  
'The *Moderate*.'—p. 68.

But the subject grows too serious. Such a classification of 'Religions'—though it be sheer nonsense—is disgusting to all good sense and right feeling, and the commentaries which follow are still more so. Here, then, we are forced to stop; and throw away, together the mask of irony and Miss Martineau's scrap-book—the very foolishlest and most unfeminine farrago we have ever met of apocryphal anecdotes, promiscuous facts, and jumbled ideas—picked at random (or at least which might be so) out of the Penny Magazine and such like repositories. We should not have thought it worth while to take even this contemptuous notice of it, but that, wherever, throughout the volume, we have been able to detect a meaning, it is a mischievous one; and if it really be, as is said, the precursor of a course of *Martineau morality*, the sooner the public are warned against such at once stupid and impudent impostures the better.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

### TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

C. N. S.

I GAZE upon thy cherub face,  
And in its placid beauty trace  
The sacred stamp of those pure skies,  
That lent thee to a father's eyes.

No earthly stain is in thee seen,  
But all is love, and joy serene;  
Hope that alone our souls may cheer,  
Hope is not known nor needed here.

So heavenly soft those features show,  
That tears of fearful gladness flow:  
A misty veil obscures my sight,  
And dreamy visions lift their light.

I see a young and ruddy maid  
Disporting in the grassy shade;  
With flying feet and tresses free,  
And looks that laugh and speak to me.

But oh! sad change! on yonder bed  
A pale and fainting form is spread;  
And what is he whose lifted dart,  
Aiming at hers, would reach my heart?

Yet see again a nymph appears  
Of riper frame and added years;  
A radiant wreath her locks to bind  
By duty and by love is twined.

Anon, a grey and aged sire  
Sits feebly by the winter's fire,  
While near, with bright and busy hands,  
A ministering spirit stands.

Sweet sunny children next I see,  
Clustering around that old man's knee;  
And one, most loved, whose baby brow  
Wears the same grace I saw but now.

The mirror trembles, and no more  
I know the forms that pleased before;  
The lines a gaudy image bring  
Of some vain, fickle, fluttering thing.

With that fair face, as with its prey,  
Each idle impulse seems to play,  
And o'er it now the shadows move,  
Of clouded hopes and blighted love.

I start—with grief and terror chill:  
My infant child, I hold thee still;  
I hold thee innocent and pure,  
From sin and sorrow yet secure.

That which hereafter thou shalt be  
Is partly hid in Heaven's decree;  
But oh! how much my words and will  
Must mould thy fate for good or ill!

## COLLEGE CHAPEL.

A SHADY seat by some cool mossy spring,  
Where solemn trees close round, and make a gloom,  
And faint and earthly smells, as from a tomb,  
Unworldly thoughts and quiet wishes bring:  
Such hast thou been to me each morn and eve;  
Best loved when most thy call did interfere  
With schemes of toil or pleasure that deceive  
And cheat young hearts; for then thou mad'st me feel  
The holy Church more nigh, a thing to fear.  
Sometimes all day with books, thoughts proud and wild  
Have risen, till I saw the sunbeams steal  
Through painted glass at even-song, and weave  
Their threefold tints upon the marble near,  
Faith, prayer, and love, the spirit of a child!—*Faber*.



## CHAPTER XXX.

*Festivities are held in honour of Nicholas, who suddenly withdraws himself from the society of Mr. Vincent Crummles and his theatrical companions.*

Mr. Vincent Crummles was no sooner acquainted with the public announcement which Nicholas had made relative to the probability of his shortly ceasing to be a member of the company, than he evinced many tokens of grief and consternation; and, in the extremity of his despair, even held out certain vague promises of a speedy improvement not only in the amount of his regular salary, but also in the contingent emoluments appertaining to his authorship. Finding Nicholas bent upon quitting the society—for he had now determined that, even if no further tidings came from Newman, he would, at all hazards, ease his mind by repairing to London and ascertaining the exact position of his sister—Mr. Crummles was fain to content himself by calculating the chances of his coming back again, and taking prompt and energetic measures to make the most of him before he went away.

"Let me see," said Mr. Crummles, taking off his outlaw's wig, the better to arrive at a cool-headed view of the whole case. "Let me see. This is Wednesday night. We'll have posters out the first thing in the morning, announcing positively your last appearance for to-morrow."

"But perhaps it may not be my last appearance, you know," said Nicholas.—"Unless I am summoned away, I should be sorry to inconvenience you by leaving before the end of the week."

"So much the better," returned Mr. Crummles. "We can have positively your last appearance, on Thursday—re-engagement for one night more, on Friday—and, yielding to the wishes of numerous influential patrons, who were disappointed in obtaining seats, on Saturday. That ought to bring three very decent houses."

"Then I am to make three last appearances, am I?" inquired Nicholas, smiling.

"Yes," rejoined the manager, scratching his head with an air of some vexation; "three is not enough, and it's very bungling and irregular not to have more, but if we can't help it we can't, so there's no use in talking. A novelty would be very desirable. You couldn't sing a comic song on the pony's back, could you?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I couldn't indeed."

"It has drawn money before now," said Mr. Crummles, with a look of disappointment. "What do you think of a brilliant display of fireworks?"

"That it would be rather expensive," replied Nicholas, drily.

"Eighteenpence would do it," said Mr. Crummles.

"You on the top of a pair of steps with the phenomenon in an attitude; 'Farewell' on a transparency behind; and nine people at the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—it would be very grand—awful from the front, quite awful."

As Nicholas appeared by no means impressed with the solemnity of the proposed effect, but on the contrary, received the proposition in a most irreverent manner and laughed at it very heartily, Mr. Crummles abandoned the project in its birth, and gloomily observed that they must make up the best bill they could with combats and hornpipes, and so stick to the legitimate drama.

For the purpose of carrying this object into instant execution, the manager at once repaired to a small dressing-room adjacent, where Mrs. Crummles was then occupied in exchanging the habiliments of a melodramatic empress for the ordinary attire of matrons in the nineteenth century. And with the assistance of this lady, and the accomplished Mrs. Grudden (who had quite a genius for making out bills, being a great hand at throwing in the notes of admiration, and knowing from long experience exactly where the largest capitals ought to go), he seriously applied himself to the composition of the poster.

"Heigho!" sighed Nicholas, as he threw himself back in the prompter's chair, after telegraphing the needful directions to Smike, who had been playing a meagre taylor in the interlude, with one skirt to his coat, and a little pocket handkerchief with a large hole in it, and a woollen nightcap, and a red nose, and other distinctive marks peculiar to tailors on the stage. "Heigho! I wish all this were over."

"Over, Mr. Johnson!" repeated a female voice behind him, in a kind of plaintive surprise.

"It was an ungallant speech, certainly," said Nicholas, looking up to see who the speaker was, and recognising Miss Snevellicci. "I would not have made it if I had known you had been within hearing."

"What a dear that Mr. Digby is!" said Miss Snevellicci, as the tailor went off on the opposite side, at the end of the piece, with great applause. (Smike's theatrical name was Digby.)

"I'll tell him presently, for his gratification, that you said so," returned Nicholas.

"Oh you naughty thing!" rejoined Miss Snevellicci. "I don't know, though, that I should much mind his knowing my opinion of him; with some other people, indeed, it might be—" Here Miss Snevellicci stopped, as though waiting to be questioned; but no questioning came, for Nicholas was thinking about more serious matters.

"How kind it is of you," resumed Miss Snevellicci, after a short silence, "to sit waiting here for him night after night, night after night, no matter how tired you are; and taking so much pains with him, and doing it

all with as much delight and readiness as if you were coining gold by it!"

"He well deserves all the kindness I can show him, and a great deal more," said Nicholas. "He is the most grateful, single-hearted, affectionate creature, that ever breathed."

"So odd, too," remarked Miss Snevellicci, "isn't he?"

"God help him, and those who have made him so, he is indeed," rejoined Nicholas, shaking his head.

"He is such a devilish close chap," said Mr. Folair, who had come up a little before, and now joined in the conversation. "Nobody can ever get anything out of him."

"What *should* they get out of him?" asked Nicholas, turning round with some abruptness.

"Zooks! what a fire-eater you are, Johnson!" returned Mr. Folair, pulling up the heel of his dancing-shoe. "I'm only talking of the natural curiosity of the people here, to know what he has been about all his life."

"Poor fellow! it is pretty plain, I should think, that he has not the intellect to have been about anything of much importance to them or anybody else," said Nicholas.

"Ay," rejoined the actor, contemplating the effect of his face in a lamp reflector, "but that involves the whole question, you know."

"What question?" asked Nicholas.

"Why, the who he is and what he is, and how you two, who are so different, came to be such close companions," replied Mr. Folair, delighted with the opportunity of saying something disagreeable. "That's in everybody's mouth."

"The 'everybody' of the theatre, I suppose?" said Nicholas, contemptuously.

"In it and out of it too," replied the actor. "Why, you know, Lenville says——"

"I thought I had silenced him effectually," interrupted Nicholas, reddening.

"Perhaps you have," rejoined the immovable Mr. Folair; "if you have, he said this before he was silenced: Lenville says that you're a regular stick of an actor, and that it's only the mystery about you that has caused you to go down with the people here, and that Crummles keeps it up for his own sake; though Lenville says he don't believe there's anything at all in it, except your having got into a scrape and run away from somewhere, for doing something or other."

"Oh!" said Nicholas, forcing a smile.

"That's a part of what he says," added Mr. Folair. "I mention it as the friend of both parties, and in strict confidence. I don't agree with him, you know. He says he takes Digby to be more knave than fool; and old Fluggers, who does the heavy business you know, he says that when he delivered messages at Covent

Garden the season before last, there used to be a pick-pocket hovering about the coach-stand who had exactly the face of Digby; though, as he very properly says, Digby may not be the same, but only his brother, or some near relation."

"Oh!" cried Nicholas again.

"Yes," said Mr. Folair, with undisturbed calmness, "that's what they say. I thought I'd tell you, because really you ought to know. Oh! here's this blessed phenomenon at last. Ugh, you little imposition, I should like to—quite ready, my darling,—humbbug—Ring up Mrs. G., and let the favourite wake 'em."

Uttering in a loud voice such of the latter allusions as were complimentary to the unconscious phenomenon, and giving the rest in a confidential "aside" to Nicholas, Mr. Folair followed the ascent of the curtain with his eyes, regarded with a sneer the reception of Miss Crummles as the Maiden, and, falling back a step or two to advance with the better effect, uttered a preliminary howl, and "went on" chattering his teeth and brandishing his tin tomahawk as the Indian Savage.

"So, these are some of the stories they invent about us, and bandy from mouth to mouth!" thought Nicholas. "If a man would commit an inexpiable offence against any society, large or small, let him be successful. They will forgive him any crime but that."

"You surely don't mind what that malicious creature says, Mr. Johnson?" observed Miss Snevellicci in her most winning tones.

"Not I," replied Nicholas. "If I were going to remain here, I might think it worth my while to embroil myself. As it is, let them talk till they are hoarse. But here," added Nicholas, as Smike approached, "here comes the subject of a portion of their good-nature, so let he and I say good night together."

"No, I will not let either of you say anything of the kind," returned Miss Snevellicci. "You must come and see mamma, who only came to Portsmouth to-day, and is dying to behold you. Led, my dear, persuade Mr. Johnson."

"Oh, I'm sure," returned Miss Ledrook, with considerable vivacity, "if *you* can't persuade him——" Miss Ledrook said no more, but intimated, by a dexterous playfulness, that if Miss Snevellicci couldn't persuade him, nobody could.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lillyvick have taken lodgings in our house, and share our sitting-room for the present," said Miss Snevellicci. "Won't that induce you?"

"Surely," returned Nicholas, "I can require no possible inducement beyond your invitation."

"Oh no! I dare say," rejoined Miss Snevellicci. And Miss Ledrook said, "Upon my word!" Upon which Miss Snevellicci said that Miss Ledrook was a giddy thing; and Miss Ledrook said that Miss Snevel-

licci needn't colour up quite so much; and Miss Snevellicci beat Miss Ledrook, and Miss Ledrook beat Miss Snevellicci.

"Come," said Miss Ledrook, "it's high time we were there, or we shall have poor Mrs. Snevellicci thinking that you have run away with her daughter, Mr. Johnson; and then we should have a pretty to do."

"My dear .Led," remonstrated Miss Snevellicci, "how you do talk!"

Miss Ledrook made no answer, but taking Smike's arm in hers, left her friend and Nicholas to follow at their pleasure; which it pleased them, or rather pleased Nicholas, who had no great fancy for *tête-à-tête* under the circumstances, to do at once.

There were not wanting matters of conversation when they reached the street, for it turned out that Miss Snevellicci had a small basket to carry home, and Miss Ledrook a small band-box, both containing such minor articles of theatrical costume as the lady performers usually carried to and fro every evening. Nicholas would insist upon carrying the basket, and Miss Snevellicci would insist upon carrying it herself, which gave rise to a struggle, in which Nicholas captured the basket and the band-box likewise. Then Nicholas said, that he wondered what could possibly be inside the basket, and attempted to peep in, whereat Miss Snevellicci screamed, and declared that if she thought he had seen, she was sure she should faint away. This declaration was followed by a similar attempt on the band-box, and similar demonstrations on the part of Miss Ledrook, and then both ladies vowed that they wouldn't move a step further until Nicholas had promised that he wouldn't offer to peep again. At last Nicholas pledged himself to betray no further curiosity, and they walked on: both ladies giggling very much, and declaring that they never had seen such a wicked creature in all their born days—never.

Lightening the way with such pleasantry as this, they arrived at the tailor's house in no time; and here they made quite a little party, there being present, besides Mr. Lillyvick and Mrs. Lillyvick, not only Miss Snevellicci's mamma, but her papa also. And an uncommonly fine man Miss Snevellicci's papa was, with a hook nose, and a white forehead, and curly black hair, and high cheek bones, and altogether quite a handsome face, only a little pimply as though with drinking. And a very broad chest had Miss Snevellicci's papa, and he wore a threadbare blue dress coat buttoned with gilt buttons tight across it; and he no sooner saw Nicholas come into the room, than he whipped his two fore-fingers of his right hand in between the two centre buttons, and sticking his other arm gracefully a-kimbo seemed to say, "Now, here I am, my buck, and what have you got to say to me?"

Such was, and in such an attitude sat, Miss Snevel-

licci's papa, who had been in the profession ever since he had first played the ten-year old imps in the Christmas pantomimes; who could sing a little, dance a little, fence a little, act a little, and do everything a little, but not much; who had been sometimes in the ballet, and sometimes in the chorus, at every theatre in London; who was always selected in virtue of his figure to play the military visiters and the speechless noblemen; who always wore a smart dress, and came on arm-in-arm with a smart lady in short petticoats,—and always did it too with such an air that people in the pit had been several times known to cry out "Bravo!" under the impression that he was somebody. Such was Miss Snevellicci's papa, upon whom some envious persons cast the imputation that he occasionally beat Miss Snevellicci's mamma, who was still a dancer, with a neat little figure and some remains of good looks; and who now sat, as she danced,—being rather too old for the full glare of the foot-lights,—in the back ground.

To these good people Nicholas was presented with much formality. The introduction being completed, Miss Snevellicci's papa (who was scented with rum and water) said that he was delighted to make the acquaintance of a gentleman so highly talented; and furthermore remarked, that there hadn't been such a hit made—no, not since the first appearance of his friend Mr. Glavormelly, at the Coburg.

"You have seen him, Sir!" said Miss Snevellicci's papa.

"No, really I never did," replied Nicholas.

"You never saw my friend Glavormelly, Sir!" said Miss Snevellicci's papa. "Then you have never seen acting yet. If he had lived——"

"Oh, he is dead, is he!" interrupted Nicholas.

"He is," said Mr. Snevellicci, but he isn't in Westminster Abbey, more's the shame. He was a—— Well, no matter. He is gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. I hope he is appreciated *there*."

So saying, Miss Snevellicci's papa rubbed the tip of his nose with a very yellow silk handkerchief, and gave the company to understand that these recollections overcame him.

"Well, Mr. Lillyvick," said Nicholas, "and how are you?"

"Quite well, Sir," replied the collector. "There is nothing like the married state, Sir, depend upon it."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, laughing.

"Ah! nothing like it, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick solemnly. "How do you think," whispered the collector, drawing him aside, "How do you think she looks to-night?"

"As handsome as ever," replied Nicholas, glancing at the late Miss Petowker.

"Why, there's a air about her, Sir," whispered the



collector, "that I never saw in anybody. Look at her now she moves to put the kettle on. There! Isn't it fascination, Sir?"

"You're a lucky man," said Nicholas.

"Ha, ha, ha!" rejoined the collector. "No. Do you think I am, though, eh? Perhaps I may be, perhaps I may be. I say, I couldn't have done much better if I had been a young man, could I? You couldn't have done much better yourself, could you—eh—could you?" With such inquiries, and many more such, Mr. Lillyvick jerked his elbow into Nicholas's side, and chuckled till his face became quite purple in the attempt to keep down his satisfaction.

By this time the cloth had been laid under the joint superintendence of all the ladies, upon two tables put together, one being high and narrow, and the other low and broad. There were oysters at the top, sausages at the bottom, a pair of snuffers in the centre, and baked potatoes wherever it was most convenient to put them. Two additional chairs were brought in from the bed-room; Miss Snevellicci sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Lillyvick at the foot; and Nicholas had not only the honour of sitting next Miss Snevellicci, but of having Miss Snevellicci's mamma on his right hand, and Miss Snevellicci's papa over the way. In short, he was the hero of the feast; and when the table was cleared and something warm introduced, Miss Snevellicci's papa got up and proposed his health in a speech containing such affecting allusions to his coming departure, that Miss Snevellicci wept, and was compelled to retire into the bed-room.

"Hush! Don't take any notice of it," said Miss Ledrook, peeping in from the bed-room. "Say, when she comes back, that she exerts herself too much."

Miss Ledrook eked out this speech with so many mysterious nods and frowns before she shut the door again, that a profound silence came upon all the company, during which Miss Snevellicci's papa looked very big indeed—several sizes larger than life—at everybody in turn, but particularly at Nicholas, and kept on perpetually emptying his tumbler and filling it again, until the ladies returned in a cluster, with Miss Snevellicci among them.

"You needn't alarm yourself a bit, Mr. Snevellicci," said Mrs. Lillyvick. "She is only a little weak and nervous; she had been so ever since the morning."

"Oh," said Mr. Snevellicci, "that's all, is it?"

"Oh yes, that's all. Don't make a fuss about it," cried all the ladies together.

Now this was not exactly the kind of reply suited to Mr. Snevellicci's importance as a man and a father, so he picked out the unfortunate Mrs. Snevellicci, and asked her what the devil she meant by talking to him in that way.

"Dear me, my dear——" said Mrs. Snevellicci.

"Don't call me your dear, ma'am," said Mr. Snevellicci, if you please."

"Pray, pa, don't," interposed Miss Snevellicci.

"Don't what, my child?"

"Talk in that way."

"Why not?" said Mr. Snevellicci. "I hope you don't suppose there's anybody here who is to prevent my talking as I like?"

"Nobody wants to, pa," rejoined his daughter.

"Nobody would if they did want to," said Mr. Snevellicci. "I am not ashamed of myself. Snevellicci is my name; I'm to be found in Broad Court, Bow Street, when I'm in town. If I'm not at home, let any man ask for me at the stage door. Damme, they know me at the stage door I suppose. Most men have seen my portrait at the cigar shop round the corner. I've been mentioned in the newspapers before now, haven't I? Talk! I'll tell you what; If I found out that any man had been tampering with the affections of my daughter, I wouldn't talk. I'd astonish him without talking—that's my way."

So saying, Mr. Snevellicci struck the palm of his left hand three smart blows with his clenched fist, pulled a phantom nose with his right thumb and forefinger, and swallowed another glassful at a draught: "That's my way," repeated Mr. Snevellicci.

Most public characters have their failings; and the truth is that Mr. Snevellicci was a little addicted to drinking; or, if the whole truth must be told, that he was scarcely ever sober. He knew in his cups three distinct stages of intoxication,—the dignified—the quarrelsome—the amorous. When professionally engaged he never got beyond the dignified; in private circles he went through all three, passing from one to another with a rapidity of transition often rather perplexing to those who had not the honour of his acquaintance.

Thus Mr. Snevellicci had no sooner swallowed another glassful than he smiled upon all present in happy forgetfulness of having exhibited symptoms of pugnacity, and proposed "The ladies—bless their hearts!" in a most vivacious manner.

"I love 'em," said Mr. Snevellicci, looking round the table, "I love 'em, every one."

"Not every one," reasoned Mr. Lillyvick, mildly.

"Yes, every one," repeated Mr. Snevellicci.

"That would include the married ladies, you know," said Mr. Lillyvick.

"I love them too, Sir," said Mr. Snevellicci.

The collector looked into the surrounding faces with an aspect of grave astonishment, seeming to say, "This is a nice man!" and appeared a little surprised that Mrs. Lillyvick's manner yielded no evidence of horror and indignation.

"One good turn deserves another," said Mr. Sne-

vellicci. "I love them and they love me." And as if this avowal were not made in sufficient disregard and defiance of all moral obligations, what did Mr. Snevellicci do? He winked—winked, openly and undisguisedly; winked with his right eye—upon Henrietta Lillyvick!

The collector fell back in his chair in the intensity of his astonishment. If any body had winked at her as Henrietta Petowker, it would have been indecorous in the last degree; but as Mrs. Lillyvick! While he thought of it in a cold perspiration, and wondered whether it was possible that he could be dreaming, Mr. Snevellicci repeated the wink, and drinking to Mrs. Lillyvick in dumb show, actually blew her a kiss! Mr. Lillyvick left his chair, walked straight up to the other end of the table, and fell upon him—literally fell upon him—instantaneously. Mr. Lillyvick was no light weight, and consequently when he fell upon Mr. Snevellicci, Mr. Snevellicci fell under the table. Mr. Lillyvick followed him, and the ladies screamed.

"What is the matter with the men;—are they mad!" cried Nicholas, diving under the table, dragging up the collector by main force, and thrusting him, all doubled up, into a chair, as if he had been a stuffed figure. "What do you mean to do? what do you want to do? what is the matter with you?"

While Nicholas raised up the collector, Smike had performed the same office for Snevellicci, who now regarded his late adversary in tipsy amazement.

"Look here, Sir," replied Mr. Lillyvick, pointing to his astonished wife, "here is purity and elegance combined, whose feelings have been outraged—violated, Sir!"

"Lor, what nonsense he talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Lillyvick in answer to the inquiring look of Nicholas. "Nobody has said anything to me."

"Said, Henrietta!" cried the collector. "Didn't I see him——" Mr. Lillyvick couldn't bring himself to utter the word, but he counterfeited the motion of the eye.

"Well!" cried Mrs. Lillyvick. "Do you suppose nobody is ever to look at me? A pretty thing to be married indeed, if that was law!"

"You didn't mind it?" cried the collector.

"Mind it!" repeated Mrs. Lillyvick contemptuously. "You ought to go down on your knees and beg everybody's pardon, that you ought."

"Pardon, my dear?" said the dismayed collector.

"Yes, and mine first," replied Mrs. Lillyvick. "Do you suppose I ain't the best judge of what's proper and what's improper?"

"To be sure," cried all the ladies.—"Do you suppose we shouldn't be the first to speak, if there was anything that ought to be taken notice of?"

"Do you suppose they don't know, Sir!" said Miss Snevellicci's papa, pulling up his collar, and mutter-

ing something about a punching of heads, and being only withheld by considerations of age. With which Miss Snevellicci's papa looked steadily and sternly at Mr. Lillyvick for some seconds, and then rising deliberately from his chair, kissed the ladies all round, beginning with Mrs. Lillyvick.

The unhappy collector looked piteously at his wife, as if to see whether there was any trait of Miss Petowker left in Mrs. Lillyvick, and finding too surely that there was not, begged pardon of all the company with great humility, and sat down such a crest-fallen, dispirited, disenchanted man, that despite of all his selfishness and dotage, he was quite an object of compassion.

Miss Snevellicci's papa being greatly exalted by this triumph, and incontestible proof of his popularity with the fair sex, quickly grew convivial, not to say uproarious; volunteering more than one song of no inconsiderable length, and regaling the social circle between-whiles with recollections of divers splendid women who had been supposed to entertain a passion for himself, several of whom he toasted by name, taking occasion to remark at the same time that if he had been a little more alive to his own interest, he might have been rolling at that moment in his chariot-and-four. These reminiscences appeared to awaken no very torturing pangs in the breast of Mrs. Snevellicci, who was sufficiently occupied in descanting to Nicholas upon the manifold accomplishments and merits of her daughter. Nor was the young lady herself at all behind-hand in displaying her choicest allurements; but these, heightened as they were by the artifices of Miss Ledrook, had no effect whatever in increasing the attentions of Nicholas, who, with the precedent of Miss Squeers still fresh in his memory steadily resisted every fascination, and placed so strict a guard upon his behaviour that when he had taken his leave the ladies were unanimous in pronouncing him quite a monster of insensibility.

Next day the posters appeared in due course, and the public were informed, in all the colours of the rainbow, and in letters afflicted with every possible variation of spinal deformity, how that Mr. Johnson would have the honour of making his last appearance that evening, and how that an early application for places was requested, in consequence of the extraordinary overflow attendant on his performances,—it being a remarkable fact in the theatrical history, but one long since established beyond dispute, that it is a hopeless endeavour to attract people to a theatre unless they can be first brought to believe that they will never get into it.

Nicholas was somewhat at a loss, on entering the theatre at night, to account for the unusual perturbation and excitement visible in the countenances of all the company, but he was not long in doubt as to the

cause, for before he could make any inquiry respecting it, Mr. Crummles approached, and, in an agitated tone of voice, informed him that there was a London manager in the boxes.

"It's the phenomenon, depend upon it, Sir," said Crummles, dragging Nicholas to the little hole in the curtain that he might look through at the London manager. "I have not the smallest doubt it's the fame of the phenomenon—that's the man; him in the great-coat and no shirt-collar. She shall have ten pounds a-week, Johnson; she shall not appear on the London boards for a farthing less. They shan't engage her either, unless they engage Mrs. Crummles too—twenty pound a-week for the pair; or I'll tell you what, I'll throw in myself and the two boys, and they shall have the family for thirty. I can't say fairer than that.—They must take us all, if none of us will go without the others. That's the way some of the London people do, and it always answers. Thirty pounds a-week—it's too cheap, Johnson. It's dirt cheap."

Nicholas replied, that it certainly was; and Mr. Vincent Crummles taking several huge pinches of snuff to compose his feelings, hurried away to tell Mrs. Crummles that he had quite settled the only terms that could be accepted, and had resolved not to abate one single farthing.

When everybody was dressed and the curtain went up, the excitement occasioned by the presence of the London manager increased a thousandfold. Everybody happened to know that the London manager had come down specially to witness his or her own performance, and all were in a flutter of anxiety and expectation. Some of those who were not in the first scene, hurried to the wings, and there stretched their necks to have a peep at him; others stole up into the two little private boxes over the stage-doors, and from that position reconnoitred the London manager. Once the London manager was seen to smile—he smiled at the comic countryman's pretending to catch a blue-bottle, while Mrs. Crummles was making her greatest effort. "Very good, my fine fellow," said Mr. Crummles, shaking his fist at the comic countryman when he came off, "you leave this company next Saturday night."

In the same way, everybody who was on the stage beheld no audience but one individual; everybody played to the London manager. When Mr. Lenville in a sudden burst of passion called the emperor a miscreant, and then biting his glove, said, "But I must dissemble," instead of looking gloomily at the boards and so waiting for his cue, as is proper in such cases, he kept his eye fixed upon the London manager. When Miss Bravassa sang her song at her lover, who according to custom stood ready to shake hands with her between the verses, they looked, not at each other but at the London manager. Mr. Crummles died point blank

at him; and when the two guards came in to take the body off after a very hard death, it was seen to open its eyes and glance at the London manager. At length the London manager was discovered to be asleep, and shortly after that he woke up and went away, whereupon all the company fell foul of the unhappy comic countryman, declaring that his buffoonery was the sole cause; and Mr. Crummles said, that he had put up with it a long time, but that he really couldn't stand it any longer, and therefore would feel obliged by his looking out for another engagement.

All this was the occasion of much amusement to Nicholas, whose only feeling upon the subject was one of sincere satisfaction that the great man went away before he appeared. He went through his part in the two last pieces as briskly as he could, and having been received with unbounded favour and unprecedented applause—so said the bills for next day, which had been printed an hour or two before—he took Smike's arm and walked home to bed.

With the post next morning came a letter from Newman Noggs, very inky, very short, very dirty, very small, and very mysterious, urging Nicholas to return to London instantly; not to lose an instant; to be there that night if possible.

"I will," said Nicholas. "Heaven knows I have remained here for the best, and sorely against my own will; but even now I have dallied too long. What can have happened? Smike, my good fellow, here—take my purse. Put our things together, and pay what little debts we owe—quick, and we shall be in time for the morning coach. I will only tell them that we are going, and will return to you immediately."

So saying, he took his hat, and hurrying away to the lodgings of Mr. Crummles, applied his hand to the knocker with such hearty good-will, that he awakened that gentleman, who was still in bed, and caused Mr. Bulph the pilot to take his morning's pipe very nearly out of his mouth in the extremity of his surprise.

The door being opened, Nicholas ran upstairs without any ceremony, and bursting into the darkened sitting-room on the one pair front, found that the two Master Crummleses had sprung out of the sofa-bedstead and were putting on their clothes with great rapidity, under the impression that it was the middle of the night, and the next house was on fire.

Before he could undeceive them, Mr. Crummles came down in a flannel-gown and nightcap; and to him Nicholas briefly explained that circumstances had occurred which rendered it necessary for him to repair to London immediately.

"So good bye," said Nicholas; "good bye, good bye."

He was half-way down stairs before Mr. Crummles had sufficiently recovered his surprise to gasp out something about the posters.



"I can't help it," replied Nicholas. "Set whatever I may have earned this week against them, or if that will not repay you, say at once what will. Quick, quick."

"We'll cry quits about that," returned Crummles. "But can't we have one last night more?"

"Not an hour—not a minute," replied Nicholas, impatiently.

"Won't you stop to say something to Mrs. Crummles?" asked the manager, following him down to the door.

"I couldn't stop if it were to prolong my life a score of years," rejoined Nicholas. "Here, take my hand, and with it my hearty thanks.—Oh! that I should have been fooling here!"

Accompanying these words with an impatient stamp upon the ground, he tore himself from the manager's detaining grasp, and darting rapidly down the street was out of sight in an instant.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Crummles, looking wistfully towards the point at which he had just disappeared; "if he only acted like that, what a deal of money he'd draw! He should have kept upon this circuit; he'd have been very useful to me. But he don't know what's good for him. He is an impetuous youth. Young men are rash, very rash."

Mr. Crummles being in a moralizing mood, might possibly have moralized for some minutes longer if he had not mechanically put his hand towards his waistcoat pocket, where he was accustomed to keep his snuff. The absence of any pocket at all in the usual direction, suddenly recalled to his recollection the fact that he had no waistcoat on; and this leading him to a contemplation of the extreme scantiness of his attire, he shut the door abruptly, and retired upstairs with great precipitation.

Smikey had made good speed while Nicholas was absent, and with his help everything was soon ready for their departure. They scarcely stopped to take a morsel of breakfast, and in less than half an hour arrived at the coach-office: quite out of breath with the haste they had made to reach it in time. There were yet a few minutes to spare, so, having secured the places, Nicholas hurried into a slopseller's hard by, and bought Smikey a great-coat. It would have been rather large for a substantial yeoman, but the shopman averring (and with considerable truth) that it was a most uncommon fit, Nicholas would have purchased it in his impatience if it had been twice the size.

As they hurried up to the coach, which was now in the open street and all ready for starting, Nicholas was not a little astonished to find himself suddenly clutched in a close and violent embrace, which nearly took him off his legs; nor was his amazement at all lessened by hearing the voice of Mr. Crummles exclaim "It is he—my friend, my friend!"

"Bless my heart," cried Nicholas, struggling in the manager's arms, "what are you about?"

The manager made no reply, but strained him to his breast again, exclaiming as he did so, "Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy!"

In fact, Mr. Crummles, who could never lose any opportunity for professional display, had turned out for the express purpose of taking a public farewell of Nicholas; and to render it the more imposing, he was now, to that young gentleman's most profound annoyance, inflicting upon him a rapid succession of stage embraces, which, as everybody knows, are performed by the embracer's laying his or her chin on the shoulder of the object of affection, and looking over it. This Mr. Crummles did in the highest style of melo-drama, pouring forth at the same time all the most dismal forms of farewell he could think of, out of the stock pieces. Nor was this all, for the elder Master Crummles was going through a similar ceremony with Smikey; while Master Percy Crummles, with a very little second-hand camlet cloak, worn theatrically over his left shoulder, stood by, in the attitude of an attendant officer, waiting to convey the two victims to the scaffold.

The lookers-on laughed very heartily, and as it was as well to put a good face upon the matter, Nicholas laughed too when he had succeeded in disengaging himself; and rescuing the astonished Smikey, climbed up to the coach-roof after him, and kissed his hand in honour of the absent Mrs. Crummles as they rolled away.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

*Of Ralph Nickleby and Newman Noggs, and some wise precautions, the success or failure of which will appear in the sequel.*

In blissful unconsciousness that his nephew was hastening at the utmost speed of four good horses towards his sphere of action, and that every passing minute diminished the distance between them, Ralph Nickleby sat that morning occupied in his customary avocations, and yet unable to prevent his thoughts wandering from time to time back to the interview which had taken place between himself and his niece on the previous day. At such intervals, after a few moments of abstraction, Ralph would mutter some peevish interjection, and apply himself with renewed steadiness of purpose to the ledger before him, but again and again the same strain of thought came back despite all his efforts to prevent it, confusing him in his calculations, and utterly distracting his attention from the figures over which he bent. At length Ralph laid down his pen, and threw himself back in his chair, as though he had made up his mind to allow the obtrusive current

of reflection to take its own course, and, by giving it full scope, to rid himself of it effectually.

"I am not a man to be moved by a pretty face," muttered Ralph sternly. "There is a grinning skull beneath it, and men like me who look and work below the surface see that, and not its delicate covering. And yet I almost like the girl, or should if she had been less proudly and squeamishly brought up. If the boy were drowned or hanged, and the mother dead, this house should be her home. I wish they were, with all my soul."

Notwithstanding the deadly hatred which Ralph felt towards Nicholas, and the bitter contempt with which he sneered at poor Mrs. Nickleby—notwithstanding the baseness with which he had behaved, and was then behaving, and would behave again, if his interest prompted him, towards Kate herself—still there was, strange though it may seem, something humanizing and even gentle in his thoughts at that moment. He thought of what his home might be if Kate were there; he placed her in the empty chair, looked upon her, heard her speak; he felt again upon his arm the gentle pressure of the trembling hand; he strewed his costly rooms with the hundred silent tokens of feminine presence and occupation; he came back again to the cold fireside and the silent dreary splendour; and in that one glimpse of a better nature, born as it was in selfish thoughts, the rich man felt himself friendless, childless, and alone. Gold, for the instant, lost its lustre in his eyes, for there were countless treasures of the heart which it could never purchase.

A very slight circumstance was sufficient to banish such reflections from the mind of such a man. As Ralph looked vacantly out across the yard towards the window of the other office, he became suddenly aware of the earnest observation of Newman Noggs, who, with his red nose almost touching the glass, feigned to be mending a pen with a rusty fragment of a knife, but was in reality staring at his employer with a countenance of the closest and most eager scrutiny.

Ralph exchanged his dreamy posture for his accustomed business attitude: the face of Newman disappeared, and the train of thought took to flight, all simultaneously and in an instant.

After a few minutes, Ralph rang his bell. Newman answered the summons, and Ralph raised his eyes stealthily to his face, as if he almost feared to read there a knowledge of his recent thoughts.

There was not the smallest speculation, however, in the countenance of Newman Noggs. If it be possible to imagine a man, with two eyes in his head, and both wide open, looking in no direction whatever, and seeing nothing, Newman appeared to be that man while Ralph Nickleby regarded him.

"How now?" growled Ralph.

"Oh!" said Newman, throwing some intelligence into his eyes all at once, and dropping them on his master, "I thought you rang." With which laconic remark Newman turned round and hobbled away.

"Stop!" said Ralph.

Newman stopped; not at all disconcerted.

"I did ring."

"I knew you did."

"Then why do you offer to go if you know that?"

"I thought you rang to say you didn't ring," replied Newman. "You often do."

"How dare you pry, and peer, and stare at me, sirrah?" demanded Ralph.

"Stare!" cried Newman, "at *you*! Ha, ha!" which was all the explanation Newman deigned to offer.

"Be careful, sir," said Ralph, looking steadily at him. "Let me have no drunken fooling here. Do you see this parcel?"

"It's big enough," rejoined Newman.

"Carry it into the City; to Cross, in Broad Street, and leave it there—quick. Do you hear?"

Newman gave a dogged kind of nod to express an affirmative reply, and, leaving the room for a few seconds, returned with his hat. Having made various ineffective attempts to fit the parcel (which was some two feet square) into the crown thereof, Newman took it under his arm, and after putting on his fingerless gloves with great precision and nicety, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Ralph Nickleby all the time, he adjusted his hat upon his head with as much care, real or pretended, as if it were a brand-new one of the most expensive quality, and at last departed on his errand.

He executed his commission with great promptitude and despatch, only calling at one public-house for half a minute, and even that might be said to be in his way, for he went in at one door and came out of the other; but as he returned and had got so far homewards as the Strand, Newman began to loiter with the uncertain air of a man who has not quite made up his mind whether to halt or go straight forwards. After a very short consideration, the former inclination prevailed, and making towards the point he had in his mind, Newman knocked a modest double-knock, or rather a nervous single one, at Miss La Creevy's door.

It was opened by a strange servant, on whom the odd figure of the visitor did not appear to make the most favourable impression possible, inasmuch as she no sooner saw him than she very nearly closed it, and placing herself in the narrow gap, inquired what he wanted. But Newman merely uttering the monosyllable 'Noggs,' as if it were some cabalistic word, at sound of which bolts would fly back and doors open, pushed briskly past and gained the door of Miss La Creevy's sitting-room, before the astonished servant could offer any opposition.

'Walk in if you please,' said Miss La Creevy in reply to the sound of Newman's knuckles; and in he walked accordingly.

'Bless us!' cried Miss La Creevy, starting as Newman bolted in; 'what did you want, Sir?'

'You have forgotten me,' said Newman, with an inclination of the head. 'I wonder at that. That nobody should remember me who knew me in other days, is natural enough; but there are few people who, seeing me once, forget me *now*.' He glanced, as he spoke, at his shabby clothes and paralytic limb, and slightly shook his head.

'I did forget you, I declare,' said Miss La Creevy, rising to receive Newman, who met her half-way, 'and I am ashamed of myself for doing so; for you are a kind, good creature, Mr. Noggs. Sit down and tell me all about Miss Nickleby. Poor dear thing! I haven't seen her for this many a week.'

'How's that?' asked Newman.

'Why, the truth is, Mr. Noggs,' said Miss La Creevy, 'that I have been out on a visit—the first visit that I have made for fifteen years.'

'That is a long time,' said Newman, sadly.

'So it is a very long time to look back upon in years; though, somehow or other, thank Heaven, the solitary days roll away peacefully and happily enough,' replied the miniature-painter. 'I have a brother, Mr. Noggs—the only relation I have, and all that time I never saw him once. Not that we ever quarrelled, but he was apprenticed down in the country, and he got married there, and new ties and affections springing up about him, he forgot a poor little woman like me, as it was very reasonable he should, you know. Don't suppose that I complain about that, because I always said to myself, 'It is very natural; poor dear John is making his way in the world, and has a wife to tell his cares and troubles to, and children now to play about him, so God bless him and them, and send we may all meet together one day where we shall part no more. But what do you think, Mr. Noggs,' said the miniature-painter, brightening up and clapping her hands, 'of that very same brother coming up to London at last, and never resting till he found me out; what do you think of his coming here and sitting down in that very chair, and crying like a child because he was so glad to see me—what do you think of his insisting on taking me down all the way into the country to his own house (quite a sumptuous place, Mr. Noggs, with a large garden and I don't how many fields, and a man in livery waiting at table, and cows and horses and pigs, and I don't know what besides), and making me stay a whole month, and pressing me to stop there all my life—yes, all my life—and so did his wife, and so did the children—and there were four of them, and one, the eldest girl of all, they—they had named her after me eight good years before, they had indeed. I never was

so happy; in all my life I never was!'" The worthy soul hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud; for it was the first opportunity she had had of unburdening her heart, and it would have its way.

'But bless my life,' said Miss La Creevy, wiping her eyes after a short pause, and cramming her handkerchief into her pocket with great bustle and despatch; 'what a foolish creature I must seem to you, Mr. Noggs! I shouldn't have said anything about it, only I wanted to explain to you how it was I hadn't seen Miss Nickleby.'

'Have you seen the old lady?' asked Newman.

'You mean Mrs. Nickleby?' said Miss La Creevy.

'Then I tell you what, Mr. Noggs, if you want to keep in the good books in that quarter, you had better not call her the old lady any more, for I suspect she wouldn't be best pleased to hear you. Yes, I went there the night before last, but she was quite on the high ropes about something, and was so grand and mysterious, that I couldn't make anything of her; so, to tell you the truth, I took it into my head to be grand too, and came away in state. I thought she would have come round again before this, but she hasn't been here.'

'About Miss Nickleby—' said Newman.

'Why she was here twice while I was away,' returned Miss La Creevy. 'I was afraid she mightn't like to have me calling on her among those great folks in what's-its-name Place, so I thought I'd wait a day or two, and if I didn't see her, write.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Newman, cracking his fingers.

'However, I want to hear all the news about them from you,' said Miss La Creevy. 'How is the old rough and tough monster of Golden Square? Well, of course; such people always are. I don't mean how is he in health, but how is he going on; how is he behaving himself?'

'Damn him!' cried Newman, dashing his cherished hat on the floor; 'like a false hound.'

'Gracious, Mr. Noggs, you quite terrify me!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, turning pale.

'I should have spoilt his features yesterday afternoon if I could have afforded it,' said Newman, moving restlessly about, and shaking his fist at a portrait of Mr. Canning over the mantel-piece. 'I was very near it. I was obliged to put my hands in my pockets, and keep 'em there very tight. I shall do it some day in that little back parlour, I know I shall. I should have done it before now, if I hadn't been afraid of making bad worse. I shall double-lock myself in with him and have it out before I die, I'm quite certain of it.'

'I shall scream if you don't compose yourself, Mr. Noggs,' said Miss La Creevy; 'I'm sure I shan't be able to help it.'

'Never mind,' rejoined Newman, darting violently to and fro. 'He's coming up to-night: I wrote to tell



him. He little thinks I know; he little thinks I care. Cunning scoundrel! he don't think that. Not he, not he. Never mind, I'll thwart him—I, Newman Noggs. Ho, ho, the rascal!"

Lashing himself up to an extravagant pitch of fury, Newman Noggs jerked himself about the room with the most eccentric motion ever beheld in a human being: now sparring at the little miniatures on the wall, and now giving himself violent thumps on the head, as if to heighten the delusion, until he sank down in his former seat quite breathless and exhausted.

"There," said Newman, picking up his hat; "that's done me good. Now I'm better, and I'll tell you all about it."

It took some little time to reassure Miss La Creevy, who had been almost frightened out of her senses by this remarkable demonstration; but that done, Newman faithfully related all that had passed in the interview between Kate and her uncle, prefacing his narrative with a statement of his previous suspicions on the subject, and his reasons for forming them; and concluding with a communication of the step he had taken in secretly writing to Nicholas.

Though little Miss La Creevy's indignation was not so singularly displayed as Newman's, it was scarcely inferior in violence and intensity. Indeed if Ralph Nickleby had happened to make his appearance in the room at that moment, there is some doubt whether he would not have found Miss La Creevy a more dangerous opponent than even Newman Noggs himself.

"God forgive me for saying so," said Miss La Creevy, as a wind-up to all her expressions of anger, "but I really feel as if I could stick this into him with pleasure."

It was not a very awful weapon that Miss La Creevy held, it being in fact nothing more nor less than a black-lead pencil; but discovering her mistake, the little portrait-painter exchanged it for a mother-of-pearl fruit knife, wherewith, in proof of her desperate thoughts, she made a lunge as she spoke, which would have scarcely disturbed the crumb of a half-quartern loaf.

"She won't stop where she is, after to-night," said Newman. "That's a comfort."

"Stop!" cried Miss La Creevy, "she should have left there, weeks ago."

"If we had known of this," rejoined Newman. "But we didn't. Nobody could properly interfere but her mother or brother. The mother's weak—poor thing—weak. The dear young man will be here to-night."

"Heart alive!" cried Miss La Creevy. "He will do something desperate, Mr. Noggs, if you tell him all at once."

Newman left off rubbing his hands, and assumed a thoughtful look.

"Depend upon it," said Miss La Creevy, earnestly, "if you are not very careful in breaking out the truth to him, he will do some violence upon his uncle or one of these men that will bring some terrible calamity upon his own head, and grief and sorrow to us all."

"I never thought of that," rejoined Newman, his countenance falling more and more. "I came to ask you to receive his sister in case he brought her here, but—"

"But this is a matter of much greater importance," interrupted Miss La Creevy; "that you might have been sure of before you came; but the end of this, nobody can foresee, unless you are very guarded and careful."

"What *can* I do?" cried Newman, scratching his head with an air of great vexation and perplexity. "If he was to talk of pistolling 'em all, I should be obliged to say, 'Certainly—serve 'em right.'"

Miss La Creevy could not suppress a small shriek on hearing this, and instantly set about extorting a solemn pledge from Newman that he would use his utmost endeavours to pacify the wrath of Nicholas; which, after some demur, was conceded. They then consulted together on the safest and surest mode of communicating to him the circumstances which had rendered his presence necessary.

"He must have time to cool before he can possibly do anything," said Miss La Creevy. "That is of the greatest consequence. He must not be told until late at night."

"But he'll be in town between six and seven this evening," replied Newman. "I can't keep it from him when he asks me."

"Then you must go out, Mr. Noggs," said Miss La Creevy. "You can easily have been kept away by business, and must not return till nearly midnight."

"Then he'll come straight here," retorted Newman.

"So I suppose," observed Miss La Creevy; "but he won't find me at home, for I'll go straight to the City the instant you leave me, make up matters with Mrs. Nickleby, and take her away to the theatre, so that he may not even know where his sister lives."

Upon further discussion, this appeared the safest and most feasible mode of proceeding that could be adopted. Therefore it was finally determined that matters should be so arranged, and Newman, after listening to many supplementary cautions and entreaties, took his leave of Miss La Creevy and trudged back to Golden Square; ruminating as he went upon a vast number of possibilities and impossibilities which crowded upon his brain, and arose out of the conversation that had just terminated.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*Relating chiefly to some remarkable conversation, and some remarkable proceedings to which it gives rise.*

'London at last!' cried Nicholas, throwing back his great-coat and rousing Smike from a long nap. 'It seemed to me as though we should never reach it.'

'And yet you came along at a tidy pace too,' observed the coachman, looking over his shoulder at Nicholas with no very pleasant expression of countenance.

'Ay, I know that,' was the reply; 'but I have been very anxious to be at my journey's end, and that makes the way seem long.'

'Well,' remarked the coachman, 'if the way seemed long with such cattle as you've sat behind, you *must* have been most uncommon anxious;' and so saying, he let out his whip-lash, and touched up a little boy on the calves of his legs by way of emphasis.

They rattled on through the noisy, bustling, crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly burning lamps, dotted here and there with the chemist's glaring lights, and illuminated besides with the brilliant flood that streamed from the windows of the shops, where sparkling jewellery, silks and velvets of the richest colours, the most inviting delicacies, and most sumptuous articles of luxurious ornament, succeeded each other in rich and glittering profusion. Streams of people apparently without end poured on and on, jostling each other in the crowd and hurrying forward, scarcely seeming to notice the riches that surrounded them on every side; while vehicles of all shapes and makes, mingled up together in one moving mass like running water, lent their ceaseless roar to swell the noise and tumult.

As they dashed by the quickly-changing and ever-varying objects, it was curious to observe in what a strange procession they passed before the eye. Emporiums of splendid dresses, the materials brought from every quarter of the world; tempting stores of everything to stimulate and pamper the sated appetite and give new relish to the oft-repeated feast; vessels of burnished gold and silver, wrought into every exquisite form of vase, and dish, and goblet; guns, swords, pistols, and patent engines of destruction; screws and irons for the crooked, clothes for the newly-born, drugs for the sick, coffins for the dead, and churchyards for the buried—all these jumbled each with the other, and flocking side by side, seemed to flit by in motley dance like the fantastic groups of the old Dutch painter, and with the same stern moral for the unheeding restless crowd.

Nor were there wanting objects in the crowd itself to give new point and purpose to the shifting scene. The rags of the squalid ballad-singer fluttered in the

rich light that showed the goldsmith's treasures, pale and pinched-up faces hovered about the windows where was tempting food, hungry eyes wandered over the profusion guarded by one thin sheet of brittle glass—an iron wall to them; half-naked shivering figures stopped to gaze at Chinese shawls and golden stuffs of India. There was a christening party at the largest coffin-maker's, and a funeral hatchment had stopped some great improvements in the bravest mansion. Life and death went hand in hand; wealth and poverty stood side by side; repletion and starvation laid them down together.

But it was London; and the old country lady inside, who had put her head out of the coach-window a mile or two this side Kingston, and cried out to the driver that she was sure he must have passed it and forgotten to set her down, was satisfied at last.

Nicholas engaged beds for himself and Smike at the inn where the coach stopped, and repaired, without the delay of another moment, to the lodgings of Newman Noggs; for his anxiety and impatience had increased with every succeeding minute, and were almost beyond control.

There was a fire in Newman's garret, and a candle had been left burning; the floor was cleanly swept, the room was as comfortably arranged as such a room could be, and meat and drink were placed in order upon the table. Every thing bespoke the affectionate care and attention of Newman Noggs, but Newman himself was not there.

'Do you know what time he will be at home?' inquired Nicholas, tapping at the door of Newman's front neighbour.

'Ah, Mr. Johnson!' said Crowl, presenting himself. 'Welcome, Sir.—How well you're looking! I never could have believed——'

'Pardon me,' interposed Nicholas. 'My question—I am extremely anxious to know.'

'Why, he has a troublesome affair of business,' replied Crowl, 'and will not be home before twelve o'clock. He was very unwilling to go, I can tell you, but there was no help for it. However, he left word that you were to make yourself comfortable till he came back, and that I was to entertain you, which I shall be very glad to do.'

In proof of his extreme readiness to exert himself for the general entertainment, Mr. Crowl drew a chair to the table as he spoke, and helping himself plentifully to the cold meat, invited Nicholas and Smike to follow his example.

Disappointed and uneasy, Nicholas could touch no food, so, after he had seen Smike comfortably established at the table, he walked out (despite a great many dissuasions uttered by Mr. Crowl with his mouth full), and left Smike to detain Newman in case he returned first.

As Miss La Creevy had anticipated, Nicholas betook himself straight to her house. Finding her from home, he debated within himself for some time whether he should go to his mother's residence and so compromise her with Ralph Nickleby. Fully persuaded, however, that Newman would not have solicited him to return unless there was some strong reason which required his presence at home, he resolved to go there, and hastened eastwards with all speed.

Mrs. Nickleby would not be at home, the girl said, until past twelve, or later. She believed Miss Nickleby was well, but she didn't live at home now, nor did she come home except very seldom. She couldn't say where she was stopping, but it was not at Madame Mantalini's—she was sure of that.

With his heart beating violently, and apprehending he knew not what disaster, Nicholas returned to where he had left Smike. Newman had not been home. He wouldn't be, till twelve o'clock; there was no chance of it. Was there no possibility of sending to fetch him if it were only for an instant, or forwarding to him one line of writing to which he might return a verbal reply? That was quite impracticable. He was not at Golden Square, and probably had been sent to execute some commission at a distance.

Nicholas tried to remain quietly where he was, but he felt so nervous and excited that he could not sit still. He seemed to be losing time unless he was moving. It was an absurd fancy, he knew, but he was wholly unable to resist it. So, he took up his hat and rambled out again.

He strolled westward this time, pacing the long streets with hurried footsteps, and agitated by a thousand misgivings and apprehensions which he could not overcome. He passed into Hyde Park, now silent and deserted, and increased his rate of walking as if in the hope of leaving his thoughts behind. They crowded upon him more thickly, however, now there were no passing objects to attract his attention; and the one idea was always uppermost, that some stroke of ill-fortune must have occurred so calamitous in its nature that all were fearful of disclosing it to him. The old question arose again and again—What could it be? Nicholas walked till he was weary, but was not one bit the wiser; and indeed he came out of the Park at last a great deal more confused and perplexed than when he went in.

He had taken scarcely any thing to eat or drink since early in the morning, and felt quite worn out and exhausted. As he returned languidly towards the point from which he had started, along one of the thoroughfares which lie between Park Lane and Bond Street, he passed a handsome hotel, before which he stopped mechanically.

'An expensive place, I dare say,' thought Nicholas;

'but a pint of wine and a biscuit are no great debauch wherever they are had. And yet I don't know.'

He walked on a few steps, but looking wistfully down the long vista of gas-lamps before him, and thinking how long it would take to reach the end of it—and being besides in that kind of mood in which a man is most disposed to yield to his first impulse—and being, besides, strongly attracted to the hotel, in part by curiosity, and in part by some odd mixture of feelings which he would have been troubled to define—Nicholas turned back again, and walked into the coffee-room.

It was very handsomely furnished. The walls were ornamented with the choicest specimens of French paper, enriched with a gilded cornice of elegant design. The floor was covered with a rich carpet; and two superb mirrors, one above the chimneypiece and one at the opposite end of the room, reaching from floor to ceiling, multiplied the other beauties and added new ones of their own to enhance the general effect. There was a rather noisy party of four gentlemen in a box by the fire-place, and only two other persons present,—both elderly gentlemen, and both alone.

Observing all this in the first comprehensive glance with which a stranger surveys a place that is new to him, Nicholas sat himself down in the box next to the noisy party, with his back towards them, and postponing his order for a pint of claret until such time as the waiter and one of the elderly gentlemen should have settled a disputed question relative to the price of an item in the bill of fare, took up a newspaper and began to read.

He had not read twenty lines, and was in truth half-dozing, when he was startled by the mention of his sister's name. 'Little Kate Nickleby' were the words that caught his ear. He raised his head in amazement, and as he did so, saw by the reflection in the opposite glass, that two of the party behind him had risen and were standing before the fire. 'It must have come from one of them,' thought Nicholas. He waited to hear more with a countenance of some indignation, for the tone of speech had been anything but respectful, and the appearance of the individual whom he presumed to have been the speaker was coarse and swaggering.

This person—so Nicholas observed in the same glance at the mirror which had enabled him to see his face—was standing with his back to the fire conversing with a younger man, who stood with his back to the company, wore his hat, and was adjusting his shirt-collar by the aid of the glass. They spoke in whispers, now and then bursting into a loud laugh, but Nicholas could catch no repetition of the words, nor anything sounding at all like the words, which had attracted his attention.

At length the two resumed their seats, and more wine being ordered, the party grew louder in their



mirth. Still there was no reference made to anybody with whom he was acquainted, and Nicholas became persuaded that his excited fancy had either imagined the sounds altogether, or converted some other words into the name which had been so much in his thoughts.

'It is remarkable too,' thought Nicholas: 'if it had been 'Kate' or 'Kate Nickleby,' I should not have been so much surprised; but 'little Kate Nickleby!'

The wine coming at the moment prevented his finishing the sentence. He swallowed a glassful and took up the paper again. At that instant—

'Little Kate Nickleby!' cried a voice behind him.

'I was right,' muttered Nicholas, as the paper fell from his hand. 'And it was the man I supposed.'

'As there was a proper objection to drinking her in heel-taps,' said the voice, 'we'll give her the first glass in the new magnum. Little Kate Nickleby!'

'Little Kate Nickleby,' cried the other three. And the glasses were set down empty.

Keenly alive to the tone and manner of this slight and careless mention of his sister's name in a public place, Nicholas fired at once; but he kept himself quiet by a great effort, and did not even turn his head.

'The jade!' said the same voice which had spoken before. 'She's a true Nickleby—a worthy imitator of her old uncle Ralph—she hangs back to be more sought after—so does he; nothing to be got out of Ralph unless you follow him up, and then the money comes doubly welcome, and the bargain doubly hard, for you're impatient and he isn't. Oh! infernal cunning.'

'Infernal cunning,' echoed two voices.

Nicholas was in a perfect agony as the two elderly gentlemen opposite, rose one after the other and went away, lest they should be the means of his losing one word of what was said. But the conversation was suspended as they withdrew, and resumed with even greater freedom when they had left the room.

'I am afraid,' said the younger gentleman, 'that the old woman has grown jea-lous, and locked her up. Upon my soul it looks like it.'

'If they quarrel and little Nickleby goes home to her mother, so much the better,' said the first. 'I can do any thing with the old lady. She'll believe anything I tell her.'

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The laugh was taken up by the two voices which always came in together, and became general at Mrs. Nickleby's expense. Nicholas turned burning hot with rage, but he commanded himself for the moment, and waited to hear more.

What he heard need not be repeated here. Suffice it that as the wine went round he heard enough to acquaint him with the characters and designs of those

whose conversation he overheard; to possess him with the full extent of Ralph's villany, and the real reason of his own presence being required in London. He heard all this and more. He heard his sister's sufferings derided, and her virtuous conduct jeered at and brutally misconstrued; he heard her name bandied from mouth to mouth, and herself made the subject of coarse and insolent wagers, free speech, and licentious jesting.

The man who had spoken first, led the conversation and indeed almost engrossed it, being only stimulated from time to time by some slight observation from one or other of his companions. To him then Nicholas addressed himself when he was sufficiently composed to stand before the party, and force the words from his parched and scorching throat.

'Let me have a word with you, Sir,' said Nicholas.

'With me, Sir!' retorted Sir Mulberry Hawk, eyeing him in disdainful surprise.

'I said with you,' replied Nicholas, speaking with great difficulty, for his passion choked him.

'A mysterious stranger, upon my soul!' exclaimed Sir Mulberry, raising his wine-glass to his lips, and looking round upon his friends.

'Will you step apart with me for a few minutes, or do you refuse?' said Nicholas, sternly.

Sir Mulberry merely paused in the act of drinking, and bade him either name his business or leave the table.

Nicholas drew a card from his pocket, and threw it before him.

'There, Sir,' said Nicholas; 'my business you will guess.'

A momentary expression of astonishment, not unmixed with some confusion, appeared in the face of Sir Mulberry as he read the name; but he subdued it in an instant, and tossing the card to Lord Verisopht, who sat opposite, drew a toothpick from a glass before him, and very leisurely applied it to his mouth.

'Your name and address?' said Nicholas, turning paler as his passion kindled.

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'If there is a gentleman in this party,' said Nicholas, looking round and scarcely able to make his white lips form the words, 'he will acquaint me with the name and residence of this man.'

There was a dead silence.

'I am the brother of the young lady who has been the subject of conversation here,' said Nicholas. 'I denounce this person as a liar, and impeach him as a coward. If he has a friend here, he will save him the disgrace of the paltry attempt to conceal his name—an utterly useless one—for I will find it out, nor leave him until I have.'

Sir Mulberry looked at him contemptuously, and, addressing his companions, said—

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'I am the brother of the young lady who has been the subject of conversation here,' said Nicholas. 'I denounce this person as a liar, and impeach him as a coward. If he has a friend here, he will save him the disgrace of the paltry attempt to conceal his name—an utterly useless one—for I will find it out, nor leave him until I have.'

Sir Mulberry looked at him contemptuously, and, addressing his companions, said—



'Let the fellow talk, I have nothing serious to say to boys of his station; and his pretty sister shall save him a broken head, if he talks till midnight.'

'You are a base and spiritless scoundrel!' said Nicholas, 'and shall be proclaimed so to the world. I will know you; I will follow you home if you walk the streets till morning.'

Sir Mulberry's hand involuntarily closed upon the decanter, and he seemed for an instant about to launch it at the head of his challenger. But he only filled his glass, and laughed in derision.

Nicholas sat himself down, directly opposite to the party, and, summoning the waiter, paid his bill.

'Do you know that person's name?' he inquired of the man in an audible voice; pointing out Sir Mulberry as he put the question.

Sir Mulberry laughed again, and the two voices which had always spoken together, echoed the laugh; but rather feebly.

'That gentleman, Sir?' replied the waiter, who, no doubt, knew his cue, and answered with just as little respect, and just as much impertinence as he could safely show: 'no, Sir, I do not, Sir.'

'Here, you, Sir,' cried Sir Mulberry, as the man was retiring; 'do you know that person's name?'

'Name, Sir! No, Sir.'

'Then you'll find it there,' said Sir Mulberry, throwing Nicholas's card towards him; 'and when you have made yourself master of it, put that piece of pasteboard in the fire—do you hear me?'

The man grinned, and, looking doubtfully at Nicholas, compromised the matter by sticking the card in the chimney-glass. Having done this, he retired.

Nicholas folded his arms, and, biting his lip, sat perfectly quiet; sufficiently expressing by his manner, however, a firm determination to carry his threat of following Sir Mulberry home, into steady execution.

It was evident from the tone in which the younger member of the party appeared to remonstrate with his friend, that he objected to this course of proceeding, and urged him to comply with the request which Nicholas had made. Sir Mulberry, however, who was not quite sober, and who was in a sullen and dogged state of obstinacy, soon silenced the representations of his weak young friend, and further seemed—as if to save himself from a repetition of them—to insist on being left alone. However this might have been, the young gentleman and the two who had always spoken together, actually rose to go after a short interval, and presently retired, leaving their friend alone with Nicholas.

It will be very readily supposed that to one in the condition of Nicholas, the minutes appeared to move with leaden wings indeed, and that their progress did not seem the more rapid from the monotonous ticking of a French clock, or the shrill sound of its little bell

which told the quarters. But there he sat; and in his old seat on the opposite side of the room reclined Sir Mulberry Hawk, with his legs upon the cushion, and his handkerchief thrown negligently over his knees: finishing his magnum of claret with the utmost coolness and indifference.

Thus they remained in perfect silence for upwards of an hour—Nicholas would have thought for three hours at least, but that the little bell had only gone four times. Twice or thrice he looked angrily and impatiently round; but there was Sir Mulberry in the same attitude, putting his glass to his lips from time to time, and looking vacantly at the wall, as if he were wholly ignorant of the presence of any living person.

At length he yawned, stretched himself, and rose; walked coolly to the glass, and having surveyed himself therein, turned round, and honoured Nicholas with a long and contemptuous stare. Nicholas stared again with right good-will; Sir Mulberry shrugged his shoulders, smiled slightly, rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to help him on with his great-coat.

The man did so, and held the door open.

'Don't wait,' said Sir Mulberry; and they were alone again.

Sir Mulberry took several turns up and down the room, whistling carelessly all the time: stopped to finish the last glass of claret which he had poured out a few minutes before, walked again, put on his hat, adjusted it by the glass, drew on his gloves, and, at last, walked slowly out. Nicholas, who had been fuming and chafing until he was nearly wild, darted from his seat, and followed him—so closely, that before the door had swung upon its hinges after Sir Mulberry's passing out, they stood side by side in the street together.

There was a private cabriolet in waiting; the groom opened the apron, and jumped out to the horse's head.

'Will you make yourself known to me?' asked Nicholas in a suppressed voice.

'No,' replied the other fiercely, and confirming the refusal with an oath. 'No.'

'If you trust to your horse's speed, you will find yourself mistaken,' said Nicholas. 'I will accompany you. By Heaven I will, if I hang on to the foot-board.'

'You shall be horsewhipped if you do,' returned Sir Mulberry.

'You are a villain,' said Nicholas.

'You are an errand-boy for aught I know,' said Sir Mulberry Hawk.

'I am the son of a country gentleman,' returned Nicholas, 'your equal in birth and education, and your superior I trust in everything besides. I tell you again, Miss Nickleby is my sister. Will you or will you not answer for your unmanly and brutal conduct?'

'To a proper champion—yes. To you—no,' returned

Sir Mulberry, taking the reins in his hand. 'Stand out of the way, dog. William, let go her head.'

'You had better not,' cried Nicholas, springing on the step as Sir Mulberry jumped in, and catching at the reins. 'He has no command over the horse, mind. You shall not go—you shall not, I swear—till you have told me who you are.'

The groom hesitated, for the mare, who was a high-spirited animal and thorough-bred, plunged so violently that he could scarcely hold her.

'Leave go, I tell you!' thundered his master.

The man obeyed. The animal reared and plunged as though it would dash the carriage in a thousand pieces, but Nicholas, blind to all sense of danger, and conscious of nothing but his fury, still maintained his place and his hold upon the reins.

'Will you unclasp your hand?'

'Will you tell me who you are?'

'No!'

'No!'

In less time than the quickest tongue could tell it, these words were exchanged, and Sir Mulberry, shortening his whip, applied it furiously to the head and shoulders of Nicholas. It was broken in the struggle; Nicholas gained the heavy handle, and with it laid open one side of his antagonist's face from the eye to the lip. He saw the gash; knew that the mare had darted off at a wild mad gallop; a hundred lights danced in his eyes, and he felt himself flung violently upon the ground.

He was giddy and sick, but staggered to his feet directly, roused by the loud shouts of the men who were tearing up the street, and screaming to those ahead to clear the way. He was conscious of a torrent of people rushing quickly by—looking up, could discern the cabriolet whirled along the foot-pavement with frightful rapidity—then heard a loud cry, the smashing of some heavy body, and the breaking of glass—and then the crowd closed in the distance, and he could see or hear no more.

The general attention had been entirely directed from himself to the person in the carriage, and he was quite alone. Rightly judging that under such circumstances it would be madness to follow, he turned down a bye-street in search of the nearest coach-stand, finding after a minute or two that he was reeling like a drunken man, and aware for the first time of a stream of blood that was trickling down his face and breast.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*In which Mr. Ralph Nickleby is relieved, by a very expeditious process, from all commerce with his relations.*

SMIKE and Newman Noggs, who in his impatience

had returned home long before the time agreed upon, sat before the fire, listening anxiously to every footstep on the stairs, and the slightest sound that stirred within the house, for the approach of Nicholas. Time had worn on, and it was growing late. He had promised to be back in an hour; and his prolonged absence began to excite considerable alarm in the minds of both, as was abundantly testified by the blank looks they cast upon each other at every new disappointment.

At length a coach was heard to stop, and Newman ran out to light Nicholas up the stairs. Beholding him in the trim described at the conclusion of the last chapter, he stood aghast in wonder and consternation.

'Don't be alarmed,' said Nicholas, hurrying him back into the room. 'There is no harm done, beyond what a basin of water can repair.'

'No harm!' cried Newman, passing his hands hastily over the back and arms of Nicholas, as if to assure himself that he had broken no bones. 'What have you been doing?'

'I know all,' interrupted Nicholas; 'I have heard a part, and guessed the rest. But before I remove one jot of these stains, I must hear the whole from you. You see I am collected. My resolution is taken. Now, my good friend, speak out; for the time for any palliation or concealment is past, and nothing will avail Ralph Nickleby now.'

'Your dress is torn in several places, you walk lame, and I am sure are suffering pain,' said Newman. 'Let me see to your hurts first.'

'I have no hurts to see to, beyond a little soreness and stiffness that will soon pass off,' said Nicholas, seating himself with some difficulty. 'But if I had fractured every limb, and still preserved my senses, you should not bandage one till you had told me what I have the right to know. Come,' said Nicholas, giving his hand to Noggs. 'You had a sister of your own, you told me once, who died before you fell into misfortune. Now think of her, and tell me, Newman.'

'Yes, I will, I will,' said Noggs. 'I'll tell you the whole truth.'

Newman did so. Nicholas nodded his head from time to time, as it corroborated the particulars he had already gleaned; but he fixed his eyes upon the fire, and did not look round once.

His recital ended, Newman insisted upon his young friend stripping off his coat, and allowing whatever injuries he had received to be properly tended. Nicholas, after some opposition, at length consented, and while some pretty severe bruises on his arms and shoulders were being rubbed with oil and vinegar, and various other efficacious remedies which Newman borrowed from the different lodgers, related in what manner they had been received. The recital made a strong impression on the warm imagination of Newman; for when Nicholas came to the violent part of the quarrel,

he rubbed so hard, as to occasion him the most exquisite pain, which he would not have exhibited, however, for the world, it being perfectly clear that, for the moment, Newman was operating on Sir Mulberry Hawk, and had quite lost sight of his real patient.

This martyrdom over, Nicholas arranged with Newman that while he was otherwise occupied next morning, arrangements should be made for his mother's immediately quitting her present residence, and also for despatching Miss La Creevy to break the intelligence to her. He then wrapped himself in Smike's great-coat, and repaired to the inn where they were to pass the night, and where (after writing a few lines to Ralph, the delivery of which was to be entrusted to Newman next day,) he endeavoured to obtain the repose of which he stood so much in need.

Drunken men, they say, may roll down precipices, and be quite unconscious of any serious personal inconvenience when their reason returns. The remark may possibly apply to injuries received in other kinds of violent excitement; certain it is, that although Nicholas experienced some pain on first awakening next morning, he sprung out of bed as the clock struck seven with very little difficulty, and was soon as much on the alert as if nothing had occurred.

Merely looking into Smike's room, and telling him that Newman Noggs would call for him very shortly, Nicholas descended into the street, and calling a hackney-coach, bade the man drive to Mrs. Witterly's, according to the direction which Newman had given him on the previous night.

It wanted a quarter to eight when they reached Cadogan Place. Nicholas began to fear that no one might be stirring at that early hour, when he was relieved by the sight of a female servant, employed in cleaning the door-steps. By this functionary he was referred to the doubtful page, who appeared with dishevelled hair and a very warm and a glossy face, as of a page who had just got out of bed.

By this young gentleman he was informed that Miss Nickleby was then taking her morning's walk in the gardens before the house. On the question being propounded whether he could go and find her, the page desponded and thought not; but being stimulated with a shilling, the page grew sanguine and thought he could.

'Say to Miss Nickleby that her brother is here, and in great haste to see her,' said Nicholas.

The plated buttons disappeared with an alacrity most unusual to them, and Nicholas paced the room in a state of feverish agitation which made the delay even of a minute insupportable. He soon heard a light footstep which he well knew, and before he could advance to meet her, Kate had fallen on his neck and burst into tears.

'My darling girl,' said Nicholas, as he embraced her. 'How pale you are!'

'I have been so unhappy here, dear brother,' sobbed poor Kate; 'so very, very, miserable. Do not leave me here, dear Nicholas, or I shall die of a broken heart.'

'I will leave you nowhere,' answered Nicholas—'never again, Kate,' he cried, moved in spite of himself as he folded her to his heart. 'Tell me that I acted for the best. Tell me that we parted because I feared to bring misfortune on your head; that it was a trial to me no less than to yourself, and that if I did wrong it was in ignorance of the world and unknowingly.'

'Why should I tell you what we know so well?' returned Kate soothingly. 'Nicholas—dear Nicholas—how can you give way thus?'

'It is such bitter reproach to me to know what you have undergone,' returned her brother; 'to see you so much altered, and yet so kind and patient—God!' cried Nicholas, clenching his fist and suddenly changing his tone and manner, 'it sets my whole blood on fire again. You must leave here with me directly; you should not have slept here last night, but that I knew all this too late. To whom can I speak, before we drive away!'

This question was most opportunely put, for at that instant Mr. Witterly walked in, and to him Kate introduced her brother, who at once announced his purpose, and the impossibility of deferring it.

'The quarter's notice,' said Mr. Witterly, with the gravity of a man on the right side, 'is not yet half expired. Therefore—'

'Therefore,' interposed Nicholas, 'the quarter's salary must be lost, Sir. You will excuse this extreme haste, but circumstances require that I should immediately remove my sister, and I have not a moment's time to lose. Whatever she brought here I will send for, if you will allow me, in the course of the day.'

Mr. Witterly bowed, but offered no opposition to Kate's immediate departure; with which, indeed, he was rather gratified than otherwise, Sir Tumley Snuffin having given it as his opinion, that she rather disagreed with Mrs. Witterly's constitution.

'With regard to the trifle of salary that is due,' said Mr. Witterly, 'I will—' here he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing—'I will—owe it to Miss Nickleby.'

Mr. Witterly, it should be observed, was accustomed to owe small accounts, and to leave them owing. All men have some little pleasant way of their own; and this was Mr. Witterly's.

'If you please,' said Nicholas. And once more offering a hurried apology for so sudden a departure, he hurried Kate into the vehicle, and bade the man drive with all speed into the City.

To the City they went accordingly, with all the



speed the hackney-coach could make; and as the horses happened to live at Whitechapel and to be in the habit of taking their breakfast there, when they breakfasted at all, they performed the journey with greater expedition than could reasonably have been expected.

Nicholas sent Kate up stairs a few minutes before him, that his unlooked-for appearance might not alarm his mother, and when the way had been paved, presented himself with much duty and affection. Newman had not been idle, for there was a little cart at the door, and the effects were hurrying out already.

Now, Mrs. Nickleby was not the sort of person to be told anything in a hurry, or rather to comprehend anything of peculiar delicacy or importance on a short notice. Wherefore, although the good lady had been subjected to a full hour's preparation by little Miss La Creevy, and was now addressed in most lucid terms both by Nicholas and his sister, she was in a state of singular bewilderment and confusion, and could by no means be made to comprehend the necessity of such hurried proceedings.

'Why don't you ask your uncle, my dear Nicholas, what he can possibly mean by it?' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'My dear mother,' returned Nicholas, 'the time for talking has gone by. There is but one step to take, and that is to cast him off with the scorn and indignation he deserves. Your own honour and good name demand that, after the discovery of his vile proceedings, you should not be beholden to him one hour, even for the shelter of these bare walls.'

'To be sure,' said Mrs. Nickleby, crying bitterly, 'he is a brute, a monster; and the walls are very bare, and want painting too, and I have had this ceiling white-washed at the expense of eighteen pence, which is a very distressing thing, considering that it is so much gone into your uncle's pocket. I never could have believed it—never.'

'Nor I, nor any body else,' said Nicholas.

'Lord bless my life!' exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby. 'To think that that Sir Mulberry Hawk should be such an abandoned wretch as Miss La Creevy says he is, Nicholas, my dear; when I was congratulating myself every day on his being an admirer of our dear Kate's, and thinking what a thing it would be for the family if he was to become connected with us, and use his interest to get you some profitable government place. There are very good places to be got around the court, I know; for the brother of a friend of ours (Miss Crop-ley, at Exeter, my dear Kate, you recollect,) he had one, and I know that it was the chief part of his duty to wear silk stockings, and a bag wig like a black watch-pocket; and to think that it should come to this after all—oh, dear, dear, it's enough to kill one, that it is!' With which expressions of sorrow, Mrs.

Nickleby gave fresh vent to her grief, and wept piteously.

As Nicholas and his sister were by this time compelled to superintend the removal of the few articles of furniture, Miss La Creevy devoted herself to the consolation of the matron, and observed with great kindness of manner that she must really make an effort, and cheer up.

'Oh I dare say, Miss La Creevy,' returned Mrs. Nickleby, with a petulance not unnatural in her unhappy circumstances, 'it's very easy to say cheer up, but if you had had as many occasions to cheer up as I have had—and there,' said Mrs. Nickleby, stopping short, 'Think of Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck, two of the most perfect gentlemen that ever lived, what am I to say to them—what can I say to them? Why, if I was to say to them, 'I'm told your friend Sir Mulberry is a base wretch,' they'd laugh at me.'

'They will laugh no more at us, I take it,' said Nicholas, advancing. 'Come, mother, there is a coach at the door, and until Monday, at all events, we will return to our old quarters.'

—'Where everything is ready, and a hearty welcome into the bargain,' added Miss La Creevy. 'Now, let me go with you down stairs.'

But Mrs. Nickleby was not to be so easily moved, for first she insisted on going up stairs to see that nothing had been left, and then on going down stairs to see that every thing had been taken away; and when she was getting into the coach she had a vision of a forgotten coffee-pot on the back-kitchen hob, and after she was shut in, a dismal recollection of a green umbrella behind some unknown door. At last Nicholas, in a condition of absolute despair, ordered the coachman to drive away, and in the unexpected jerk of a sudden starting, Mrs. Nickleby lost a shilling among the straw, which fortunately confined her attention to the coach until it was too late to remember anything else.

Having seen everything safely out, discharged the servant, and locked the door, Nicholas jumped into a cabriolet and drove to a bye-place near Golden Square where he had appointed to meet Noggs; and so quickly had everything been done, that it was barely half past nine when he reached the place of meeting.

'Here is the letter for Ralph,' said Nicholas, 'and here the key. When you come to me this evening, not a word of last night. Ill news travels fast, and they will know it soon enough. Have you heard if he was much hurt!'

Newman shook his head.

'I will ascertain that myself without loss of time,' said Nicholas.

'You had better take some rest,' returned Newman. 'You are fevered and ill.'

Nicholas waved his hand carelessly, and concealing the indisposition he really felt, now that the excitement which had sustained him was over, took a hurried farewell of Newman Noggs, and left him.

Newman was not three minutes' walk from Golden Square, but in the course of that three minutes he took the letter out of his hat and put it in again twenty times at least. First the front, then the back, then the sides, then the superscription, then the seal, were objects of Newman's admiration. Then he held it at arm's length as if to take in the whole at one delicious survey, and then he rubbed his hands in a perfect ecstasy with his commission.

He reached the office, hung his hat on its accustomed peg, laid the letter and key upon the desk, and waited impatiently until Ralph Nickleby should appear. After a few minutes, the well-known creaking of his boots was heard on the stairs, and then the bell rung.

'Has the post come in?'

'No.'

'Any other letters?'

'One.' Newman eyed him closely, and laid it on the desk.

'What's this?' asked Ralph, taking up the key.

'Left with the letter;—a boy brought them—quarter of an hour ago, or less.'

Ralph glanced at the direction, opened the letter, and read as follows:—

'You are known to me now. There are no reproaches I could heap upon your head which would carry with them one thousandth part of the grovelling shame that this assurance will awaken even in your breast.

'Your brother's widow and her orphan child spurn the shelter of your roof, and shun you with disgust and loathing. Your kindred renounce you, for they know no shame but the ties of blood which bind them in name with you.

'You are an old man, and I leave you to the grave. May every recollection of your life cling to your false heart, and cast their darkness on your death-bed.'

Ralph Nickleby read this letter twice, and frowning heavily, fell into a fit of musing; the paper fluttered from his hand and dropped upon the floor, but he clasped his fingers, as if he held it still.

Suddenly he started from his seat, and thrusting it all crumpled into his pocket, turned furiously to Newman Noggs, as though to ask him why he lingered. But Newman stood unmoved, with his back towards him, following up, with the worn and blackened stump of an old pen, some figures in an Interest-table which was pasted against the wall, and apparently quite abstracted from every other object.

(Continued in another part of this number.)

From the Monthly Review.

*The Life, Times, and Characteristics of John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress.* By Robert Philip. Author of "The Life and Times of Whitefield;" "The Experimental Guides," &c. London: Virtue. 1839.

Never before did the tinker of Elstow, the author of the noblest and most instructive allegory that ever was imagined and composed by uninspired man, meet with such a cordial and congenial biographer and critical commentator as the present. We have perused the volume from beginning to end with unabated and ever-increasing delight. It may be that some captious reviewers will pronounce the author's manner and arrangement as being prolix, and insist that he has frequently and needlessly repeated himself and the same things. But for our part a much larger volume would have been welcome about John Bunyan, provided it continued to teem with such a variety and wealth of facts as well as comments by one who has such a love and knowledge of his subject as Mr. Philip displays. It is not only a fine and enlightened enthusiasm which pervades every chapter that distinguishes the book, but the reader cannot avoid concluding that the author has during the entire period of his life, ever since he was able to enjoy the spiritual dream that spell-binds every girl and boy, made the genius and history of John Bunyan his unceasing study. No research, no labour has been spared, either as regards local traditions scattered, and never before published documents, or a careful comparison of all that has been written concerning his hero, to place him living and life-like before us. And who is there, alive or dead, whose image one so delights to contemplate or that can be so vividly represented, so fondly identified, as the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that whole-length portrait of Bunyan himself, as Montgomery has pronounced it? In a happy hour Mr. Philip resolved to be the artist.

There have been many biographical notices of Bunyan, some of them by authors who stand high in the republic of letters,—Dr. Southey, for example. But the fact is, as stated by Mr. Philip, that these productions have one and all only amounted to sketches and never to such a full analysis of his genius, his works, and career as to entitle any of them to the eminent designation, a life. Each has done little more than repeat the old facts with more or less grace. Besides, the most eminent of these writers have had few motives beyond such as are of a purely literary character to answer; a restriction, we regard as being the most unfortunate possible in the present case. What is John Bunyan if we disjoin from the great objects of his concern,—his *experiences* and his theology? He was one of the finest, and, in reference to comparatively small things, one of the most liberal of Dissenters, especially

when the age in which he flourished is contemplated. He was one of the fairest and most consistent Calvinists in regard to the leading doctrines of religion that ever lived. Now, upon neither the subject of ecclesiastical government nor of faith has Dr. Southey, for instance, a due sympathy so as to have guided him to a full and perfectly candid appreciation of Bunyan. We once heard a venerable lady, and one of no mean discernment, declare that the Doctor was incapable of doing justice to the author of the *Pilgrim*, for that he did not understand his creed and practice. We are not pretending to offer any opinion upon the respective merits of different sects or characters; but we fearlessly assert that the want of tolerance and of sympathy to which we have made allusion, must act as a bar to a just appreciation of the entire character of any consistent religionist, and never surely more fatally than when one of the most sweeping and imaginative minds, and one of the most extraordinary mental experiences, are the subject of delineation and appreciation.

Now, whatever may be Mr. Philip's relative abilities in a literary sense as compared with those of Dr. Southey, it must be confessed by every one who peruses the volume now before us, or any of his other numerous works, that they are of no mean order. Admit but that he can do justice to his own sentiments, and express them clearly, and we think he will be in regard to Bunyan or any other fervid and renowned Calvinist, a far more competent biographer, seeing that he himself is heart and soul a disciple of the Geneva-school, than any *littérateur* of much less stringent and enthusiastic principles and tendencies. It is this perfect sympathy, and the fearless as well as forcible manner in which he avows his opinions and enters into the experience of Bunyan, that has invested his work with such a charm in our estimation,—a work of intense love and protracted labour and investigation,—a work avowedly intended as much for the church as for the world; and, indeed, forming one in a series of the author's "Experimental Guides for the Perplexed and the Doubting."

Before calling the attention of our readers to some specimens, we have only further to state that our author entertains hopes that some of Bunyan's Remains, which have never been published, will be drawn from their secrecy by certain appeals which occur in the volume. For such treasures, he seems to look fully as confidently to the other side of the Atlantic as to this country. If any such exist, we cannot doubt of their being promptly forwarded to one who has already added so much that is new in this *Life*, and who has so ably and zealously illustrated what is old as well as what is novel. Let us add, that the present volume is to be followed by a standard family edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, from Bunyan's revised text; to be illustrated by old prints or new drawings of its local

scenery, and with notes chiefly from his own pen; a reprint, which, it need not be feared by the editor or the publisher, will, after such a forerunner as the present, occupy a high station among the numberless impressions already existing.

Mr. Philip's vivid conceptions, and the pleasant gossip he frequently employs when detailing his conceptions and imaginings regarding Bunyan, may be judged of from what he says in the very first paragraph of his book, and where he describes his feelings when visiting Bedford to collect facts and impressions relative to his hero. On entering the town he seems to have associated everything with Bunyan, to enshrine any thing with his *Pilgrim*—a proper and propitious state of mind for him who desired to do justice to the Glorious Dreamer. He says, "the town, indeed, did not seem to me 'the City of Destruction;' and the bridge was too good, and the water too clear to allow the river to be regarded as the 'Slough of Despond;' but it was hardly possible not to see Christian in every poor man who carried a burden, and Christiana in every poor woman who carried a market-basket in one hand, and led a child with the other. One sweet-looking peasant girl, also, might have been Mercy's youngest sister. She would have been beautiful anywhere; but she was enchanting upon the spot where Bunyan's Mercy (that finished portrait of female loveliness) had *walked and wept*." It does not appear, however, that Mr. Philip discovered any one who could be taken for a representative or genuine copy of the Dreamer himself.

Every one who knows any thing of Bunyan is aware of the wickedness of his youth, and of his early manhood, as also of the fierceness of his religious convictions,—of his protracted and diversified mental agonies,—of his contests with Satan, and of his final triumph and transcendent victory over all temptations and trials in the world. No romance was ever so wonderful or half so arresting, unless his splendid allegory, as his actual history. Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in it than the checks that struck his conscience during his blaspheming career; and to a mind less nervously strung such appeals would have passed over him like the vagrant wind. For example, he says:—

"One day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, cursing and swearing, and playing the *mad-man*, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she was a very loose ungodly *wretch* (in this all the old accounts of her agree), 'yet protested, I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me: and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was enough to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.'"

A considerable time elapsed after this before he be-



took himself to a course of religious inquiry among a certain class of consistent professors, who were really eager to do him good; but whose wisdom was not equal to their zeal. We copy some remarks in relation to this passage in his history:—

"Bunyan's friends, indeed, were all as ignorant of his malady as himself. They neither saw nor suspected anything in his case, but temptation and the power of conscience; and, accordingly, suggested nothing to him but spiritual consolation. This, of course, he both needed and deserved from them: but he needed also medical treatment, and more interesting employment than tinkering. I do not know that he was as poor a hand at mending old kettles, as CAREY was at making new shoes; but he was as evidently out of his element. His craft gave neither pleasure nor pay to his *sea-like* restlessness of mind, and but little bracing to his nerves, except when he was walking his rounds: and the clink of the hammer, and the rasp of the file, irritated them more than his exercise could counteract. He wanted, although he knew it not, something to *do*, which would have expended the surplus energy of his mind, or absorbed his attention during the greater part of every day, or compelled him to think about others as well as himself. Had Gifford set him to teach the poor children of Elstow to read the Bible on the Sabbath evenings or mornings, as well as set him to the study of his own heart and experience, Bunyan would have *plunged* into the work, and thus lost sight of himself for the time, in the pleasure of doing good. But it is useless to regret now, except in order to warn others against thinking of themselves only, and against living only to think. We shall soon see that when Bunyan began to preach and write for the benefit of others, he soon got over his personal fears.

"One of his counsellors must have been a very weak man: for he gave in at once to the absurd fear, that Bunyan had 'sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost.' 'I told him all my case,' he says; 'and also, that I was afraid I had committed the unpardonable sin.' He said, he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but *cold* comfort. And yet, this man was an 'antient Christian,' by report! Young as Bunyan was, however, he had sense enough to see that a man, who could take this for granted, so readily and coolly, was any thing but a wise man. 'Talking a little more with him,' he says, 'I found him, though a good man, a *stranger* to much combat with the devil. Wherefore I went again to God for mercy still, as well as I could.' "

Mr. Philip's views on the subject of Satanic agency will be read by every one that seeks not refuge in levity or scepticism with deep interest. But it is not for us to enter upon the subject. We may mention, however, that he strenuously resists that sort of philosophy that would interpret the language of Scripture otherwise than literally regarding the personality of the Devil. In some passages, we confess, he startled us in *mapping* out the *whereabouts* of the Spirit. We think the familiarity of expression sometimes applied might also be advantageously altered in a second edition.

We proceed to copy another passage illustrative of the Halls in which Bunyan studied divinity, and of

some of the Doctors at whose feet he bent. The work of Luther, to be alluded to, was that celebrated one on the Galatians; its boldness and force appearing to suit the wandering Tinker's mind, as the production of a congenial nature. Very few were the books to which he had access, before he voluminously wrote himself. Had it been otherwise, how much of his originality and his splendour would have been lost:—

"It should be for ever remembered, also, *where* Bunyan studied Luther and the Bible at this time. It was alternately in the *barns* where he slept on straw, and under the lonely trees where he rested himself. He 'watched for the morning,' upon a bed which had no attractions, when he awoke from his first sleep. Even the Sluggard would hardly have turned himself to slumber again amongst the sacking and litter of a tinker's couch. For although Bunyan was now an honest man, and known as such in his rounds, the *barn* was his only dormitory, and the *corn-cloth* his only counterpane, and his only *wallet* stuffed with his clothes, or a *corn-sheaf* his only pillow. He rarely knew the luxury of a blanket, or even of a chaff bolster. It was from such couches he arose with the sun, to search the Scriptures, and to ponder Luther's paradoxes, whilst all nature was cool, and calm, and bright around him. In like manner, when he rested during the heat of the day under the trees or the hedges, all his *cares* at this time only sent him to his Bible, whilst all his tastes enjoyed the scenery and the solitude.

"Much of the vividness of his conceptions arose from these circumstances. And then, he had just suffered so much at home, whilst brooding in silence over dark and daring thoughts, that both Nature and Revelation were almost new to him, when he resumed his communion with them in his old rounds."

There was one source of propitious influence, which Mr. Philip has in a most touching manner noticed and dwelt upon without striving to clothe it with an exaggerated and false character or mode of operation, to which we must make a passing reference; we mean that of his young and first wife. She was not competent to instruct her husband: but what she knew and could do was most affectionately and prudently bestowed.

The kind of sympathy and appreciation which our author manifests for his hero, to which we have already alluded, may be tested to a certain extent by the paragraphs we now quote:—

"Although no one's experience is exactly like Bunyan's, yet all who have had any experience of terror or temptation, of hope or fear, of agony or anguish, find something in his vicissitudes analogous to their own. The revolutions of his hopes and fears were indeed often abrupt, and always extreme; but they circled for ever around the question of his Eternal Salvation. It was for his Soul he feared when he was shaken with terrors: it was for his Soul he hoped when he shouted for joy. When he hung his harp upon the willows, it was because the hope of salvation had fallen into the dark waters of despair beneath; and when he took down that harp, it was because this hope had emerged from them again. For although he marked and felt the vicissitudes

of his health and his family, he was absorbed chiefly by the varying aspects of Eternity.

"This is the real secret of our sympathy for him. It is a sympathy *with* him. Not, indeed, in all the depth of his woe, nor in all the height of his rapture: but, still, in the causes or springs of both. At the extremes of both hope and fear, he is beyond us. In the power of describing or expressing both, he is above us. His Harp when *muffled* is too sad for us; and when tuned to the Harps around the throne, too loud or too sweet for the usual melody of our own hearts. But still, we feel it to be alike *true* to the fear of perishing, and to the hope of salvation.

"It was not by *accident*, however, that he said so much, nor that he had so much to say. God was training him to teach many, and therefore made him 'a wonder to many.' And he was just the man, so far as *mind* is concerned, to be thus selected for a sign to 'be wondered at': for neither the great nor the wise can question his genius, and the poor will sympathize with his mean origin for ever. No class can doubt his perfect sincerity, and all classes must feel his matchless power. Like the sun, he reveals himself by his own light, and reaches the meridian by his own strength; so far as human help is concerned. He owes little to circumstances, and still less to education, for what he became as a thinker or writer. He was *born*, not *made* an allegorical Poet in prose."

Again:—

"It was just in a mind of this order, that a public manifestation of the power of Conscience could be made with effect. The terrors of a weak mind, or even of an ordinary mind, are easily ascribed to intellectual weakness: but when Conscience overpowers an acute understanding, and saddens a spirit at once buoyant and mighty, and makes a creative genius create only visions of horror and despair, we are compelled to pause and ask, what must conscience be, seeing it can thus master all the other powers of the mind; and 'without deranging them, turn each of them into a conscience, or make them all parts of itself? It is this fact that *flames* in the example of Bunyan. We see the man who had an eye for all that is lovely, and an ear for all that is sweet, and a heart for all that is sublime in Nature, so bowed down under a sense of guilt, unworthiness, and danger, that he can neither speak nor look up; neither eat nor sleep!

"We need a sight of this kind, on many accounts. We do not naturally suspect, and are not willing to believe, that Conscience can thus bleed or burn, except when it is laden with unusual or unutterable crimes. We can hardly admit, in our own case, that we *could* be brought thus low, or be stretched on this rack. And, happily, it is not necessary that we should be either racked or bowed down as he was. It is, however, both necessary and desirable, that we should be fully aware of what an inflamed conscience can inflict upon mind and body. We do not understand 'the wrath to come,' until we understand the power of Conscience in some measure, either from feeling or observation. God has, therefore, *exemplified*, in a man universally known and admired, the gnawings of the Worm which dieth not, and the heat of unquenchable fire, just that we may appreciate the mercy of more *gentle* awakenings, and not provoke Him to make or let conscience do its worst: for its *worst* could make any man a terror to himself, and to all around him!"

Bunyan escaped from the furnace,—was imprisoned on account of his non-conformity for many years in Bedford jail, where he wrote many works, solaced himself as a true poet and a noble Christian, and supported a poor family by the labour of his hands,—a blind daughter often reclining by his side, while he *tagged* stay-laces which his wife and his poor girl made and sold. We have not been more deeply riveted upon reading any of the numerous divisions of the "Life and Times" than the chapter which treats of his "Prison Amusements." Others, such as that in which are given the pleadings of his Second Wife, before Sir Mathew Hale and certain far less decorous or merciful judges, like another Arria or Lady Russel, must draw magnanimous tears from the reading world; but we think that Mr. Philip, with a taste as fine, a sympathy as pure and perfect, and a hand as dexterous as Southey, or any living *littérateur* has ever displayed, gives us a true sight of his hero in prison. He appears to us to step into his stead with an uncovered head but dignified composure, as if he had an assurance that he could stand in his presence as a younger brother. We must cull a passage or two from these "Amusements," and then shut the book;—for a volume, extending to six hundred pages, must be summarily dealt with by us, considering its proportion when religion is its staple. We now cite some fragments,—*amusing* ones. Behold the amusements:—

"Bunyan's chief *enjoyment* in prison, next to his high communion with God and Heaven, was the composition of his Pilgrim's Progress. That work was the *only* one of his joys, which he allowed neither stranger nor friend to intermeddle with. He kept it 'a fountain *sealed*,' from all his family and fellow prisoners, until it was completed. Dunn, or Wheeler, or Cox, or any other companion, might hear a page, or obtain a peep, of any of his other works, whilst they were planning or in progress;—but the Pilgrim was for no eye nor ear but his own, until he 'awoke out of his dream.' He never once, during all that dream, 'talked in his sleep.'

"This fact has never been noticed, so far as I recollect, by any of his Biographers or Critics, although he himself states it strongly. He says expressly of the Pilgrim's Progress,

'Manner and matter too were all my own,  
Nor was it unto any *Mortal* known,  
Till I had done it.'

Preface.

It was thus, most likely, written whilst his companions were fast asleep, or before they got up in the morning. And if so, this will partly account for that *passionate* love of sunrise, and his grief at sunset, which runs through his poetry, in the 'Divine Emblems;' as well as for his frequent sonnets about his *Candles*, when a fall or a fly injured them.

"Bunyan's amusements in prison were all literary. He had nothing but his pen wherewith to cheat or cheer his sad hours. The only thing in the form of a *comfort* in his cell, apart from his Bible, Concordance, and Book of Martyrs, was a Rose-bush; and of it he

was so fond, that it seems to have been sent to him as memorial of old friendship.

'This homely Bush doth to mine eyes expose,  
A very fair, yea comely, ruddy rose.  
This rose doth *always* bow its head to me,  
Saying, 'Come pluck me; I *thy* rose will be.'

But whilst he thus complimented it upon its beauty, and its seeming good will towards him, he also quarrelled with it playfully at times, because it pricked his fingers.

'Yet,—offer I to gather rose or bud,  
'Tis ten to one, but Bush will have my blood.  
Bush!—why dost bear a rose, if none must have it?  
Why thus expose it, yet *claw* those that crave it?  
Art become *freakish*? Dost the Wanton play?  
Or doth thy *testy* humour tend this way?  
This looks like a *trepan*, or a decoy,  
To offer, and yet *snag*, who would enjoy;  
Vol. ii. p. 971.

When Bunyan wrote this, the word *trepan* had a very emphatic meaning. Trepanners was the name of the *Olivers* and *Castles* of these times; and although none of them had tampered with him, he knew well what Crowther had done, and what Evan Price had suffered, in Lancashire.

"Besides his Rose-Bush and Sand-Glass, and a Spider he became acquainted with at the window, Bunyan had nothing to *divert* his lonely hours, except what he could see upon the road or the river, through the iron gratings, on market days.

"But the Study of Solomon's Temple was Bunyan's chief relaxation: for although his poetry amused him, it also wearied him; because he could not *rhyme* so fast as he reasoned. Spiritualizing in prose was his *hobby*, when he had done with his hard work.

"We have seen enough of Bunyan's 'vein' already, in his accidental and unconscious allegorizing, to whet our curiosity for his deliberate efforts. The man who wrote the Pilgrim and the Holy War, in what Montgomery well calls, 'Allegory so perfect as to hide itself like light, whilst revealing through its colourless and undistorting medium all beside,' was sure to place other truths in the same light. Indeed, it was by trying his hand often at brief spiritualizations, that he became master of lengthened and continuous allegory. He improved himself by *amusing* himself."

We are afraid some of our readers may deem that this rapidly written notice and unusual recommendation of a new thick octavo savours of favouritism. Let those who entertain such a fancy peruse the work, and judge for themselves. We confess that we have been unusually impressed with the production, and have felt more than literature or fashionable criticism to be at stake in reviewing it; and therefore we congratulate the public fully as much as we do the author upon its appearance.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE COMPLAINT.

I heard thee say that thou wert slow of speech;  
Thou didst complain thy words could never reach

The height of thy conceptions. Ah! dear friend,  
Envy me not, if thou art wise, this gift.  
Fierce reckless acts and thoughts unbridled range,  
And cherished passion, that at times hath rocked  
My soul to its foundations,—these did lift  
Me into eloquence: 'twas sad to spend  
So great a price to win so poor a dower.  
Thine is a deep clear mind: nor inward change,  
Nor outward visitation yet hath shocked  
Thy heart into a consciousness of power.  
So calm and beautiful thou art within,  
That thou wilt scarce believe that power is sin.—  
Faber.

#### HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no Shadows where there is no Sun;  
There is no Beauty where there is no shade;  
And all things in two lines of glory run,  
Darkness and light, ebon and gold, inlaid.  
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;  
And His dim track is like the silvery wake  
Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,  
Fading and re-appearing here and there.  
The lamps and veils through heaven and earth that move  
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,  
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.  
Death is the shade of coming life; and love  
Years for her dear ones in the holy tomb,  
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!—Faber.

#### PROTECTION.

Dreary the moor, low blasts set up their dirge,  
And moaned, to stay my steps: still on I sped—  
Th' uprisen winds swept by me—then o'erhead,  
Like Spirits of Good that Evil ones did urge,  
Rushed in wild conflict and repelling surge.  
On still I fared: "Your warfare, winds," I said,  
"Is God's protection to my humble shed,  
That lights with gleam of love yon mountain verge."  
As the stern Angel of Death passed Egypt o'er  
And smote not, where God's token did appear;  
So, Spirits of Ill unseen bow down before  
The lowly light of home, that shineth clear  
Through blackest night—and Angels at the door  
Stand guard, and say—"Pass on, nor enter here."

#### THE CATHEDRAL.

'Twas a glorious sight,  
On a beautiful night,  
With a large yellow moon sailing up in the sky,  
And a glimmer of day  
In the west far away,  
Just burning, and glowing, and flashing to die,  
That old Gothic Pile,  
With its nave and its aisle,  
Its transepts, its chapels, and many-niched choir—  
Its traceried lights,  
Its pinnaced heights,  
Its huge western towers, and its tall central spire;  
The Porches, the doors,  
The buttresses, scores—  
The chapter-house, cloisters, and Lady Chapelle;  
The canopies rich,  
The finely groined niche,  
And octagon turret that holds the great bell.



In that wall on the west,  
Scarce the sight dares to rest  
On yon fair gorgeous wheel, like a bright, thoughtful  
eye;  
For where'er the ray hits,  
As from diamond it flits,  
Reflecting the last dolphin hue of the sky.

And hark! to the sound,  
Rich, solemn, profound,  
Which sweeps on the night-breeze around and around;  
'Tis the organ's deep voice  
To bid us rejoice  
That we stand on the threshold of sanctified ground.

O near let us draw,  
With love and with awe—  
Let us enter with meek eye and penitent soul—  
The House of Our Lord,  
Whose name be adored,  
Wherever earth stretches or ocean's waves roll.

But listen again,  
'Tis the voices of men  
Coming thick from the city which lies in the vale;  
Now stronger and nearer,  
Now sharper and clearer,  
Now louder and fiercer they rise on the gale.

And see where a crowd  
Comes wrathful and loud,  
With crow-bars, and hammers, and axes of steel;  
With red torches flaring,  
And eyes wildly glaring,  
And blasphemous screams that the life-blood congeal.

Like tempest-stirred waves,  
They bound over graves,  
See the pile at their knock all her portals unfold;  
And now the fierce rout,  
Within and without,  
In their work of destruction are busy and bold.

The strong walls are battered,  
The images shattered,  
The richly-stained windows and tracery crushed,  
Shaft, buttress, and crocket,  
Are torn from the socket,  
And from their strong pedestals pinnacles pushed.

The font is dashed down,  
The screen-work o'erthrown,  
And shrines of old sanctity rudely disgraced!  
Not e'en the great altar  
May cause them to falter—  
The holy of holies is stained and defaced!

With vigour abated,  
But fury unsated,  
"Fire, fire, to the roof, and the woodloft" they cry;  
The fitful flash gleaming,  
The molten lead streaming  
To these terrible words is the rapid reply.

See, see, how the fire  
Entwines the tall spire,  
In passionate circles embracing its prey;  
With a quick crackling joy  
It delights to destroy,  
And in mockery mimics the beauty of day.

By yon pure orb of light  
Now so mournfully bright,  
Who are these on whose fury her loveliness shines?  
Are they spirits of woe?  
Are they maniacs? No.  
They are pious Reformers, and zealous Divines.

## ADIEU TO ROMANCE.\*

FAREWELL to wild Romance,  
With all its magic train,  
For broken—broken is the trance  
I may not have again!

O, 'twas a dazzling dream  
—So bright it could not last!  
Yet merg'd into that rapid stream  
Which bears away the past.

I wish not to recall,  
Even were it in my power,  
That cabalistic festival  
Which maddened every hour!

Answer, spectral Romance!  
What hast thou done for me?  
Thy recollections but enhance  
Thy bitter mockery!

'Twas a malignant star,  
Which glittering high o'er head,  
A pallid, an unearthly glare  
On life's dim picture shed!

So, guided by the light  
Delusively that shone,  
Through realms of dreariest—blackest night  
I wandered darkling on—

Of Happiness in search,  
With nought to show the way:  
Till TRUTH uprear'd her flaming torch  
And turn'd the night to day.

In accents soft and mild,  
She thus addressed mine ear:  
"O cease thine efforts wild  
To seek enjoyment here!

"'Tis searching after gold,  
And grasping useless ore—  
An apple, ruddy to behold,  
With ashes at the core!

"O, 'tis a brilliant bubble  
Men covet to possess;  
Which, when attain'd with toil and trouble,  
Is found—but emptiness!

Then why thus struggle on,  
To waste thy fleeting breath?  
Ah, credit me, deluded one!  
There's no Romance in death!

There's no Romance beyond  
The shadowy bounds of time—  
For in Eternity is found  
REALITY sublime!

## SHADOWS.

BY R. M. MILNES.

I.

O! MOURNFUL sequence of self-drunken days,  
When jovial youth had range of Nature's store!  
With fever-thirst for pleasure and for praise,  
I nauseate every draught, and ask for more.

\* These verses, written about his sixteenth year, have been sent us by our old friend, a late *Physician*, who informs us that they have not hitherto appeared in print. How could he doubt whether we would "oblige him by inserting them?"—C. N.

Look on me well, and early steep thy soul  
In one pure Love, and it will last thee long;  
Fresh airs shall breathe while sweltering thunders roll,  
And summer noons shall leave thee cool and strong.

Across the desert, 'mid thy thirsty kind,  
Thy healthy heart shall move apace and calm,  
Nor yearning trace the horizon far behind,  
Where rests the fountain and the lonely palm.

## II.

I had a home, wherein the weariest feet  
Found sure repose;  
And Hope led on laborious day to meet  
Delightful close!  
A cottage with broad eaves and a thick vine,  
A crystal stream  
Whose mountain-language was the same as mine,—  
It was a dream!

I had a home to make the gloomiest heart  
Alight with joy,—  
A temple of chaste love, a place apart  
From Time's annoy:  
A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude  
And harsh did seem  
With pity rounded and by grace subdued,—  
It was a dream!

## III.

They owned their passion without shame or fear,  
And every household duty counted less  
Than that one spiritual bond, and men severe  
Said, they should sorrow for their wilfulness.

And truth the world went ill with them;—he knew  
That he had broken up her maiden life,  
Where only pleasures and affections grew,  
And sowed it thick with labour, pain and strife.

What her unpractised weakness was to her  
The presence of her suffering was to him;  
Thus at Love's feast did Misery minister,  
And fill their cups together to the brim.

They asked their kind for hope, but there was none,  
Till Death came by and gave them that and more;  
Then men lamented,—but the earth rolls on,  
And lovers love and perish as before.

## IV.

They seemed to those who saw them meet  
The worldly friends of every day,  
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name  
In some unguarded moment heard,  
The heart, you thought so calm and tame,  
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase  
Were blistered with repeated tears,—  
And this was not the work of days,  
But had gone on for years and years!

Alas, that Love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride!  
Alas, that they delayed so long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Yet what no chance could then reveal,  
And neither would be first to own,  
Let fate and courage now conceal,  
When truth could bring remorse alone.

## V.

Beneath an Indian palm a girl  
Of other blood reposes,  
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl  
Amid that wild of roses.

Besides a northern pine a boy  
Is leaning fancy-bound,  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm—  
Relaxed the frosty twine—  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace  
Those dimly-visioned boughs,  
As these young lovers face to face  
Renew their early vows!

## VI.

She had left all on earth for him,  
Her home of wealth, her name of pride,  
And now his lamp of love was dim,  
And, sad to tell, she had not died.

She watched the crimson sun's decline,  
From some lone rock that fronts the sea,—  
"I would, O burning heart of mine!  
There were an ocean-rest for thee.

"The thoughtful moon awaits her turn,  
The stars compose their choral crown,  
But those soft lights can never burn,  
Till once the fiery sun is down."

## TWO SONNETS BY MR. CHAPMAN.

## I.

A little heap of dust! yet might that clay  
Have been informed with a glorious mind,  
Like Galileo's, quick to leave behind  
The grosser world, and pierce the starry way;  
Or else like Milton's, with divinest ray  
Instructed, to soar upward, and unbind  
The mystic roll, and give unto his kind  
The Delphic lines of some immortal lay.  
Ah, for one seed that takes root in our earth  
How many perish! under the broad sun  
Abounding life yet flows—nor is there dearth  
Of what maintains it; all is wisely done,  
Bud, blossom, fruit—blight and untimely birth:  
Nature's fresh urns with new life ever run.

## II.

Alas! to think that well-shaped piece of clay  
No Christian baptism had, nor sepulture!  
No after life—a death without a cure!  
That unborn hope was the Destroyer's prey,  
Before its eyes were opened on the day;  
No living soul informed it, to endure  
For ever; no immortal spirit pure  
Did from that fleshy mansion pass away.  
'Twas an unfurnished house where none had dwelt—  
A stringless lyre—a soulless skeleton—  
A shape for being that no being felt—  
A thing built up with care and then undone—  
Hush! hush! for with you Wisdom thus has dealt  
To prove you; bow unto the Wisest One.

*From the Nickleby Papers.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEREIN MR. RALPH NICKLEBY IS VISITED BY PERSONS WITH WHOM THE READER HAS BEEN ALREADY MADE ACQUAINTED.

"WHAT a demnition long time you have kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into blue convulsions, upon my life and soul, oh demmit," said Mr. Mantalini to Newman Noggs, scraping his boots, as he spoke, on Ralph Nickleby's scraper.

"I didn't hear the bell more than once," replied Newman.

"Then you are most immensely and outrageously deaf," said Mr. Mantalini, "as deaf as a demnition post."

Mr. Mantalini had got by this time into the passage, and was making his way to the door of Ralph's office with very little ceremony, when Newman interposed his body; and hinting that Mr. Nickleby was unwilling to be disturbed, inquired whether the client's business was of a pressing nature.

"It is most demnebly particular," said Mr. Mantalini. "It is to melt some scraps of dirty paper into bright, shining, chinking, tinkling, demd mint sauce."

Newman uttered a significant grunt, and taking Mr. Mantalini's proffered card, limped with it into his master's office. As he thrust his head in at the door, he saw that Ralph had resumed the thoughtful posture into which he had fallen after perusing his nephew's letter, and that he seemed to have been reading it again, as he once more held it open in his hand. The glance was but momentary, for Ralph, being disturbed, turned to demand the cause of the interruption.

As Newman stated it, the cause himself swaggered into the room, and grasping Ralph's horny hand with uncommon affection, vowed that he had never seen him looking so well in all his life.

"There is quite a bloom upon your demd countenance," said Mr. Mantalini, seating himself unbidden, and arranging his hair and whiskers. "You look quite juvenile and jolly, demmit!"

"We are alone," returned Ralph, tartly. "What do you want with me?"

"Good!" cried Mr. Mantalini, displaying his teeth. "What did I want! Yes. Ha ha! Very good. *What* did I want! Ha ha! Oh dem!"

"What *do* you want, man?" demanded Ralph, sternly.

"Demnition discount," returned Mr. Mantalini, with a grin, and shaking his head waggishly.

"Money is scarce," said Ralph.

"Demd scarce, or I shouldn't want it," interrupted Mr. Mantalini.

"The times are bad, and one scarcely knows whom to trust," continued Ralph. "I don't want to do business just now, in fact I would rather not; but as you are a friend—how many bills have you there?"

"Two," returned Mr. Mantalini.

"What is the gross amount?"

"Demd trifling—five-and-seventy."

"And the dates?"

"Two months, and four."

"I'll do them for you—mind, for *you*; I wouldn't for many people—for five-and-twenty pounds," said Ralph, deliberately.

"Oh demmit!" cried Mr. Mantalini, whose face lengthened considerably at this handsome proposal.

"Why, that leaves you fifty," retorted Ralph. "What would you have? Let me see the names."

"You are so demd hard, Nickleby," remonstrated Mr. Mantalini.

"Let me see the names," replied Ralph, impatiently extending his hand for the bills. "Well! They are not sure, but they are safe enough. Do you consent to the terms, and will you take the money? I don't want you to do so. I would rather you didn't."

"Demmit, Nickleby, can't you —" began Mr. Mantalini.

"No," replied Ralph, interrupting him. "I can't. Will you take the money—down, mind; no delay, no going into the city and pretending to negotiate with some other party who has no existence and never had. Is it a bargain or is it not?"

Ralph pushed some papers from him as he spoke, and carelessly rattled his cash-box, as though by mere accident. The sound was too much for Mr. Mantalini. He closed the bargain directly it reached his ears, and Ralph told the money out upon the table.

He had scarcely done so, and Mr. Mantalini had not yet gathered it all up, when a ring was heard at the bell, and immediately afterwards Newman ushered in no less a person than Madame Mantalini, at sight of whom Mr. Mantalini evinced considerable discomposure, and swept the cash into his pocket with remarkable alacrity.

"Oh, you *are* here," said Madame Mantalini, tossing her head.

"Yes, my life and soul, I am," replied her husband, dropping on his knees, and pouncing with kitten-like playfulness upon a stray sovereign. "I am here, my soul's delight, upon Tom Tidler's ground, picking up the demnition gold and silver."

"I am ashamed of you," said Madame Mantalini, with much indignation.

"Ashamed—of *me*, my joy! It knows it is talking demd charming sweetness, but naughty fibs," returned Mr. Mantalini. "It knows it is not ashamed of own popolorum tibby."

Whatever were the circumstances which had led to such a result, it certainly appeared as though the popolorum tibby had rather miscalculated, for the nonce, the extent of his lady's affection. Madame Mantalini only looked scornful in reply; and, turning to Ralph, begged him to excuse her intrusion.

"Which is entirely attributable," said Madame, "to the gross misconduct and most improper behaviour of Mr. Mantalini."

"Of me, my essential juice of pine-apple?"

"Of you," returned his wife. "But I will not allow it. I will not submit to be ruined by the extravagance and profligacy of any man. I call Mr. Nickleby to witness the course I intend to pursue with you."

"Pray don't call me to witness anything, ma'am," said Ralph. "Settle it between yourselves, settle it between yourselves."

"No, but I must beg you as a favour," said Madame Mantalini, "to hear me give him notice of what it is my fixed intention to do—my fixed intention, sir," repeated Madame Mantalini, darting an angry look at her husband.

"Will she call me, 'Sir'!" cried Mantalini. "Me who doat upon her with the demdest ardour! She, who coils her fascinations round me like a pure and angelic rattlesnake! It will be all up with my feelings; she will throw me into a demd state."

"Don't talk of feelings, Sir," rejoined Madame Manta-



lini, seating herself and turning her back upon him, "You don't consider mine."

"I do not consider yours, my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.

"No," replied his wife.

And notwithstanding various blandishments on the part of Mr. Mantalini, Madame Mantalini still said no, and said it too with such determined and resolute ill temper, that Mr. Mantalini was clearly taken aback.

"His extravagance, Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini, addressing herself to Ralph, who leant against his easy-chair with his hands behind him, and regarded the amiable couple with a smile of the supremest and most unmitigated contempt,—*"His extravagance is beyond all bounds."*

"I should scarcely have supposed it," answered Ralph, sarcastically.

"I assure you, Mr. Nickleby, however, that it is," returned Madame Mantalini. "It makes me miserable; I am under constant apprehensions, and in constant difficulty. And even this," said Madame Mantalini, wiping her eyes, "is not the worst. He took some papers of value out of my desk this morning, without asking my permission."

Mr. Mantalini groaned slightly, and buttoned his trousers pocket.

"I am obliged," continued Madame Mantalini, "since our late misfortunes, to pay Miss Knag a great deal of money for having her name in the business, and I really cannot afford to encourage him in all his wastefulness. As I have no doubt that he came straight here, Mr. Nickleby, to convert the papers I have spoken of into money, and as you have assisted us very often before, and are very much connected with us in these kind of matters, I wish you to know the determination at which his conduct has compelled me to arrive."

Mr. Mantalini groaned once more from behind his wife's bonnet, and fitting a sovereign into one of his eyes, winked with the other at Ralph. Having achieved this performance with great dexterity, he whipped the coin into his pocket, and groaned again with increased penitence.

"I have made up my mind," said Madame Mantalini, as tokens of impatience manifested themselves in Ralph's countenance, "to allowance him."

"To do what, my joy?" inquired Mr. Mantalini, who did not seem to have caught the words.

"To put him," said Madame Mantalini, looking at Ralph, and prudently abstaining from the slightest glance at her husband, lest his many graces should induce her to falter in her resolution, "to put him upon a fixed allowance; and I say that if he has a hundred and twenty pounds a-year for his clothes and pocket-money, he may consider himself a very fortunate man."

Mr. Mantalini waited with much decorum to hear the amount of the proposed stipend, but when it reached his ears, he cast his hat and cane upon the floor, and drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, gave vent to his feelings in a dismal moan.

"Demnition!" cried Mr. Mantalini, suddenly skipping out of his chair, and as suddenly skipping into it again, to the great discomposure of his lady's nerves. "But no. It is a demd horrid dream. It is not reality. No."

Comforting himself with this assurance, Mr. Mantalini closed his eyes and waited patiently till such time as he should wake up.

"A very judicious arrangement," observed Ralph with a sneer, "if your husband will keep within it, ma'am—as no doubt he will."

"Demmit!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini, opening his eyes at the sound of Ralph's voice, "it is a horrid reality. She

is sitting there before me. There is the graceful outline of her form; it cannot be mistaken—there is nothing like it. The two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a demd outline. Why is she so excruciatingly beautiful that I cannot be angry with her even now?"

"You have brought it upon yourself, Alfred," returned Madame Mantalini—still reproachfully, but in a softened tone.

"I am a demd villain!" cried Mr. Mantalini, smiting himself on the head. "I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in halfpence, and drown myself in the Thames; but I will not be angry with her even then, for I will put a note in the twopenny-post as I go along, to tell her where the body is. She will be a lovely widow. I shall be a body. Some handsome women will cry; she will laugh demnibly."

"Alfred, you cruel, cruel creature," said Madame Mantalini, sobbing at the dreadful picture.

"She calls me cruel—me—me—who for her sake will become a demd damp, moist, unpleasant body!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.

"You know it almost breaks my heart, even to hear you talk of such a thing," replied Madame Mantalini.

"Can I live to be mistrusted?" cried her husband.

"Have I cut my heart into a demd extraordinary number of little pieces, and given them all away one after another to the same little engrossing demnition capitvater, and can I live to be suspected by her? Demnity, no I can't."

"Ask Mr. Nickleby whether the sum I have mentioned is not a proper one," reasoned Madame Mantalini.

"I don't want any sum," replied her disconsolate husband; "I shall require no demd allowance—I will be a body."

On this repetition of Mr. Mantalini's fatal threat, Madame Mantalini wrung her hands and implored the interference of Ralph Nickleby; and after a great quantity of tears and talking, and several attempts on the part of Mr. Mantalini to reach the door, preparatory to straightway committing violence upon himself, that gentleman was prevailed upon, with difficulty, to promise that he wouldn't be a body. This great point attained, Madame Mantalini argued the question of the allowance, and Mr. Mantalini did the same, taking occasion to show that he could live with uncommon satisfaction upon bread and water, and go clad in rags, but that he could not support existence with the additional burden of being mistrusted by the object of his most devoted and disinterested affection. This brought fresh tears into Madame Mantalini's eyes, which having just begun to open to some few of the demerits of Mr. Mantalini, were only open a very little way, and could be easily closed again. The result was, that without quite giving up the allowance question, Madame Mantalini postponed its further consideration; and Ralph saw clearly enough that Mr. Mantalini had gained a fresh lease of his easy life, and that, for some time longer at all events, his degradation and downfall were postponed.

"But it will come soon enough," thought Ralph; "all love—bah! that I should use the cant of boys and girls—is fleeting enough; though that which has its sole root in the admiration of a whiskered face like that of yonder baboon, perhaps lasts the longest, as it originates in the greater blindness and is fed by vanity. Meantime the fools bring grist to my mill, so let them live out their day, and the longer it is, the better."

These agreeable reflections occurred to Ralph Nickleby, as sundry small caresses and endearments, supposed to be unseen, were exchanged between the objects of his thoughts.

"If you have nothing more to say, my dear, to Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini, "we will take our

leaves. I am sure we have detained him much too long already."

Mr. Mantalini answered, in the first instance, by tapping Madame Mantalini several times on the nose, and then, by remarking in words that he had nothing more to say.

"Demmit! I have, though," he added almost immediately, drawing Ralph into a corner. "Here's an affair about your friend Sir Mulberry. Such a demd extraordinary out-of-the-way kind of thing as never was—eh?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ralph.

"Don't you know, demmit?" asked Mr. Mantalini.

"I see by the paper that he was thrown from his cabriolet last night, and severely injured, and that his life is in some danger," answered Ralph with great composure; "but I see nothing extraordinary in that—accidents are not miraculous events, when men live hard and drive after dinner."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Mantalini in a long shrill whistle. "Then don't you know how it was?"

"Not unless it was as I have just supposed," replied Ralph, shrugging his shoulders carelessly, as if to give his questioner to understand that he had no curiosity upon the subject.

"Demmit, you amaze me," cried Mantalini.

Ralph shrugged his shoulders again, as if it were no great feat to amaze Mr. Mantalini, and cast a wistful glance at the face of Newman Noggs, which had several times appeared behind a couple of panes of glass in the room door; it being a part of Newman's duty, when unimportant people called, to make various feints of supposing that the bell had rung for him to show them out, by way of a gentle hint to such visitors that it was time to go.

"Don't you know," said Mr. Mantalini, taking Ralph by the button, "that it wasn't an accident at all, but a demd furious manslaughtering attack made upon him by your nephew?"

"What!" snarled Ralph, clenching his fists and turning a livid white.

"Demmit, Nickleby, you're as great a tiger as he is," said Mantalini, alarmed at these demonstrations.

"Go on," cried Ralph, savagely. "Tell me what you mean. What is this story? Who told you? Speak," growled Ralph. "Do you hear me?"

"Gad, Nickleby," said Mr. Mantalini, retreating towards his wife, "what a demneble fierce old evil genius you are. You're enough to frighten my life and soul out of her little delicious wits—flying all at once into such a blazing, ravaging, raging passion as never was, demmit."

"Pshaw," rejoined Ralph, forcing a smile. "It is but manner."

"It is a demd uncomfortable and private-madhouse-sort of manner," said Mr. Mantalini, picking up his cane.

Ralph affected to smile, and once more inquired from whom Mr. Mantalini had derived his information.

"From Pyke; and a demd fine, pleasant, gentlemanly dog it is," replied Mantalini. "Demnition pleasant, and a tip-top sawyer."

"And what said he?" asked Ralph, knitting his brows.

"That it happened this way—that your nephew met him at a coffee-house, fell upon him with the most demneble ferocity, followed him to his cab, swore he would ride home with him if he rode upon the horse's back or hooked himself on the horse's tail; smashed his countenance, which is a demd fine countenance in its natural state; frightened the horse, pitched out Sir Mulberry and himself, and—"

"And was killed?" interposed Ralph with gleaming eyes. "Was he? Is he dead?"

Mantalini shook his head.

"Ugh," said Ralph, turning away, "Then he has done

nothing—stay," he added, looking round again. "He broke a leg or an arm, or put his shoulder out, or fractured his collar-bone, or ground a rib or two? His neck was saved for the halter, but he got some painful and slow-healing injury for his trouble—did he? You must have heard that, at least."

"No," rejoined Mantalini, shaking his head again. "Unless he was dashed into such little pieces that they blew away, he wasn't hurt, for he went off as quiet and comfortable as—as—as demnition," said Mr. Mantalini, rather at a loss for a simile.

"And what," said Ralph, hesitating a little, "what was the cause of quarrel?"

"You are the demdest, knowing hand," replied Mr. Mantalini, in an admiring tone, "the cunningest, rummest, superlativest old fox—oh dem—to pretend now not to know that it was the little bright-eyed niece—the softest, sweetest, prettiest—"

"Alfred!" interposed Madame Mantalini.

"She is always right," rejoined Mr. Mantalini, soothingly, "and when she says it is time to go, it is time, and go she shall; and when she walks along the streets with her own tulip, the women shall say with envy, she has got a demd fine husband, and the men shall say with rapture, he has got a demd fine wife, and they shall both be right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul—oh demmit!"

With which remarks, and many more no less intellectual and to the purpose, Mr. Mantalini kissed the fingers of his gloves to Ralph Nickleby, and drawing his lady's arm through his, led her mincingly away.

"So, so," muttered Ralph, dropping into his chair; "this devil is loose again, and thwarting me, as he was born to do, at every turn. He told me once there should be a day of reckoning between us, sooner or later. I'll make him a true prophet for it shall surely come."

"Are you at home?" asked Newman, suddenly popping in his head.

"No," replied Ralph, with equal abruptness.

Newman withdrew his head but thrust it in again.

"You're quite sure you're not at home, are you?" said Newman.

"What does the idiot mean?" cried Ralph, testily.

"He has been waiting nearly ever since they first came in, and may have heard your voice—that's all," said Newman, rubbing his hands.

"Who has?" demanded Ralph, wrought up by the intelligence he had just heard, and his clerk's provoking coolness, to an intense pitch of irritation.

The necessity of a reply was superseded by the unlooked-for entrance of a third party—the individual in question—who, bringing his one eye (for he had but one) to bear on Ralph Nickleby, made a great many shambling bows, and sat himself down in an arm-chair, with his hands on his knees, and his short black trousers drawn up so high in the legs by the exertion of seating himself, that they scarcely reached below the tops of his Wellington boots.

"Why, this is a surprise," said Ralph bending his gaze upon the visitor, and half smiling as he scrutinized him attentively; "I should know your face, Mr. Squeers."

"Ah!" replied that worthy, "and you'd have know'd it better, Sir, if it hadn't been for all that I've been a-going through. Just lift that little boy off the tall stool in the back office, and tell him to come in here, will you, my man?" said Squeers addressing himself to Newman.—"Oh, he's lifted his-self off. My son, Sir, little Wackford. What do you think of him, Sir, for a specimen of the Dotheboys Hall feeding? ain't he fit to bust out of his clothes, and start the seams, and make the very buttons fly off with his fatness. Here's flesh!" cried Squeers, turning the boy about, and indenting the plumpiest parts of his figure with divers pokes and punches, to the great

discomposure of his son and heir. "Here's firmness, here's solidness! why you can hardly get enough of him between your finger and thumb to pinch him anywhere."

In however good condition Master Squeers might have been, he certainly did not present this remarkable compactness of person, for on his father's closing his finger and thumb in illustration of his remark, he uttered a sharp cry, and rubbed the place in the most natural manner possible.

"Well," remarked Squeers a little disconcerted, "I had him there; but that's because we breakfasted early this morning, and he hasn't had his lunch yet. Why you couldn't shut a bit of him in a door, when he's had his dinner. Look at them tears, Sir," said Squeers, with a triumphant air, as Master Wackford wiped his eyes with the cuff of his jacket, "there's oiliness!"

"He looks well, indeed," returned Ralph, who for some purposes of his own seemed desirous to conciliate the schoolmaster. "But how is Mrs. Squeers, and how are you?"

"Mrs. Squeers, sir," replied the proprietor of Dotheboys, "is as she always is—a mother to them lads, and a blessing, and a comfort, and a joy to all them as knows her. One of our boys—gorging hisself with vittles, and then turning ill; that's their way—got a abscess on him last week. To see how she operated upon him with a pen-knife! Oh Lor!" said Squeers, heaving a sigh, and nodding his head a great many times, "what a member of society that woman is!"

Mr. Squeers indulged in a retrospective look for some quarter of a minute, as if this allusion to his lady's excellencies had naturally led his mind to the peaceful village of Dotheboys near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, and then looked at Ralph, as if waiting for him to say something.

"Have you quite recovered that scoundrel's attack?" asked Ralph.

"I've only just done it, if I've done it now, replied Squeers. "I was one blessed bruise, Sir," said Squeers, touching first the roots of his hair, and then the toes of his boots, "from *here* to *there*. Vinegar and brown paper, vinegar and brown paper, from morning to night. I suppose there was a matter of half a ream of brown paper stuck upon me from first to last. As I laid all of a heap in our kitchen, plastered all over, you might have thought I was a large brown paper parcel, chock full of nothing but groans. Did I groan loud, Wackford, or did I groan soft?" asked Mr. Squeers, appealing to his son.

"Loud," replied Wackford.

"Was the boys sorry to see me in such a dreadful condition, Wackford, or was they glad?" asked Mr. Squeers, in a sentimental manner.

"Gl—"

"Eh?" cried Squeers, turning sharp round.

"Sorry," rejoined his son.

"Oh!" said Squeers, catching him a smart box on the ear. "Then take your hands out of pockets, and don't stammer when you're asked a question. Hold your noise, sir, in a gentleman's office, or I'll run away from my family and never come back any more; and then what would become of all them precious and forlorn lads as would be let loose on the world, without their best friend at their elbows!"

"Were you obliged to have medical attendance?" inquired Ralph.

"Ay, was I," rejoined Squeers, "and a precious bill the medical attendant brought in too: but I paid it though."

Ralph elevated his eyebrows in a manner which might be expressive of either sympathy or astonishment—just as the beholder was pleased to take it.

"Yes, I paid it, every farthing," replied Squeers, who seemed to know the man he had to deal with, too well to suppose that any blinking of the question would induce

him to subscribe towards the expenses; "I was'n't out of pocket by it after all either."

"No!" said Ralph.

"Not a halfpenny," replied Squeers. "The fact is, that we have only one extra with our boys, and that is for doctors when required—and not then unless we're sure of our customers. Do you see?"

"I understand," said Ralph.

"Very good," rejoined Squeers. "Then after my bill was run up, we picked out five little boys (sons of small tradesmen, as was sure pay) that had never had the scarlet fever, and we sent one to a cottage where they'd got it, and he took it, and then we put the four others to sleep with him, and *they* took it, and then the doctor came and attended 'em once all round, and we divided my total among 'em, and added it on to their little bills, and the parent's paid it.—Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a good plan too," said Ralph, eyeing the schoolmaster stealthily.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers. "We always do it. Why, When Mrs. Squeers was brought to bed with little Wackford here, we ran the whooping-cough through half-a-dozen boys, and charged her expenses among 'em, monthly nurse included. Ha! ha! ha!"

Ralph never laughed, but on this occasion he produced the nearest approach to it that he could, and waiting until Mr. Squeers had enjoyed the professional joke to his heart's content, inquired what had brought him to town.

"Some bothering law business," replied Squeers, scratching his head, "connected with an action, for what they call neglect of a boy. I don't know what they would have. He had as good grazing, that boy had, as there is about us."

Ralph looked as if he did not quite understand the observation.

"Grazing," said Squeers raising his voice, under the impression that as Ralph failed to comprehend him, he must be deaf. "When a boy gets weak and ill, and don't relish his meals, we give him a change of diet—turn him out for an hour or so every day into a neighbor's turnip field, or sometimes, if it's a delicate case, a turnip field and a piece of carrots alternately, and let him eat as many as he likes. There ain't a better land in the country than this perverse lad grazed on, and yet he goes and catches cold and indigestion and what not, and then his friends brings a law-suit against *me*. Now, you'd hardly suppose," added Squeers, moving in his chair with the impatience of an ill-used man, "that people's ingratitude would carry them quite as far as that, would you?"

"A hard case, indeed, observed Ralph.

"You don't say more than the truth when you say that," replied Squeers. "I don't suppose there's a man going as possesses the fondness for youth that I do. There's youth to the amount of eight hundred pound a-year at Dotheboy's Hall at this present time. I'd take sixteen hundred pound worth if I could get 'em, and be as fond of every individual twenty pound among 'em as nothing should equal it!"

"Are you stopping at your old quarters?" asked Ralph. "Yes, we are at the Saracen," replied Squeers, "and as it don't want very long to the end of the half year, we shall continny to stop there till I've collected the money, and some new boys, too, I hope. I've brought little Wackford up, on purpose to show to parents and guardians. I shall put him in the advertisement this time.—Look at that boy—himself a pupil—why he's a miracle of high feeding, that boy is."

"I should like to have a word with you," said Ralph, who had both spoken and listened mechanically for some time, and seemed to have been thinking.



"As many words as you like, sir," rejoined Squeers. "Wackford, you go and play in the back office, and don't move about too much or you'll get thin, and that won't do. You haven't got such a thing as twopence, Mr. Nickleby, have you?" said Squeers rattling a bunch of keys in his coat pocket, and muttering something about its being all silver.

"I—think I have," said Ralph, very slowly, and producing, after much rummaging in an old drawer, a penny, a halfpenny, and two farthings.

"Thankee," said Squeers, bestowing it upon his son. "Here, you go and buy a tart—Mr. Nickleby's man will show you where—and mind you buy a rich one. Pastry," added Squeers, closing the door on Master Wackford, "makes his flesh shine a good deal, and parents thinks that's a healthy sign."

With which explanation, and a peculiarly knowing look to eke it out, Mr. Squeers moved his chair so as to bring himself opposite to Ralph Nickleby at no great distance off; and having planted it to his entire satisfaction, sat down.

"Attend to me," said Ralph, bending forward a little. Squeers nodded.

"I am not to suppose," said Ralph, "that you are dolt enough to forgive or forget very readily the violence that was committed upon you, or the exposure which accompanied it?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers, tartly.

"Or to lose an opportunity of repaying it with interest, if you could get one?" said Ralph.

"Show me one and try," rejoined Squeers.

"Some such an object it was that induced you to call on me!" said Ralph, raising his eyes to the schoolmaster's face.

"N—n—no, I don't know that," replied Squeers. "I thought that if it was in your power to make me, besides the trifle of money you sent, any compensation——"

"Ah!" cried Ralph, interrupting him. "You needn't go on."

After a long pause, during which Ralph appeared absorbed in contemplation, he again broke silence, by asking—

"Who is this boy that he took with him?"

Squeers stated his name.

"Was he young or old, healthy or sickly, tractable or rebellious? Speak out, man," retorted Ralph quickly.

"Why, he wasn't young," answered Squeers: "that is, not young for a boy you know."

"That is, that he was not a boy at all, I suppose?" interrupted Ralph.

"Well," returned Squeers briskly, as if he felt relieved by the suggestion, "he might have been nigh twenty. He wouldn't seem so old though to them as didn't know him, for he was a little wanting here," touching his forehead, "nobody at home you know, if you knocked ever so often."

"And you *did* knock pretty often, I dare say?" muttered Ralph.

"Pretty well," returned Squeers with a grin.

"When you wrote to acknowledge the receipt of this trifle of money as you call it," said Ralph, "you told me his friends had deserted him long ago, and that you had not the faintest clue or trace to tell you who he was. Is that the truth?"

"It is; worse luck!" replied Squeers, becoming more and more easy and familiar in his manner, as Ralph pursued his inquiries with the less reserve. "It's fourteen year ago, by the entry in my book, since a strange man brought him to my place one autumn night, and left him there, paying five pound five, for his first quarter in advance. He might have been five or six year old at that time—not more."

"What more do you know about him?" demanded Ralph.

"Devilish little, I'm sorry to say," replied Squeers. "The money was paid for some six or eight year, and then it stopped. He had given an address in London, had this chap; but when it came to the point, of course nobody knewed anything about him. So I kept the lad out of—out of—"

"Charity?" suggested Ralph drily.

"Charity, to be sure," returned Squeers, rubbing his knees, "and when he begins to be useful in a certain sort of a way, this young scoundrel of a Nickleby comes and carries him off. But the most vexatious and aggeravating part of the whole affair is," said Squeers, dropping his voice, and drawing his chair still closer to Ralph, "that some questions have been asked about him at last—not of me, but in a round-about kind of way of people in our village. So that just when I might have had all arrears paid up, perhaps, and perhaps—who knows? such things have happened in our business before—a present besides for putting him out to a farmer or sending him to sea, so that he might never turn up to disgrace his parents, supposing him to be a natural boy, as many of our boys are—damme, if that villain of a Nickleby don't collar him in open day, and commit as good as highway robbery upon my pocket."

"We will both cry quits with him before long," said Ralph, laying his hand on the arm of the Yorkshire schoolmaster.

"Quits!" echoed Squeers. "Ah! I should like to leave a small balance in his favour, to be settled when he can. I only wish Mrs. Squeers could catch hold of him. Bless her heart! She'd murder him, Mr. Nickleby—she would, as soon as eat her dinner."

"We will talk of this again," said Ralph. "I must have time to think of it. To wound him through his own affections or fancies——. If I can strike him through this boy——"

"Strike him how you like, Sir," interrupted Squeers, "only hit him hard enough, that's all—and with that, I'll say good morning. Here!—just chuck that little boy's hat off that corner peg, and lift him off the stool, will you?"

Bawling these requests to Newman Noggs, Mr. Squeers betook himself to the little back office, and fitted on his child's hat with parental anxiety, while Newman, with his pen behind his ear, sat stiff and immovable on his stool, regarding the father and son by turns with a broad stare.

"He's a fine boy, an't he?" said Squeers, throwing his head a little on one side, and falling back to the desk, the better to estimate the proportions of little Wackford.

"Very," said Newman.

"Pretty well swelled out, an't he?" pursued Squeers. "He has the fatness of twenty boys, he has."

"Ah!" replied Newman, suddenly thrusting his face into that of Squeers, "he has;—the fatness of twenty!—more. He's got it all. God help the others. Ha! ha! Oh Lord!"

Having uttered these fragmentary observations, Newman dropped upon his desk and began to write with most marvellous rapidity.

"Why, what does the man mean?" cried Squeers, colouring. "Is he drunk?"

Newman made no reply.

"Is he mad?" said Squeers.

But still Newman betrayed no consciousness of any presence save his own; so Mr. Squeers comforted himself by saying that he was both drunk and mad; and, with this parting observation, he led his hopeful son away.

In exact proportion as Ralph Nickleby became conscious of a struggling and lingering regard for Kate, had his detestation of Nicholas augmented. It might be, that

to atone for the weakness of inclining to any one person, he held it necessary to hate some other more intensely than before; but such had been the course of his feelings. And now, to be defied and spurned, to be held up to her in the worst and most repulsive colours, to know that she was taught to hate and despise him; to feel that there was infection in his touch and taint in his companionship—to know all this, and to know that the mover of it all, was that same boyish poor relation who had twitted him in their very first interview, and openly bearded and braved him since, wrought his quiet and stealthy malignity to such a pitch, that there was scarcely any thing he would not have hazarded to gratify it, if he could have seen his way to some immediate retaliation.

But fortunately for Nicholas, Ralph Nickleby did not; and although he cast about all that day, and kept a corner of his brain working on the one anxious subject through all the round of schemes and business that came with it, night found him at last still harping on the same theme, and still pursuing the same unprofitable reflections.

"When my brother was such as he," said Ralph, "the first comparisons were drawn between us—always in my disfavour. He was open, liberal, gallant, gay; I a crafty hunk of cold and stagnant blood, with no passion but love of saving, and no spirit beyond a thirst for gain. I recollected it well when I first saw this whipster; but I remember it better now."

He had been occupied in tearing Nicholas's letter into atoms, and as he spoke he scattered it in a tiny shower about him.

"Recollections like these," pursued Ralph, with a bitter smile, "flock upon me—when I resign myself to them—in crowds, and from countless quarters. As a portion of the world affect to despise the power of money, I must try and show them what it is."

And being by this time in a pleasant frame of mind for slumber, Ralph Nickleby went to bed.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

SMIKE BECOMES KNOWN TO MRS. NICKLEBY AND KATE. NICHOLAS ALSO MEETS WITH NEW ACQUAINTANCES, AND BRIGHTER DAYS SEEM TO DAWN UPON THE FAMILY.

HAVING established his mother and sister in the apartments of the kind-hearted miniature painter, and ascertained that Sir Mulberry Hawk was in no danger of losing his life, Nicholas turned his thoughts to poor Smike, who, after breakfasting with Newman Noggs, had remained in a disconsolate state at that worthy creature's lodgings, waiting with much anxiety for further intelligence of his protector.

"As he will be one of our own little household, wherever we live, or whatever fortune is in reserve for us," thought Nicholas, "I must present the poor fellow in due form. They will be kind to him for his own sake, and if not (on that account solely) to the full extent I could wish, they will stretch a point, I am sure, for mine."

Nicholas said "they," but his misgivings were confined to one person. He was sure of Kate, but he knew his mother's peculiarities, and was not quite so certain that Smike would find favour in the eyes of Mrs. Nickleby.

"However," thought Nicholas, as he departed on his benevolent errand; "she cannot fail to become attached to him when she knows what a devoted creature he is, and as she must quickly make the discovery, his probation will be a short one."

"I was afraid," said Smike, overjoyed to see his friend

again, "that you had fallen into some fresh trouble; the time seemed so long at last, that I almost feared you were lost."

"Lost!" replied Nicholas gaily. "You will not be rid of me so easily, I promise you. I shall rise to the surface many thousand times yet, and the harder the thrust that pushes me down, the more quickly I shall rebound, Smike. But come; my errand here is to take you home."

"Home!" faltered Smike, drawing timidly back.

"Ay," rejoined Nicholas, taking his arm. "Why not?" "I had such hopes once," said Smike; "day and night, day and night, for many years. I longed for home till I was weary, and pined away with grief, but now——"

"And what now?" asked Nicholas, looking kindly in his face. "What now, old friend?"

"I could not part with you to go to any home on earth," replied Smike, pressing his hand; "except one, except one. I shall never be an old man; and if your hand placed me in the grave, and I could think before I died that you would come and look upon it sometimes with one of your kind smiles, and in the summer weather, when everything was alive—not dead like me—I could go to that home almost without a tear."

"Why do you talk thus, poor boy, if your life is a happy one with me?" said Nicholas.

"Because I should change; not those about me. And if they forgot me, I should never know it," replied Smike. "In the churchyard we are all alike, but here there are none like me. I am a poor creature, but I know that well."

"You are a foolish, silly creature," said Nicholas cheerfully. "If that is what you mean, I grant you that. Why, here's a dismal face for ladies' company—my pretty sister too, whom you have so often asked me about. Is this your Yorkshire gallantry! For shame! for shame!"

Smike brightened up, and smiled.

"When I talk of homes," pursued Nicholas, "I talk of mine—which is yours of course. If it were defined by any particular four walls and a roof, God knows I should be sufficiently puzzled to say whereabouts it lay; but that is not what I mean. When I speak of home, I speak of the place where—in default of a better—those I love are gathered together; and if that place were a gipsy's tent or a barn, I should call it by the same good name notwithstanding. And now for what is my present home, which, however alarming your expectations may be, will neither terrify you by its extent nor its magnificence."

So saying, Nicholas took his companion by the arm, and saying a great deal more to the same purpose, and pointing out various things to amuse and interest him as they went along, led the way to Miss La Creevy's house.

"And this, Kate," said Nicholas, entering the room where his sister sat alone, "is the faithful friend and affectionate fellow-traveller whom I prepared you to receive."

Poor Smike was bashful and awkward and frightened enough at first, but Kate advanced towards him so kindly, and said in such a sweet voice, how anxious she had been to see him after all her brother had told her, and how much she had to thank him for having comforted Nicholas so greatly in their very trying reverses, that he began to be very doubtful whether he should shed tears or not, and became still more flurried. However, he managed to say, in a broken voice, that Nicholas was his only friend, and that he would lay down his life to help him; and Kate, although she was so kind and considerate, seemed to be so wholly unconscious of his distress and embarrassment, that he recovered almost immediately and felt quite at home.

Then Miss La Creevy came in, and to her Smike had to be presented also. And Miss La Creevy was very kind too, and wonderfully talkative:—not to Smike, for

that would have made him uneasy at first, but to Nicholas and his sister. Then, after a time, she would speak to Smike himself now and then, asking him whether he was a judge of likenesses, and whether he thought that picture in the corner was like herself, and whether he didn't think it would have looked better if she had made herself ten years younger, and whether he didn't think, as a matter of general observation, that young ladies looked better, not only in pictures but out of them too, than old ones; with many more small jokes and facetious remarks, which were delivered with such good humour and merriment that Smike thought within himself she was the nicest lady he had ever seen; even nicer than Mrs. Grud-den, of Mr. Vincent Crummles's theatre, and she was a nice lady too, and talked, perhaps more, but certainly louder than Miss La Creevy.

At length the door opened again, and a lady in mourning came in; and Nicholas kissing the lady in mourning affectionately, and calling her his mother, led her towards the chair from which Smike had risen when she entered the room.

"You are always kind-hearted, and anxious to help the oppressed, my dear mother," said Nicholas, "so you will be favourably disposed towards him, I know."

"I am sure, my dear Nicholas," replied Mrs. Nickleby, looking very hard at her new friend, and bending to him with something more of majesty than the occasion seemed to require,—"I am sure any friend of yours has, as indeed he naturally ought to have, and must have, of course, you know—a great claim upon me, and of course, it is a very great pleasure to me to be introduced to any body you take an interest in—there can be no doubt about that; none at all; not the least in the world," said Mrs. Nickleby. "At the same time I must say, Nicholas, my dear, as I used to say to your poor dear papa, when he would bring gentlemen home to dinner, and there was nothing in the house, that if he had come the day before yesterday—no, I don't mean the day before yesterday now; I should have said, perhaps, the year before last—we should have been better able to entertain him."

With which remarks Mrs. Nickleby turned to her daughter, and inquired, in an audible whisper, whether the gentleman was going to stop all night.

"Because if he is, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't see that it's possible for him to sleep anywhere, and that's the truth."

Kate stepped gracefully forward, and without any show of annoyance or irritation, breathed a few words into her mother's ear.

"La, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, shrinking back, "how you do tickle one. Of course, I understand that, my love, without your telling me; and I said the same to Nicholas, and I am very much pleased. You didn't tell me, Nicholas, my dear," added Mrs. Nickleby, turning round with an air of less reserve than she had before assumed, "what your friend's name is."

"His name, mother," replied Nicholas, "is Smike."

The effect of this communication was by no means anticipated; but the name was no sooner pronounced, than Mrs. Nickleby dropped upon a chair, and burst into a fit of crying.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Nicholas, running to support her.

"It's so like Pyke," cried Mrs. Nickleby; "so exactly like Pyke, that's all. Oh! don't speak to me—I shall be better presently."

And after exhibiting every symptom of slow suffocation, in all its stages, and drinking about a tea-spoonful of water from a full tumbler, and spilling the remainder, Mrs. Nickleby was better, and remarked, with a feeble smile that she was very foolish, she knew.

"It's a weakness in our family," said Mrs. Nickleby, "so, of course, I can't be blamed for it. Your grand-mama, Kate, was exactly the same—precisely. The least excitement, the slightest surprise, she fainted away directly. I have heard her say, often and often, that when she was a young lady, and before she was married, she was turning a corner into Oxford street one day, when she ran against her own hair-dresser, who it seems, was escaping from a bear;—the mere suddenness of the encounter made her faint away directly. Wait, though," added Mrs. Nickleby, pausing to consider, "Let me be sure I'm right. Was it her hair-dresser who had escaped from a bear, or was it a bear who had escaped from her hair-dresser's? I declare I can't remember just now, but the hair-dresser was a very handsome man, I know, and quite a gentleman in his manners; so that it has nothing to do with the point of the story."

Mrs. Nickleby having fallen imperceptibly into one of her retrospective moods, improved in temper from that moment, and glided, by an easy change of the conversation occasionally, into various other anecdotes, no less remarkable for their strict application to the subject in hand.

"Mr. Smike is from Yorkshire, Nicholas, my dear?" said Mrs. Nickleby, after dinner, and when she had been silent for some time.

"Certainly, mother," replied Nicholas. "I see you have not forgotten his melancholy history."

"O dear, no," cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Ah! melancholy, indeed. You don't happen, Mr. Smike, ever to have dined with the Grimble of Grimble Hall, somewhere in the North Riding, do you?" said the good lady, addressing herself to him. "A very proud man, Sir Thomas Grimble, with six grown-up and most lovely daughters, and the finest park in the county."

"My dear mother," reasoned Nicholas, "Do you suppose that the unfortunate outcast of a Yorkshire school was likely to receive many cards of invitation from the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood?"

"Really, my dear, I don't know why it should be so very extraordinary," said Mrs. Nickleby. "I know that when I was at school, I always went at least twice every half-year to the Hawkinss at Taunton Vale, and they are much richer than the Grimbles, and connected with them in marriage; so you see it's not so very unlikely, after all."

Having put down Nicholas in this triumphant manner, Mrs. Nickleby was suddenly seized with a forgetfulness of Smike's real name, and an irresistible tendency to call him Mr. Slammons; which circumstance she attributed to the remarkable similarity of the two names in point of sound, both beginning with an S, and moreover being spelt with an M. But, whatever doubt there might be on this point, there was none as to his being a most excellent listener; which circumstance had considerable influence in placing them on the very best terms, and in inducing Mrs. Nickleby to express the highest opinion of his general deportment and disposition.

Thus the little circle remained, on the most amicable and agreeable footing, until the Monday morning, when Nicholas withdrew himself from it for a short time, seriously to reflect upon the state of his affairs, and to determine, if he could, upon some course of life which would enable him to support those who were so entirely dependent upon his exertions.

Mr. Crummles occurred to him more than once; but although Kate was acquainted with the whole history of his connection with that gentleman, his mother was not; and he foresaw a thousand fretful objections, on her part, to his seeking a livelihood upon the stage. There were graver reasons, too, against his returning to that mode of life. Independently of those arising out of its spare



and precarious earnings, and his own internal conviction that he could never hope to aspire to any great distinction, even as a provincial actor, how could he carry his sister from town to town, and place to place, and debar her from any other associates than those with whom he would be compelled, almost without distinction, to mingle? "It won't do," said Nicholas, shaking his head; "I must try something else."

It was much easier to make this resolution than to carry it into effect. With no greater experience of the world than he had acquired for himself in his short trials; with a sufficient share of headlong rashness and precipitation, (qualities not altogether unnatural at his time of life,) with a very slender stock of money, and a still more scanty stock of friends, what could he do? "Egad!" said Nicholas, "I'll try that Register Office again."

He smiled at himself as he walked away with a quick step; for, an instant before, he had been internally blaming his own precipitation. He did not laugh himself out of the intention, however, for on he went; picturing to himself, as he approached the place, all kinds of splendid possibilities, and impossibilities too, for that matter, and thinking himself, perhaps with good reason, very fortunate to be endowed with so buoyant and sanguine a temperament.

The office looked just the same as when he had left it last, and, indeed, with one or two exceptions, there seemed to be the very same placards in the window that he had seen before. There were the same unimpeachable masters and mistresses in want of virtuous servants, and the same virtuous servants in want of unimpeachable masters and mistresses, and the same magnificent estates for the investment of capital, and the same enormous quantities of capital to be invested in estates, and, in short, the same opportunities of all sorts for people who wanted to make their fortunes. And a most extraordinary proof it was of the national prosperity, that people had not been found to avail themselves of such advantages long ago.

As Nicholas stopped to look in at the window, an old gentleman happened to stop too, and Nicholas carrying his eye along the window-panes from left to right, in search of some capital-text placard which should be applicable to his own case, caught sight of this old gentleman's figure, and instinctively withdrew his eyes from the window, to observe the same more closely.

He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large, to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat buttoned; and his dimpled double-chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff starched apoplectic cravats, but a good easy old-fashioned white neckcloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse of it. But what principally attracted the attention of Nicholas, was the old gentleman's eye,—never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye, as that. And there he stood, looking a little upward, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch-chain: his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head, (but that was evidently accident; not his ordinary way of wearing it,) with such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth, and such a comical expression of mingled slyness, simplicity, kind-heartedness, and good-humour, lighting up his jolly old face, that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten meanwhile that there was such a thing as a soured mind

or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world.

But, even a very remote approach to this gratification was not to be made, for although he seemed quite unconscious of having been the subject of observation, he looked casually at Nicholas; and the latter, fearful of giving offence, resumed his scrutiny at the window instantly.

Still, the old gentleman stood there, glancing from placard to placard, and Nicholas could not forbear raising his eyes to his face again. Grafted upon the quaintness and oddity of his appearance, was something so indescribably engaging, and bespeaking so much worth, and there were so many little lights hovering about the corners of his mouth and eyes, that it was not a mere amusement, but a positive pleasure and delight to look at him.

This being the case, it is no wonder that the old man caught Nicholas in the fact more than once. At such times Nicholas coloured and looked embarrassed, for the truth is, that he had begun to wonder whether the stranger could by any possibility be looking for a clerk or secretary; and thinking this, he felt as if the old gentleman must know it.

Long as all this takes to tell, it was not more than a couple of minutes in passing. As the stranger was moving away, Nicholas caught his eye again, and, in the awkwardness of the moment, stammered out an apology.

"No offence—Oh no offence!" said the old man.

This was said in such a hearty tone, and the voice was so exactly what it should have been from such a speaker, and there was such a cordiality in the manner, that Nicholas was emboldened to speak again.

"A great many opportunities here, sir," he said, half-smiling as he motioned towards the window.

"A great many people willing and anxious to be employed have seriously thought so very often, I dare say," replied the old man. "Poor fellows, poor fellows!"

He moved away as he said this; but seeing that Nicholas was about to speak, good-naturedly slackened his pace, as if he were unwilling to cut him short. After a little of that hesitation which may be sometimes observed between two people in the street who have exchanged a nod, and are both uncertain whether they shall turn back and speak, or not, Nicholas found himself at the old man's side.

"You were about to speak, young gentleman; what were you going to say?"

"Merely that I almost hoped—I mean to say, thought—you had some object in consulting those advertisements," said Nicholas.

"Ay, ay! what object now—what object?" returned the old man, looking slyly at Nicholas. "Did you think I wanted a situation now—Eh? Did you think I did?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and wrists as if he were washing them. "A very natural thought at all events, after seeing me gazing at those bills. I thought the same of you at first, upon my word I did."

"If you had thought so at last, too, sir, you would not have been far from the truth," rejoined Nicholas.

"Eh?" cried the old man, surveying him from head to foot. "What! Dear me! No, no. Well-behaved young gentleman reduced to such a necessity! No no, no no."

Nicholas bowed, and bidding him good morning, turned upon his heel.

"Stay," said the old man, beckoning him into a bye-

street, where they could converse with less interruption. "What d'ye mean, eh? What d'ye mean?"

"Merely that your kind face and manner—both so unlike any I have ever seen—tempted me into an avowal, which, to any other stranger in this wilderness of London, I should not have dreamt of making," returned Nicholas.

"Wilderness! Yes it is, it is. Good. It is a wilderness," said the old man with much animation. "It was a wilderness to me once. I came here barefoot—I have never forgotten it. 'Thank God!' and he raised his hat from his head, and looked very grave.

"What's the matter—what is it—how did it all come about?" said the old man, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas, and walking him up the street. "You're—Eh?" laying his finger on the sleeve of his black coat. "Who's it for—eh?"

"My father," replied Nicholas.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Bad thing for a young man to lose his father. Widowed mother, perhaps?"

Nicholas sighed.

"Brothers and sisters too—eh?"

"One sister," rejoined Nicholas.

"Poor thing, poor thing. You're a scholar too, I dare say!" said the old man, looking wistfully into the face of the young one.

"I have been tolerably well educated," said Nicholas.

"Fine thing," said the old gentleman, "education a great thing—a very great thing—I never had any. I admire it the more in others. A very fine thing—yes, yes. Tell me more of your history. Let me hear it all. No impertinent curiosity—no, no, no."

There was something so earnest and guileless in the way in which all this was said, and such a complete disregard of all conventional restraints and coldnesses, that Nicholas could not resist it. Among men who have any sound and sterling qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart. Nicholas took the infection instantly, and ran over the main points of his little history without reserve, merely suppressing names, and touching as lightly as possible upon his uncle's treatment of Kate. The old man listened with great attention, and when he had concluded, drew his arm eagerly through his own.

"Don't say another word—not another word," said he. "Come along with me. We mustn't lose a minute."

So saying, the old gentleman dragged him back into Oxford Street, and hailing an omnibus on its way to the city, pushed Nicholas in before him, and followed himself.

As he appeared in a most extraordinary condition of restless excitement, and whenever Nicholas offered to speak, immediately interposed with—"Don't say another word, my dear sir, on any account—not another word," the young man thought it better to attempt no further interruption. Into the city they journeyed accordingly, without interchanging any conversation; and the further they went, the more Nicholas wondered what the end of the adventure could possibly be.

The old gentleman got out with great alacrity when they reached the Bank, and once more taking Nicholas by the arm, hurried him along Threadneedle street, and through some lanes and passages on the right, until they at length emerged in a quiet shady little square. Into the oldest and cleanest-looking house of business in the square, he led the way. The only inscription on the door-post was "Cheeryble, Brothers;" but from a hasty glance at the directions of some packages which were lying about,

Nicholas supposed that the Brothers Cheeryble were German merchants.

Passing through a warehouse which presented every indication of a thriving business, Mr. Cheeryble (for such Nicholas supposed him to be, from the respect which had been shown him by the warehousemen and porters whom they passed) led him into a little partitioned-off counting-house like a large glass case, in which counting-house there sat—as free from dust and blemish as if he had been fixed into the glass case before the top was put on, and had never come out since—a fat, elderly, large-faced, clerk, with silver spectacles and a powdered head.

"Is my brother in his room, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble, with no less kindness of manner than he had shown to Nicholas.

"Yes he is, sir," replied the fat clerk, turning his spectacle-glasses towards his principal, and his eyes towards Nicholas, "but Mr. Trimmers is with him."

"Ay! And what has he come about, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble.

"He is getting up a subscription for the widow and family of a man who was killed in the East India Docks this morning, sir," rejoined Tim. "Smashed, sir, by a cask of sugar."

"He is a good creature," said Mr. Cheeryble, with great earnestness. "He is a kind soul. I am very much obliged to Trimmers. Trimmers is one of the best friends we have. He makes a thousand cases known to us that we should never discover of ourselves. I am very much obliged to Trimmers." Saying which, Mr. Cheeryble rubbed his hands with infinite delight, and Mr. Trimmers happening to pass the door that instant on his way out, shot out after him and caught him by the hand.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Trimmers—ten thousand thanks—I take it very friendly of you—very friendly indeed," said Mr. Cheeryble, dragging him into a corner to get out of hearing. "How many children are there, and what has my brother Ned given, Trimmers?"

"There are six children," replied the gentleman, "and your brother has given us twenty pounds."

"My brother Ned is a good fellow, and you're a good fellow too, Trimmers," said the old man, shaking him by both hands with trembling eagerness. "Put me down for another twenty—or—stop a minute, stop a minute. We mustn't look ostentatious; put me down ten pound, and Tim Linkinwater ten pound. A cheque for twenty pound for Mr. Trimmers, Tim. God bless you, Trimmers—and come and dine with us some day this week; you'll always find a knife and fork, and we shall be delighted. Now, my dear sir—cheque for Mr. Linkinwater, Tim. Smashed by a cask of sugar, and six poor children—oh dear, dear, dear!"

Talking on in this strain as fast as he could, to prevent any friendly remonstrances from the collector of the subscription on the large amount of his donation, Mr. Cheeryble led Nicholas, equally astonished and affected by what he had seen and heard in this short space, to the half-opened door of another room.

"Brother Ned," said Mr. Cheeryble, tapping with his knuckles, and stooping to listen, "are you busy, my dear brother, or can you spare time for a word or two with me?"

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied a voice from the inside; so like in its tones to that which had just spoken that Nicholas started, and almost thought it was the same. "Don't ask me such a question, but come in directly."

They went in without further parley. What was the amazement of Nicholas when his conductor advanced and exchanged a warm greeting with another old gentleman,

the very type and model of himself—the same face, the same figure, the same coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, the same breeches and gaiters—nay, there was the very same white hat hanging against the wall!

As they shook each other by the hand, the face of each lighted up by beaming looks of affection, which would have been most delightful to behold in infants, and which in men so old, was inexpressibly touching. Nicholas could observe that the last old gentleman was something stouter than his brother; this, and a slight additional shade of clumsiness in his gait and stature, formed the only perceptible difference between them. Nobody could have doubted their being twin brothers.

"Brother Ned," said Nicholas's friend, closing the room door, "here is a young friend of mine that we must assist. We must make proper inquiries into his statements, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, and if they are confirmed—as I feel assured they will be—we must assist him; we must assist him, brother Ned."

"It is enough, my dear brother, that you say we should," returned the other. "When you say that, no further inquiries are needed. He *shall* be assisted. What are his necessities, and what does he require? Where is Tim Linkinwater? Let us have him here."

Both the brothers, it may be here remarked, had a very emphatic and earnest delivery, both had lost nearly the same teeth, which imparted the same peculiarity to their speech; and both spoke as if, besides possessing the utmost serenity of mind that the kindest and most unsuspecting nature could bestow, they had, in collecting the plums from Fortune's choicest pudding, retained a few for present use, and kept them in their mouths.

"Where is Tim Linkinwater?" said brother Ned.

"Stop, stop, stop," said brother Charles, taking the other side. "I've a plan, my dear brother, I've a plan. Tim is getting old, and Tim has been a faithful servant, brother Ned; and I don't think pensioning Tim's mother and sister, and buying a little tomb for the family when his poor brother died, was a sufficient recompense for his faithful services."

"No, no, no," replied the other. "Certainly not. Not half enough, not half."

"If we could lighten Tim's duties," said the old gentleman, "and prevail upon him to go into the country now and then, and sleep in the fresh air, besides, two or three times a week, (which he could if he began business an hour later in the morning,) old Tim Linkinwater would grow young again in time; and he's three good years our senior now. Old Tim Linkinwater young again! Eh, brother Ned, eh? Why, I recollect old Tim Linkinwater quite a little boy, don't you? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Tim, poor Tim!"

And the fine old fellows laughed pleasantly together; each with a tear of regard for old Tim Linkinwater, standing by his eye.

"But hear this first—hear this first, brother Ned," said the old man hastily, placing two chairs, one on each side of Nicholas. "I'll tell it you myself, brother Ned, because the young gentleman is modest, and is a scholar, Ned, and I shouldn't feel it right that he should tell us his story over and over again as if he was a beggar, or as if we doubted him. No, no, no."

"No, no, no," returned the other, nodding his head gravely. "Very right, my dear brother, very right."

"He will tell me I'm wrong, if I make a mistake," said Nicholas's friend. "But whether I do or not, you'll be very much affected, brother Ned, remembering the time when we were two friendless lads, and earned our first shilling in this great city."

The twins pressed each other's hands in silence, and in

his own homely manner, brother Charles related the particulars he had heard from Nicholas. The conversation which ensued was a long one, and when it was over a secret conference of almost equal duration took place between brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater in another room. It is no disparagement to Nicholas to say, that before he had been closeted with the two brothers ten minutes, he could only wave his hand at every fresh expression of kindness and sympathy, and sob like a little child.

At length brother Ned and Tim Linkinwater came back together, when Tim instantly walked up to Nicholas and whispered in his ear in a very brief sentence, (for Tim was ordinarily a man of few words,) that he had taken down the address in the Strand, and would call upon him that evening at eight. Having done which, Tim wiped his spectacles and put them on, preparatory to hearing what more the brothers Cheeryble had got to say.

"Tim," said brother Charles, "You understand that we have an intention of taking this young gentleman into the counting house?"

Brother Ned remarked that Tim was aware of that intention, and quite approved of it; and Tim having nodded, and said he did, drew himself up and looked particularly fat and very important. After which there was a profound silence.

"I'm not coming an hour later in the morning you know," said Tim, breaking out all at once, and looking very resolute. "I'm not going to sleep in the fresh air—no, nor I'm not going into the country either. A pretty thing at this time of day, certainly. Pho!"

"Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater," said brother Charles, looking at him without the faintest spark of anger, and with a countenance radiant with attachment to the old clerk. "Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater, what do you mean, Sir?"

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year, next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble, Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted) as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette box in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There an't—I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it—there an't such a square as this in the world. I *know* there an't," said Tim, with sudden energy, and looking sternly about him. "Not one. For business or pleasure, in summer time or winter—I don't care which—there's nothing like it. There's not such a spring in England as the pump under the arch-way. There's not such a view in England as the view out of my window; I've seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four and-forty year; and if it wasn't inconvenient, and didn't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there."

"Damn you, Tim Linkinwater, how dare you talk about dying!" roared the twins by one impulse, and blowing their old noses violently.

"That's what I've got to say, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Charles," said Tim, squaring his shoulders again. "This isn't the first time you've talked about superannuating me; but if you please we'll make it the last, and drop the subject for evermore."

With these words, Tim Linkinwater stalked out and



shut himself up in his glass case, with the air of a man who had had his say, and was thoroughly resolved not to be put down.

The brothers interchanged looks, and coughed some half-dozen times without speaking.

"He must be done something with, brother Ned," said the other, warmly; "we must disregard his old scruples; they can't be tolerated or borne. He must be made a partner, brother Ned; and if he won't submit to it peaceably, we must have recourse to violence."

"Quite right," replied brother Ned, nodding his head as a man thoroughly determined; "quite right, my dear brother. If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will, and show him that we are determined to exert our authority. We must quarrel with him, brother Charles."

"We must—we certainly must have a quarrel with Tim Linkinwater," said the other. "But in the mean time, my dear brother, we are keeping our young friend; and the poor lady and her daughter will be anxious for his return. So let us say good-bye for the present, and—there, there—take care of that box, my dear Sir—and—no, no, no, not a word now; but be careful of the cross-ings and——"

And with any disjointed and unconnected words which would prevent Nicholas from pouring forth his thanks, the brothers hurried him out, shaking hands with him all the way, and affecting very unsuccessfully—they were poor hands at deception!—to be wholly unconscious of the feelings that completely mastered him.

Nicholas's heart was too full to allow of his turning into the street until he had recovered some composure. When he at last glided out of the dark doorway corner in which he had been compelled to halt, he caught a glimpse of the twins stealthily peeping in at one corner of the glass-case, evidently undecided whether they should follow up their late attack without delay, or for the present postpone laying further siege to the inflexible Tim Linkinwater.

To recount all the delight and wonder which the circumstances just detailed awakened at Miss La Creevy's, and all the things that were done, said, thought, expected, hoped, and prophesied in consequence, is beside the present course and purpose of these adventures. It is sufficient to state, in brief, that Mr. Timothy Linkinwater arrived punctual to his appointment; that, oddity as he was, and jealous as he was bound to be of the proper exercise of his employers' most comprehensive liberality, he reported strongly and warmly in favor of Nicholas; and that next day he was appointed to the vacant stool in the counting-house of Cheeryble, Brothers, with a present salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

"And I think, my dear brother," said Nicholas's first friend, "that if we were to let them that little cottage at Bow which is empty, at something under the usual rent, now—eh, brother Ned?"

"For nothing at all," said brother Ned. "We are rich, and should be ashamed to touch the rent under such circumstances as these. Where is Tim Linkinwater?—for nothing at all, my dear brother, for nothing at all."

"Perhaps it would be better to say something, brother Ned," suggested the other, mildly; "it would help to preserve habits of frugality, you know, and remove any painful sense of overwhelming obligations. We might say fifteen pound, or twenty pound, and if it was punctually paid, make it up to them in some other way. And I might secretly advance a small loan towards a little furniture, and you might secretly advance another small loan, brother Ned; and if we find them doing well—as we shall; there's no fear, no fear—we can change the loans into

gifts—carefully, brother Ned, and by degrees, and without pressing upon them too much; what do you say now, brother?"

Brother Ned gave his hand upon it, and not only said it should be done, but had it done too: and in one short week Nicholas took possession of the stool, and Mrs. Nickleby and Kate took possession of the house; and all was hope, bustle, and light-heartedness.

There surely never was such a week of discoveries and surprises as the first week of that cottage. Every night when Nicholas came home, something new had been found out. One day it was a grapevine, and another day it was a boiler, and another day it was the key of the front parlour closet at the bottom of the water-butt, and so on through a hundred items. Then, this room was embellished with a muslin curtain, and that room was rendered quite elegant by a window-blind, and such improvements were made as no one would have supposed possible.—Then, there was Miss La Creevy, who had come out in the omnibus to stop a day or two and help, and who was perpetually losing a very small brown paper parcel of tin tacks and a very large hammer, and running about with her sleeves tucked up at the wrists, and falling off pairs of steps and hurting herself very much—and Mrs. Nickleby, who talked incessantly, and did something now and then, but not often—and Kate, who busied herself noiselessly everywhere, and was pleased with everything—and Smike, who made the garden a perfect wonder to look upon—and Nicholas, who helped and encouraged them every one—all the peace and cheerfulness of home restored, with such new zest imparted to every fragrant pleasure, and such delight to every hour of meeting, as misfortune and separation alone could give.

In short, the poor Nickleby's were social and happy; while the rich Nickleby was alone and miserable.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL; RELATING TO FAMILY MATTERS. SHOWING HOW MR. KENWIGS UNDERWENT VIOLENT AGITATION, AND HOW MRS. KENWIGS WAS AS WELL AS COULD BE EXPECTED.

It might have been about seven o'clock in the evening, and it was growing dark in the narrow streets near Golden Square, when Mr. Kenwigs sent out for a pair of the cheapest white kid gloves—those at fourteenpence—and selecting the strongest, which happened to be the right-hand one, walked down stairs with an air of some pomp and much excitement, and proceeded to muffle the knob of the street-door knocker therein. Having executed this task with great nicety, Mr. Kenwigs pulled the door too after him, and just stepped across the road to try the effect from the opposite side of the street. Satisfied that nothing could possibly look better in its way, Mr. Kenwigs then stepped back again, and calling through the keyhole to Morleena to open the door, vanished into the house, and was seen no longer.

Now, considered as an abstract circumstance, there was no more obvious cause or reason why Mr. Kenwigs should take the trouble of muffling this particular knocker, than there would have been for his muffling the knocker of any nobleman or gentleman resident ten miles off; because, for the greater convenience of the numerous lodgers, the street door always stood wide open, and the knocker was never used at all. The first floor, the second floor, and the third floor, had each a bell of its own. As to the attics, no one ever called on them; if any body wanted

the parlours, there they were close at hand, and all he had to do was to walk straight into them; while the kitchen had a separate entrance down the area steps. As a question of mere necessity and usefulness, therefore, this muffling of the knocker was thoroughly incomprehensible.

But knockers may be muffled for other purposes than those of mere utilitarianism, as, in the present instance, was clearly shown. There are certain polite forms and ceremonies which must be observed in civilised life, or mankind relapse into their original barbarism. No genteel lady was ever yet confined—indeed, no genteel confinement can possibly take place—without the accompanying symbol of a muffled knocker. Mrs. Kenwigs was a lady of some pretensions to gentility; Mrs. Kenwigs was confined. And, therefore, Mr. Kenwigs tied up the silent knocker on the premises in a white kid glove.

"I'm not quite certain neither," said Mr. Kenwigs, arranging his shirt-collar, and walking slowly up stairs. "whether, as it's a boy, I won't have it in the papers."

Pondering upon the advisability of this step, and the sensation it was likely to create in the neighbourhood, Mr. Kenwigs betook himself to the sitting-room, where various extremely diminutive articles of clothing were airing on a horse before the fire, and Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor, was dandling the baby—that is, the old baby—not the new one.

"It's a fine boy, Mr. Kenwigs," said Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor.

"You consider him a fine boy, do you, sir?" returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"It's the finest boy I ever saw in all my life," said the doctor. "I never saw such a baby."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

"I ne—ver saw such a baby," said Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor.

"Morleena was a fine baby," remarked Mr. Kenwigs as if they were rather an attack, by implication upon the family.

"They were all fine babies," said Mr. Lumbeys. And Mr. Lumbeys went on nursing the baby with a thoughtful look. Whether he was considering under what head he could best charge the nursing in the bill, was best known to himself.

During this short conversation, Miss Morleena, as the eldest of the family, and natural representative of her mother during her indisposition, had been hustling and slapping the three younger Miss Kenwigses, without intermission; which considerate and affectionate conduct brought tears into the eyes of Mr. Kenwigs, and caused him to declare that, in understanding and behaviour, that child was a woman.

"She will be a treasure to the man she marries, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, half aside; "I think she'll marry above her station, Mr. Lumbeys."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," replied the doctor.

"You never see her dance, sir, did you?" asked Mr. Kenwigs.

The doctor shook his head.

"Ay!" said Mr. Kenwigs, as though he pitied him from his heart, "then you don't know what she's capable of."

All this time there had been a great whisking in and out of the other room; the door had been opened and shut very softly about twenty times a minute, (for it was necessary to keep Mrs. Kenwigs quiet,) and the baby had been exhibited to a score or two of deputations from a select body of female friends, who had assembled in the passage, and about the street-door, to discuss the event in all its bearings. Indeed, the excitement extended it-

self over the whole street, and groups of ladies might be seen standing at the doors,—some in the interesting condition in which Mrs. Kenwigs had last appeared in public,—relating their experiences in similar occurrences. Some few acquired great credit from having prophesied, the day before yesterday, exactly when it would come to pass; others again related how that they guessed what it was, directly they saw Mr. Kenwigs turn pale and run up the street as hard as ever he could go. Some said one thing, and some another; but all talked together, and all agreed upon two points: first, that it was very meritorious and highly praiseworthy in Mrs. Kenwigs, to do as she had done; and secondly, that there never was such a skilful and scientific doctor as that Doctor Lumbeys.

In the midst of this general hubbub, Doctor Lumbeys sat in the first floor front, as before related, nursing the deposed baby, and talking to Mr. Kenwigs. He was a stout, bluff-looking gentleman, with no shirt-collar, to speak of, and a beard that had been growing since yesterday morning; for Doctor Lumbeys was popular, and the neighbourhood was prolific; and there had been no less than three other knockers muffled, one after the other, within the last forty-eight hours.

"Well, Mr. Kenwigs," said Dr. Lumbeys, "this makes six. You'll have a fine family in time, sir."

"I think six is almost enough, sir," returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"Pooh! Pooh!" said the doctor. "Nonsense! not half enough."

With this the doctor laughed; but he didn't laugh half as much as a married friend of Mrs. Kenwigs's, who had just come in from the sick chamber, to report progress and take a small sip of brandy-and-water; and who seemed to consider it one of the best jokes ever launched upon society.

"They're not altogether dependent upon good fortune, neither," said Mr. Kenwigs, taking his second daughter on his knee; "they have expectations."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Lumbeys, the doctor.

"And very good ones, too, I believe, haven't they?" asked the married lady.

"Why, ma'am," said Mr. Kenwigs, "it's not exactly for me to say what they may be, or what they may not be. It's not for me to boast of any family with which I have the honor to be connected; at the same time, Mrs. Kenwigs's is—I should say," said Mr. Kenwigs, abruptly, and raising his voice as he spoke, "that my children might come into a matter of a hundred pound a-piece, perhaps. Perhaps more, but certainly that."

"And a very pretty little fortune," said the married lady.

"There are some relations of Mrs. Kenwigs's," said Mr. Kenwigs, taking a pinch of snuff from the doctor's box, and then sneezing very hard, for he wasn't used to it, "that might leave their hundred pound a-piece to ten people, and yet not go begging when they had done it."

"Ah! I know who you mean," observed the married lady, nodding her head.

I made mention of no names, and I wish to make mention of no names," said Mr. Kenwigs, with a portentous look. Many of my friends have met a relation of Mrs. Kenwigs's in this very room, as would do honour to any company; that's all."

"I've met him," said the married lady, with a glance towards Dr. Lumbeys.

"It's naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a father, to see such a man as that a kissing and taking notice of my children," pursued Mr. Kenwigs. "It's naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a man, to know that man. It will be naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a husband, to make that man acquainted with this event."

Having delivered his sentiments in this form of words, Mr. Kenwigs arranged his second daughter's flaxen tail, and bade her be a good girl, and mind what her sister, Morleena, said.

"That girl grows more like her mother every day," said Mr. Lumbe, suddenly stricken with an enthusiastic admiration of Morleena.

"There!" rejoined the married lady. "What I always say—what I always did say. She's the very pacter of her." And having thus directed the general attention to the young lady in question, the married lady embraced the opportunity of taking another sip of the brandy-and-water—a pretty long sip too.

"Yes! there is a likeness," said Mr. Kenwigs, after some reflection. "But such a woman as Mrs. Kenwigs was, afore she was married! Good gracious, such a woman!"

Mr. Lumbe shook his head with great solemnity, as though to imply that he supposed she must have been rather a dazler.

"Talk of fairies!" cried Mr. Kenwigs. "I never see anybody so light to be alive—never. Such manners too; so playful, and yet so sewerly proper! As for her figure! It isn't generally known," said Mr. Kenwigs, dropping his voice; "but her figure was such at that time, that the sign of the Britannia over in the Holloway road, was painted from it!"

"But only see what it is now," urged the married lady.

"Does *she* look like the mother of six?"

"Quite ridiculous," cried the doctor.

"She looks a deal more like her own daughter," said the married lady.

"So she does," assented Mr. Lumbe. "A great deal more."

Mr. Kenwigs was about to make some further observations, most probably in confirmation of this opinion, when another married lady, who had looked in to keep up Mrs. Kenwigs' spirits, and help to clear off anything in the eating and drinking way that might be going about, put in her head to announce that she had just been down to answer the bell, and that there was a gentleman at the door who wanted to see Mr. Kenwigs "most particular."

Shadowy visions of his distinguished relation flitted through the brain of Mr. Kenwigs, as this message was delivered; and under their influence, he despatched Morleena to show the gentleman up straightway.

"Why, I do declare," said Mr. Kenwigs, standing opposite the door so as to get the earliest glimpse of the visitor, as he came up-stairs, "it's Mr. Johnson. How do you find yourself, sir?"

Nicholas shook hands, kissed his old pupils all round, entrusted a large parcel of toys to the guardianship of Morleena, bowed to the doctor and the married ladies, and inquired after Mrs. Kenwigs in a tone of interest, which went to the very heart and soul of the nurse, who had come in to warm some mysterious compound in a little saucepan over the fire.

"I ought to make a hundred apologies to you for calling at such a season," said Nicholas, "but I was not aware of it until I had rung the bell, and my time is so fully occupied now, that I feared it might be some days before I could possibly come again."

"No time like the present, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs.—"The sitiuation of Mrs. Kenwigs, sir, is no obstacle to a little conversation between you and me, I hope?"

"You are very good," said Nicholas.

At this juncture proclamation was made by another married lady, that the baby had begun to eat like anything; whereupon the two married ladies, already men-

tioned, rushed tumultuously into the bed-room to behold him in the act.

"The fact is," resumed Nicholas, "that before I left the country, where I have been for some time past, I undertook to deliver a message to you."

"Ay, ay!" said Mr. Kenwigs.

"And I have been," added Nicholas, "already in town for some days without having had an opportunity of doing so."

"It's no matter, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs. "I dare say it's none the worse for keeping cold. Message from the country!" said Mr. Kenwigs, ruminating; "that's curious. I don't know any body in the country."

"Miss Petowker," suggested Nicholas.

"Oh! from her, is it?" said Mr. Kenwigs. "Oh dear, yes. Ah! Mrs. Kenwigs will be glad to hear from her. Henrietta Petowker, eh! How odd things come about, now! That you should have met her in the country—Well!"

Hearing this mention of their old friend's name, the four Miss Kenwigses gathered round Nicholas, open eyed and mouthed, to hear more. Mr. Kenwigs looked a little curious too, but quite comfortable and unsuspecting.

"The message relates to family matters," said Nicholas, hesitating.

"Oh, never mind," said Kenwigs, glancing at Mr. Lumbe, who having rashly taken charge of little Lillywick, found nobody disposed to relieve him of his precious burden. "All friends here."

Nicholas hemmed once or twice, and seemed to have some difficulty in proceeding.

"At Portsmouth Henrietta Petowker is," observed Mr. Kenwigs.

"Yes," said Nicholas. "Mr. Lillywick is there."

Mr. Kenwigs turned pale, but he recovered, and said that was an odd coincidence also.

"The message is from him," said Nicholas.

Mr. Kenwigs appeared to revive. He knew that his niece was in a delicate state, and had no doubt sent word that they were to forward full particulars:—Yes. That was very kind of him—so like him too!

"He desired me to give his kindest love," said Nicholas.

"Very much obliged to him, I'm sure. Your great-uncle, Lillywick, my dears," interposed Mr. Kenwigs, condescendingly explaining it to the children.

"His kindest love," resumed Nicholas; "and to say that he had no time to write, but that he was married to Miss Petowker."

Mr. Kenwigs started from his seat with a petrified stare, caught his second daughter by the flaxen tail, and covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief. Morleena fell, all stiff and rigid, into the baby's chair, as she had seen her mother fall when she fainted away, and the two remaining little Kenwigses shrieked in affright.

"My children, my defrauded, swindled infants!" cried Mr. Kenwigs, pulling so hard, in his vehemence, at the flaxen tail of his second daughter, that he lifted her up on tiptoe, and kept her for some seconds in that attitude. "Villain, ass, traitor!"

"Drat the man!" cried the nurse, looking angrily round.

"What does he mean by making that noise here?"

"Silence, woman!" said Mr. Kenwigs fiercely.

"I won't be silent," returned the nurse. "Be silent yourself, you wretch. Have you no regard for your baby?"

"No!" returned Mr. Kenwigs.

"More shame for you," retorted the nurse. "Uh! you unnatural monster."



"Let him die," cried Mr. Kenwigs, in the torrent of his wrath. "Let him die. He has no expectations, no property to come into. We want no babies here," said Mr. Kenwigs recklessly. "Take 'em away, take 'em away to the Foundling!"

With these awful remarks Mr. Kenwigs sat himself down in a chair, and defied the nurse, who made the best of her way into the adjoining room, and returned with a stream of matrons: declaring that Mr. Kenwigs had spoken blasphemy against his family, and must be raving mad.

Appearances were certainly not in Mr. Kenwigs's favour, for the exertion of speaking with so much vehemence, and yet in such a tone as should prevent his lamentations reaching the ears of Mrs. Kenwigs, had made him very black in the face; besides which, the excitement of the occasion, and an unwonted indulgence in various strong cordials to celebrate it, had swollen and dilated his features to a most unusual extent. But Nicholas and the doctor—who had been passive at first, doubting very much whether Mr. Kenwigs could be in earnest—interfering to explain the immediate cause of his condition, the indignation of the matrons was changed to pity, and they implored him with much feeling to go quietly to bed.

"The attention," said Mr. Kenwigs, looking around with a plaintive air, "the attention that I've shown to that man. The hyseters he has eat, and the pints of ale he has drank, in this house—!"

"It's very trying, and very hard to bear, we know," said one of the married ladies; "but think of your dear darling wife."

"Oh yes, and what she's been a undergoing of, only this day," cried a great many voices. "There's a good man, do."

"The presents that have been made to him," said Mr. Kenwigs, reverting to his calamity, "the pipes, the snuff-boxes—a pair of india-rubber goloshes, that cost six and sixpence—"

"Ah! it won't bear thinking of, indeed," cried the matrons generally; "but it 'ill all come home to him, never fear."

Mr. Kenwigs looked darkly upon the ladies, as if he would prefer its all coming home to *him*, as there was nothing to be got by it; but he said nothing, and resting his head upon his hand, subsided into a kind of doze.

Then the matrons again expatiated on the expediency of taking the good gentleman to bed; observing that he would be better to-morrow, and that they knew what was the wear and tear of some men's minds when their wives were taken as Mrs. Kenwigs had been taken that day, and that it did him great credit and there was nothing to be ashamed of in it; far from it: they liked to see it, they did, for it showed a good heart. And one lady observed, as a case bearing upon the present, that her husband was often quite light-headed from anxiety on similar occasions, and that once, when her little Johnny was born, it was nearly a week before he came to himself again, during the whole of which time he did nothing but cry "Is it a boy, is it a boy?" in a manner which went to the hearts of all his hearers.

At length Morleena (who had quite forgot she had fainted, when she found she was not noticed,) announced that a chamber was ready for her afflicted parent; and Mr. Kenwigs, having partially smothered his four daughters in the closeness of his embrace, accepted the doctor's arm on one side, and the support of Nicholas on the other, and was conducted up-stairs to a bed-room which had been secured for the occasion.

Having seen him sound asleep, and heard him snore most satisfactorily, and having further presided over the

distribution of the toys, to the perfect contentment of all the little Kenwigses, Nicholas took his leave. The matrons dropped off one by one, with the exception of six or eight particular friends, who had determined to stop all night; the lights in the houses gradually disappeared; the last bulletin was issued that Mrs. Kenwigs was as well as could be expected; and the whole family were left to their repose.

*From the London Sunbeam.*

## THE FALL OF SENNACHERIB.

*A Prize Poem, at Merchant Taylor's School.*

BY H. L. MANSEL.

"To-day

Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze,  
That flashes desolation, strong the arm  
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes—  
That mandate is a thunder-peal, that died  
In ages past—that gaze, a transient flash,  
On which the midnight closed; and on that arm  
The worm has made his meal."

SHELLEY'S QUEEN MAB.

DREAMING of slaughter, yearning for the day,  
In Ashur's camp the expectant victors lay;  
No vigil challenge spoke a general's care,  
No clash of arms, no sound of life was there.  
In fancied safety, on the arid plain,  
Heedless they slept, and fought their fights again;  
Heedless they slept, enwrapped in midnight's gloom—  
Deep, as the death-pall, silent, as the tomb.

The sun, when last he sought his ocean-bed,  
Had tinged their glittering arms with swarthy red;  
Fondly they hoped that soon those arms should glow,  
With the dear life-blood of a vanquished foe;  
Fondly they thought that, sunk beneath the wave,  
His setting glories emblem'd Judah's grave.

Arouse thee, Ashur! daylight's infant streak  
With saffron lustre crowns Moriah's peak.  
Arouse thee, Ashur! should a warrior stay,  
When dawns at length the long expected day?  
Whet thy dread sword, and bend thy fatal bow,  
Rise, in that night which laid Sepharvaim low—  
Where, all in vain, her priestly butchers sing  
The infant's dirge, to glut their idol-king.  
Rise in that night which Hamath's sons dismayed,  
Which pallid Ivah witnessed and obeyed,  
Let Israel's God beneath thy footstool bow,  
And what Ashima was, let Jah be now.

Still, proudly towering to the vaulted skies,  
On giant Lebanon the cedars rise;  
Still stands unscathed, in Nature's grandeur spread,  
His forest-crown on Carmel's regal head;  
Still silvery Kedron pours a stainless flood,  
And Shaveh's vale is undefiled with blood;  
Still, set like pearls around their central gem,  
Her circling hills defend Jerusalem;  
Still in her temple grateful votaries pray:  
But Ashur's haughty warriors,—where are they?

Borne on the wings of heaven's avenging blast,  
With noiseless step the dread Destroyer passed;

No lightning splendours clothed his awful form,  
No muttered thunders spoke the coming storm,  
But ambient darkness, like a garment spread,  
Swathed his red hand, and veiled his radiant head.

Before him, linked in slumber's pleasing chain,  
Unconscious thousands pressed a bloodless plain,  
That plain, as on he held his ruthless way,  
One wide Aceldama behind him lay.  
Oh, hast thou watched the sun's declining light,  
Blent with the wave and deepening into night!  
Hast marked that glance, just fading from the view,  
That lingering glance which bids the world adieu?  
Thus, faintly touched by Azrael's withering breath,  
With transit calm they passed from sleep to death:  
Thus from their cheeks the flush of slumber fled,  
He came; they slept. He passed;—and they were dead.  
Such erst when bowed 'neath Mizraim's tyrant yoke  
The warrior angel Judah's fetters broke,  
Thus smote unseen, in midnight's solemn hour,  
The captive's dungeon and the monarch's bower,  
But, where the typic bloodmarks met his eye,  
"Owned mercy's pledge, and passed innocuous by."

And thou, vain warrior, whose presumptuous sword,  
Defied the armies of the living Lord,  
Bethink thee, Monarch, how, in future day  
The mocker's voice shall taunt thy proud array,  
In songs of scorn shall Judah's maidens tell  
How Ashur's monarch, God's defier, fell.  
On rapine bent, and red with hostile gore,  
To Salem's walls he came, but could no more;  
His armies prostrate, and his hopes laid low,  
Trembling he fled, and fled without a blow,  
Fled, as the morning hoar-frost melts away  
Beneath the sunshine of advancing day.

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE FIRST.—1703.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

ON the night of Friday, the 26th of November, 1703, and at the hour of eleven, the door of a miserable tenement, situated in an obscure quarter of the Borough of Southwark, known as the Old Mint, was opened; and a man, with a lantern in his hand, appeared at the threshold. This person, whose age might be about forty, had something of the air of a mechanic, though he, also, looked like one well-to-do in the world. In stature he was short and stumpy; in person corpulent; and in countenance, (so far as it could be discerned,) sleek, snub-nosed, and demure.

Immediately behind the individual answering to the above description stood a pale, poverty-stricken woman, whose forlorn aspect contrasted strongly with the man's plump and comfortable physiognomy. Dressed in a tattered black stuff gown, discolored by various stains, and intended, it would seem, from the remnants of rusty crape with which it was here

and there tricked out, to represent the garb of widowhood—this pitiable creature held in her arms a sleeping infant, swathed in the folds of a linsey-woolsey shawl.

Notwithstanding her emaciation—notwithstanding, also, the disfigurement occasioned by a dirty, close-fitting, muslin cap, (no head-dress is so unbecoming as that of a widow)—her features still retained something of a pleasing expression, and might have been termed beautiful, had it not been for that repulsive freshness of lip denoting the habitual dram-drinker; a freshness in her case rendered the more shocking from the almost livid hue of the rest of her complexion. She could not be more than twenty; and though want and other suffering had done the work of time, had wasted her frame, and robbed her cheek of its bloom and roundness, they had not extinguished the lustre of her eyes, nor thinned her raven hair. Checking an ominous cough, that, ever and anon, convulsed her lungs, the poor woman addressed a few parting words to her companion, who lingered at the doorway as if he had something on his mind, which he did not know very well how to communicate.

"Well, good night, Mr. Wood," said she, in the deep, hoarse accents of consumption; "and may God Almighty bless and reward you for your kindness! You were always the best of masters to my poor husband; and now you've proved the best of friends to his widow and orphan boy."

"Poh! poh! say no more about it," rejoined the man hastily. "I've done no more than my duty, Mrs. Sheppard, and neither deserve, nor desire your thanks. 'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' that's my comfort. And such slight relief as I can afford should have been offered earlier, if I'd known where you'd taken refuge after your unfortunate husband's —"

"Execution, you would say, sir," added Mrs. Sheppard, with a deep sigh, perceiving that her benefactor hesitated to pronounce the word. "You show more consideration to the feelings of a hempen widow, than there is any need to show. I'm used to insult as I am to misfortune, and am grown callous to both; but I'm *not* used to compassion, and know not how to take it. My heart would speak if it could, for it is very full. There was a time, long, long ago, when the tears would have rushed to my eyes unbidden at the bare mention of generosity like yours, Mr. Wood; but they never come now. I have never wept since that day."

"And I trust you will never have occasion to weep again, my poor soul," replied Wood, setting down his lantern, and brushing a few drops from his eyes, "unless it be tears of joy. Pshaw!" added he, making an effort to subdue his emotion, "I can't leave you in this way. I must stay a minute longer, if only to see you smile."

So saying, he re-entered the house, closed the door, and, followed by the widow, proceeded to the fireplace, where a handful of chips, apparently just lighted, crackled within the rusty grate.

The room in which this interview took place had a sordid and miserable look. Rotten, and covered with a thick coat of dirt, the boards of the floor presented a very insecure footing; the bare walls were scored all over with grotesque designs, the chief of which represented the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. The

rest were hieroglyphic characters, executed in red chalk and charcoal. The ceiling had, in many places, given way; the laths had been removed; and, where any plaster remained, it was either mapped and blistered with damp, or festooned with dusty cobwebs. Over an old crazy bedstead was thrown a squalid patchwork counterpane; and upon the counterpane lay a black hood and scarf, a pair of bodice of the cumbrous form in vogue at the beginning of the last century, and some other articles of female attire. On a small shelf near the foot of the bed stood a couple of empty phials, a cracked ewer and basin, a brown jug without a handle, a small tin coffee-pot without a spout, a saucer of rouge, a fragment of looking-glass, and a flask, labelled "*Rosa Solis*." Broken pipes littered the floor, if that can be said to be littered, which, in the first instance, was a mass of squalor and filth.

Over the chimney-piece, was pasted a handbill, purporting to be "*The last Dying Speech and Confession of TOM SHEPPARD, the Notorious Housebreaker, who suffered at Tyburn on the 25th of February, 1703.*" This placard was adorned with a rude wood-cut, representing the unhappy malefactor at the place of execution. On one side of the handbill a print of the reigning sovereign, Anne, had been pinned over the portrait of William the Third, whose aquiline nose, keen eyes, and luxuriant wig, were just visible above the diadem of the queen. On the other, a wretched engraving of the Chevalier de Saint George, or, as he was styled in the label attached to the portrait, James the Third, raised a suspicion that the inmate of the house was not altogether free from some tincture of Jacobitism.

Beneath these prints, a cluster of hobnails, driven into the wall, formed certain letters, which, if properly deciphered, produced the words, "*Paul Groves, cobbler;*" and under the name, traced in charcoal, appeared the following record of the poor fellow's fate, "*Hung himself in this room for lux off tucker;*" accompanied by a graphic sketch of the unhappy suicide dangling from a beam. A farthing candle, stuck in a bottle neck, shed its feeble light upon the table, which, owing to the provident kindness of Mr. Wood, was much better furnished with eatables than might have been expected, and boasted a loaf, a knuckle of ham, a meat-pie, and a flask of wine.

"You've but a sorry lodging, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, glancing round the chamber as he expanded his palms before the scanty flame.

"It's wretched enough, indeed, sir," rejoined the widow; "but, poor as it is, it's better than the cold stones and open streets."

"Of course—of course," returned Wood hastily; "anything's better than that. But, take a drop of wine," urged he, filling a drinking-horn, and presenting it to her; "it's choice Canary, and'll do you good. And now, come and sit by me, my dear, and let's have a little quiet chat together. When things are at the worst, they'll mend. Take my word for it, your troubles are over."

"I hope they are, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard, with a faint smile, and a doubtful shake of the head, as Wood drew her to a seat beside him, "for I've had my full share of misery. But I don't look for peace on this side the grave."

"Nonsense!" cried Wood: "while there's life, there's hope. Never be down-hearted. Besides,"

added he, opening the shawl in which the infant was wrapped, and throwing the light of the candle full upon its sickly but placid features, "it's sinful to repine while you've a child like this to comfort you. Lord help him! he's the very image of his father. Like carpenter, like chips."

"That likeness is the chief cause of my misery," replied the widow, shuddering. "Were it not for that, he would indeed be a blessing and a comfort to me. He never cries nor frets, as children generally do, but lies at my bosom, or on my knee, as quiet and as gentle as you see him now. But, when I look upon his innocent face, and see how like he is to his father,—when I think of that father's shameful ending, and recollect how free from guilt he once was,—at such times, Mr. Wood, despair will come over me; and, dear as this babe is to me, far dearer than my own wretched life, which I would lay down for him any minute, I have prayed to Heaven to remove him, rather than he should grow up to be a man, and be exposed to his father's temptations—rather than he should live as wickedly and die as disgracefully as his father. And, when I have seen him pining away before my eyes, getting thinner and thinner every day, I have sometimes thought my prayers were heard."

"Marriage and hanging go by destiny," observed Wood, after a pause; "but I trust your child is reserved for a better fate than either, Mrs. Sheppard."

The latter part of this speech was delivered with so much significance of manner, that a by-stander might have inferred that Mr. Wood was not particularly fortunate in his own matrimonial connections.

"Goodness only knows what he's reserved for," rejoined the widow in a desponding tone; "but if Mynheer Van Galgebok, whom I met last night at the Cross Shovels, spoke the truth, little Jack will never die in his bed."

"Save us!" exclaimed Wood. "And who is this Van Gal—Gal—what's his outlandish name?"

"Van Galgebok," replied the widow. "He's the famous Dutch conjurer who foretold King William's accident and death, last February but one, a month before either event happened, and gave out that another prince over the water would soon enjoy his own again; for which he was committed to Newgate, and whipped at the cart's tail. He went by another name then,—Rykhart Scherprechter I think he called himself. His fellow-prisoners nicknamed him the gal-lows-provider, from a habit he had of picking out all those who were destined to the gibbet. He was never known to err, and was as much dreaded as the gaol-fever in consequence. He singled out my poor husband from a crowd of other felons; and you know how right he was in that case, sir."

"Ay, marry," replied Wood, with a look that seemed to say that he did not think it required any surprising skill in the art of divination to predict the doom of the individual in question; but whatever opinion he might entertain, he contented himself with inquiring into the grounds of the conjuror's evil augury respecting the infant. "What did the old fellow judge from, eh, Joan?" asked he.

"From a black mole under the child's right ear, shaped like a coffin, which is a bad sign; and a deep line just above the middle of the left thumb, meeting round about in the form of a noose, which is a worse," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "To be sure, it's not sur-

prising the poor little thing should be so marked; for, when I lay in the women-felon's ward in Newgate, where he first saw the light, or at least such light as ever finds entrance into that gloomy place, I had nothing, whether sleeping or waking, but halters, and gibbets, and coffins, and such like horrible visions, for ever dancing round me! And then, you know, sir—but perhaps you don't know that little Jack was born a month before his time, on the very day his poor father suffered."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated Wood, "how shocking! No, I did not know that."

"You may see the marks of the child yourself, if you choose, sir," urged the widow.

"See the devil!—not I," cried Wood impatiently. "I didn't think you'd been so easily fooled, Joan."

"Fooled or not," returned Mrs. Sheppard mysteriously, "old Van told me *one* thing which has come true already."

"What's that?" asked Wood with some curiosity.

"He said, by way of comfort, I suppose, after the fright he gave me at first, that the child would find a friend within twenty-four hours, who would stand by him through life."

"A friend is not so soon gained as lost," replied Wood; "but how has the prediction been fulfilled, Joan, eh?"

"I thought you would have guessed, sir," replied the widow, timidly. "I am sure little Jack has but one friend, beside myself, in the world, and that's more than I would have ventured to say for him yesterday. However, I've not told you all: for old Van *did* say something about the child saving his new-found friend's life at the time of meeting; but how that's to happen, I'm sure I can't guess."

"Nor any one else in his senses," rejoined Wood, with a laugh. "It's not very likely that a baby of nine months old will save *my* life, if I'm to be his friend, as you seem to say, Mrs. Sheppard. But I've not promised to stand by him yet; nor will I, unless he turns out an honest lad,—mind that. Of all crafts,—and it was the only craft his poor father, who, to do him justice, was one of the best workmen that ever handled a saw, or drove a nail, could never understand,—of all crafts, I say, to be an honest man is the master-craft. As long as your son observes that precept I'll befriend him, but no longer."

"I don't desire it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, meekly.

"There's an old proverb," continued Wood, rising and walking towards the fire, "which says, 'Put another man's child in your bosom, and he'll creep out at your elbow.' But I don't value that, because I think it applies to one who marries a widow with incumbrances; and that's not my case, you know."

"Well, sir," gasped Mrs. Sheppard.

"Well, my dear, I've a proposal to make in regard to this baby of yours, which may, or may not, be agreeable. All I can say is, it's well meant; and I may add, I'd have made it five minutes ago, if you'd given me the opportunity."

"Pray come to the point, sir," said Mrs. Sheppard, somewhat alarmed by this preamble.

"I am coming to the point, Joan. The more haste, the worse speed—better the feet slip than the tongue. However, to cut a long matter short, my proposal's this:—I've taken a fancy to your bantling, and, as I've no son of my own, if it meets with your concurrence and that of Mrs. Wood, (for I never do anything without consulting my better half,) I'll take the boy, educate him, and bring him up to my own business of a carpenter."

The poor widow hung her head, and pressed her child closer to her breast.

"Well, Joan," said the benevolent mechanic, after he

had looked at her steadfastly for a few moments, "what say you?—silence gives consent, eh?"

Mrs. Sheppard made an effort to speak, but her voice was choked by emotion.

"Shall I take the baby home with me," persisted Wood, in a tone between jest and earnest.

"I cannot part with him," replied the widow, bursting into tears; "indeed, indeed, I cannot."

"So, I've found out the way to move her," thought the carpenter; "those tears will do her some good, at all events. Not part with him!" added he aloud. "Why, you wouldn't stand in the way of his good fortune, surely? I'll be a second father to him, I tell you. Remember what the conjurer said."

"I do remember it, sir," replied Mrs. Sheppard, "and am most grateful for your offer. But I dare not accept it."

"Dare not!" echoed the carpenter; "I don't understand you, Joan."

"I mean to say, sir," answered Mrs. Sheppard in a troubled voice, "that if I lost my child, I should lose all I have left in the world. I have neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor husband—I have only *him*."

"If I ask you to part with him, my good woman, it's to better his condition, I suppose, ain't it?" rejoined Wood angrily; for, though he had no serious intention of carrying his proposal into effect, he was rather offended at having it declined. "It's not an offer," continued he, "that I'm likely to make, or you likely to receive, every day in the year."

And muttering some remarks, which we do not care to repeat, reflecting upon the consistency of the sex, he was preparing once more to depart, when Mrs. Sheppard stopped him.

"Give me till to-morrow," implored she, "and if I *can* bring myself to part with him, you shall have him without another word."

"Take time to consider of it," replied Wood sulkily, "there's no hurry."

"Don't be angry with me, sir," cried the widow, sobbing bitterly, "pray don't. I know I am undeserving of your bounty; but if I were to tell you what hardships I have undergone—to what frightful extremities I have been reduced—and to what infamy I have submitted, to earn a scanty subsistence for this child's sake,—if you could feel what it is to stand alone in the world as I do, bereft of all who have ever loved me, and shunned by all who have ever known me, except the worthless and the wretched,—if you knew (and Heaven grant you may be spared the knowledge!) how much affliction sharpens love, and how much more dear to me my child has become for every sacrifice I have made for him,—if you were told all this, you would, I am sure, pity rather than reproach me, because I cannot at once consent to a separation which I feel would break my heart. But give me till to-morrow—only till to-morrow—I may be able to part with him then."

The worthy carpenter was now far more angry with himself than he had previously been with Mrs. Sheppard; and, as soon as he could command his feelings, which were considerably excited by the mention of her distresses, he squeezed her hand warmly, bestowed a hearty exclamation upon his own inhumanity, and swore he would neither separate her from her child, nor suffer any one else to separate them.

"Plague on't!" added he; "I never meant to take your baby from you. But I'd a mind to try whether you really loved him as much as you pretended. I was to blame to carry the matter so far. However, confession of a fault makes half amends for it. A time *may* come when this little chap may need my aid, and, depend upon it, he shall never want a friend in Owen Wood."



As he said this, the carpenter patted the cheek of the little object of his benevolent professions, and, in so doing, unintentionally aroused him from his slumbers. Opening a pair of large black eyes, the child fixed them for an instant upon Wood, and then alarmed by the light, uttered a low and melancholy cry, which, however, was speedily stilled by the caresses of his mother, towards whom he extended his tiny arms, as if imploring protection.

"I don't think he would leave me, even if I could part with him," observed Mrs. Sheppard, smiling through her tears.

"I don't think he would," acquiesced the carpenter. "No friend like the mother, for the baby knows no other."

"And that's true," rejoined Mrs. Sheppard; "for if I had *not* been a mother, I would not have survived the day on which I became a widow."

"You mustn't think of that, Mrs. Sheppard," said Wood, in a soothing tone.

"I can't help thinking of it, sir," answered the widow.

"I can never get poor Tom's last look out of my head, as he stood in the Stone-Hall at Newgate, after his irons had been knocked off, unless I manage to stupify myself somehow. The dismal tolling of Saint Sepulchre's bell is for ever ringing in my ears—oh!"

"If that's the case," observed Wood, "I'm surprised you should like to have such a frightful picture constantly in view as that over the chimney-piece."

"I'd good reasons for placing it there, sir; but don't question me about them now, or you'll drive me mad," returned Mrs. Sheppard wildly.

"Well, well, we'll say no more about it," replied Wood; "and by way of chancing the subject, let me advise you on no account to fly to strong waters for consolation, Joan. One nail drives out another, it's true: but the worst nail you can employ is a coffin-nail. Gin Lane's the nearest road to the churchyard."

"It may be; but if it shortens the distance, and lightens the journey, I care not," retorted the widow, who seemed by this reproach to be roused into sudden eloquence. "To those who, like me, have never been able to get out of the dark and dreary paths of life, the grave is indeed a refuge, and the sooner they reach it the better. The spirit I drink may be poison,—it may kill me,—perhaps it is killing me:—but so would hunger, cold, misery,—so would my own thoughts. I should have gone mad without it. Gin is the poor man's friend,—his sole set-off against the rich man's luxury. It comforts him when he is most forlorn. It may be treacherous, it may lay up a store of future woe; but it insures present happiness, and that is sufficient. When I have traversed the streets a houseless wanderer, driven with curses from every door where I have solicited alms, and with blows from every gate-way where I have sought shelter,—when I have crept into some deserted building, and stretched my wearied limbs upon a bulk, in the vain hope of repose,—or, worse than all, when frenzied with want, I have yielded to horrible temptation, and earned a meal in the only way I could earn one,—when I have felt, at times like these, my heart sink within me, I have drunk of this drink, and have at once forgotten my cares, my poverty, my guilt. Old thoughts, old feelings, old faces, and old scenes have returned to me, and I have fancied myself happy,—as happy as I am now." And she burst into a wild hysterical laugh.

"Poor creature!" ejaculated Wood. "Do you call this frantic glee happiness?"

"It's all the happiness I have known for years," returned the widow, becoming suddenly calm, "and it's short-lived enough, as you perceive. I tell you what, Mr. Wood," added she in a hollow voice, and with a ghastly

look, "gin may bring ruin; but as long as poverty, vice, and ill-usage exist, it will be drunk!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Wood fervently; and, as if afraid of prolonging the interview, he added, with some precipitation; "But I must be going: I've stayed here too long already. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Stay!" said Mrs. Sheppard, again arresting his departure. "I've just recollected that my husband left a key with me, which he charged me to give to you when I could find an opportunity."

"A key!" exclaimed Wood eagerly. "I lost a very valuable one some time ago. What's it like, Joan?"

"It's a small key, with curiously-fashioned wards."

"It's mine, I'll be sworn," rejoined Wood. "Well, who'd have thought of finding it in this unexpected way?"

"Don't be too sure till you see it," said the widow.

"Shall I fetch it for you, sir?"

"By all means."

"I must trouble you to hold the child, then, for a minute, while I run up to the garret, where I've hidden it for safety," said Mrs. Sheppard. "I think I may trust him with you, sir," added she, taking up the candle.

"Don't leave him, if you are at all fearful, my dear," replied Wood receiving the little burthen with a laugh. "Poor thing!" muttered he, as the widow departed on her errand, "she's seen better days and better circumstances than she'll ever see again, I'm sure. Strange, I could never learn her history. Tom Sheppard was always a close file, and would never tell whom he married. Of this I'm certain, however, she was much too good for him, and was never meant to be a journeyman carpenter's wife, still less what she is now. Her heart's in the right place, at all events; and since that's the case, the rest may perhaps come round,—that is, if she gets through her present illness. A dry cough's the trumpeter of death. If that's true, she's not long for this world. As to this little fellow, in spite of the Dutchman, who, in my opinion, is more of a Jacobite than a conjurer, and more of a knave than either, he shall never mount a horse foaled by an acorn, if I can help it."

The course of the carpenter's meditations was here interrupted by a loud note of lamentation from the child, who, disturbed by the transfer, and not receiving the gentle solace to which he was ordinarily accustomed, raised his voice to the utmost, and exerted his feeble strength to escape. For a few moments Mr. Wood dandled his little charge to and fro, after the most approved nursery fashion, essaying at the same time the soothing influence of an infantine melody proper to the occasion; but, failing in his design, he soon lost all patience, and being, as we have before hinted, rather irritable, though extremely well-meaning, he lifted the unhappy bantling in the air, and shook him with so much good will, that he had well-nigh silenced him most effectually. A brief calm succeeded. But with returning breath came returning vociferations; and the carpenter, with a faint hope of lessening the clamour by change of scene, took up his lantern, opened the door, and walked out.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OLD MINT.

MRS. SHEPPARD'S habitation terminated a row of old ruinous buildings, called Wheeler's Rents; a dirty thoroughfare; part street, and part lane, running from Mint street, through a variety of turnings, and along the brink of a deep kennel, skirted by a number of petty and neglected

gardens in the direction of Saint George's Fields. The neighbouring houses were tenanted by the lowest order of insolvent traders, thieves, mendicants, and other worthless and nefarious characters, who fled thither to escape from their creditors, or to avoid the punishment due to their different offences; for we may observe that the Old Mint, although it had been divested of some of its privileges as a sanctuary by a recent statute passed in the reign of William the Third still presented a safe asylum to the debtor, and even continued to do so until the middle of the reign of George the First, when the crying nature of the evil called loudly for a remedy, and another and more sweeping enactment entirely took away its immunities. In consequence of the encouragement thus offered to dishonesty, and the security afforded to crime, this quarter of the Borough of Southwark was accounted (at the period of our narrative) the grand receptacle of the superfluous villainy of the metropolis. Infested by every description of vagabond and miscreant, it was, perhaps, a few degrees worse than the rookery near Saint Giles's and the desperate neighbourhood of Saffron Hill in our own time. And yet, on the very site of the sordid tenements and squalid courts we have mentioned, where the felon openly made his dwelling, and the fraudulent debtor laughed the object of his knavery to scorn—on this spot, not two centuries ago, stood the princely residence of Charles Brandon, the chivalrous Duke of Suffolk, whose stout heart was a well of honour, and whose memory breathes of loyalty and valour. Suffolk House, as Brandon's palace was denominated, was subsequently converted into a mint by his royal brother-in-law, Henry the Eighth; and, after its demolition, and the removal of the place of coinage to the Tower, the name was still continued to the district in which it had been situated.

Old and dilapidated, the widow's domicile looked the very picture of desolation and misery. Nothing more forlorn could be conceived. The roof was partially untiled; the chimneys were tottering; the side walls bulged, and were supported by a piece of timber propped against the opposite house; the glass in most of the windows was broken, and its place supplied with paper; while in some cases the very frames of the windows had been destroyed, and the apertures were left free to the airs of heaven. On the ground-floor the shutters were closed, or, to speak more correctly, altogether nailed up, and presented a very singular appearance, being patched all over with the soles of old shoes, rusty hobnails, and bits of iron hoops, the ingenious device of the former occupant of the apartment, Paul Groves, the cobbler, to whom we have before alluded.

It was owing to the untimely end of this poor fellow that Mrs. Sheppard was enabled to take possession of the premises. In a fit of despondency, superinduced by drunkenness, he made away with himself; and when the body was discovered, after a lapse of some months, such was the impression produced by the spectacle—such the alarm occasioned by the crazy state of the building, and, above all, the terror inspired by strange and unearthly noises heard during the night, which were, of course, attributed to the spirit of the suicide, that the place speedily enjoyed the reputation of being haunted, and was, consequently, entirely abandoned. In this state Mrs. Sheppard found it; and, as no one opposed her, she at once took up her abode there; nor was she long in discovering that the dreaded sounds proceeded from the nocturnal gambols of a legion of rats.

A narrow entry, formed by two low walls, communicated with the main thoroughfare; and in this passage, under the cover of a penthouse, stood Wood, with his little burthen, to whom we shall now return.

As Mrs. Sheppard did not make her appearance quite so soon as he expected, the carpenter became a little fidgety,

and, having succeeded in tranquilizing the child, he thought proper to walk so far down the entry as would enable him to reconnoitre the upper windows of the house. A light was visible in the garret, feebly struggling through the damp atmosphere, for the night was raw and overcast. This light did not remain stationary, but could be seen at one moment glimmering through the rents in the roof, and at another shining through the cracks in the wall, or the broken panes of the casement. Wood was unable to discover the figure of the widow, but he recognised her dry, hacking cough, and was about to call her down, if she could not find the key, as he imagined must be case, when a loud noise was heard, as though a chest, or some weighty substance, had fallen upon the floor.

Before Wood had time to inquire into the cause of this sound, his attention was diverted by a man, who rushed past the entry with the swiftness of desperation. This individual apparently met with some impediment to his further progress; for he had not proceeded many steps when he turned suddenly about, and darted up the passage in which Wood stood.

Uttering a few inarticulate ejaculations,—for he was completely out of breath,—the fugitive placed a bundle in the arms of the carpenter, and, regardless of the consternation he excited in the breast of that personage, who was almost stupified with astonishment, he began to divest himself of a heavy horseman's cloak, which he threw over Wood's shoulders, and, drawing his sword, seemed to listen intently for the approach of his pursuers.

The appearance of the new comer was extremely prepossessing; and, after his trepidation had a little subsided, Wood began to regard him with some degree of interest. Evidently in the flower of his age, he was scarcely less remarkable for symmetry of person than for comeliness of feature; and though his attire was plain and unpretending, it was such as could be worn only by one belonging to the higher ranks of society. His figure was tall and commanding, and the expression of his countenance (though somewhat disturbed by his recent exertion,) was resolute and stern.

At this juncture a cry burst from the child, who, nearly smothered by the weight imposed upon him, only recovered the use of his lungs as Wood altered the position of the bundle. The stranger turned his head at the sound.

"By heaven!" cried he in a tone of surprise, "you have an infant there!"

"To be sure I have," replied Wood angrily; for, finding that the intentions of the stranger were pacific, so far as he was concerned, he thought he might safely venture on a slight display of spirit. "It's very well you haven't crushed the poor little thing to death with this confounded clothes'-bag. But some people have no consideration."

"That child may be the means of saving me," muttered the stranger, as if struck by a new idea: "I shall gain time by the expedient. Do you live here?"

"Not exactly," answered the carpenter.

"No matter. The door is open, so it is needless to ask leave to enter. Ha!" exclaimed the stranger, as shouts and other vociferations resounded at no great distance along the thoroughfare, "not a moment is to be lost. Give me that precious charge," he added, snatching the bundle from Wood. "If I escape, I will reward you. Your name?"

"Owen Wood," replied the carpenter; "I've no reason to be ashamed of it. And now, a fair exchange, sir, Yours!"

The stranger hesitated. The shouts drew near, and lights were seen flashing ruddily against the sides and gables of the neighbouring houses.

"My name is Darrell," said the fugitive hastily. "But, if you are discovered, answer no questions, as you value your life. Wrap yourself in my cloak, and keep it. Remember! not a word!"

So saying, he huddled the mantle over Wood's shoulders, dashed the lantern to the ground, and extinguished the light. A moment afterwards, the door was closed and bolted, and the carpenter found himself alone.

"Mercy on us!" cried he, as a thrill of apprehension ran through his frame. "The Dutchman was right after all."

This exclamation had scarcely escaped him; when the discharge of a pistol was heard, and a bullet whizzed past his ears.

"I have him!" cried a voice in triumph.

A man then rushed up the entry, and, seizing the unlucky carpenter by the collar, presented a drawn sword to his throat. This person was speedily followed by half a dozen others, some of whom carried flambeaux.

"Mur—der!" roared Wood, struggling to free himself from his assailant, by whom he was half strangled.

"Damnation!" exclaimed one of the leaders of the party in a furious tone, snatching a torch from an attendant, and throwing its light full upon the face of the carpenter; this is not the villain, Sir Cecil."

"So I find, Rowland," replied the other, in accents of deep disappointment, and at the same time relinquishing his grasp. "I could have sworn I saw him enter this passage. And how comes his cloak on this knave's shoulders?"

"It is his cloak, of a surety," returned Rowland.—"Harkye, sirrah," continued he, haughtily interrogating Wood; "where is the person from whom you received this mantle?"

"Throttling a man isn't the way to make him answer questions," replied the carpenter, doggedly. "You'll get nothing out of me, I promise you, unless you show a little more civility."

"We waste time with this fellow" interposed Sir Cecil, "and may lose the object of our quest, who, beyond doubt, has taken refuge in this building. Let us search it."

Just then, the infant began to sob piteously.

"Hist!" cried Rowland, arresting his comrade. "Do you hear that? We are not wholly at fault. The dog-fox cannot be far off, since the cub is found."

With these words, he tore the mantle from Wood's back, and, perceiving the child, endeavoured to seize it. In this attempt he was, however, foiled by the agility of the carpenter, who managed to retreat to the door, against which he placed his back, kicking the boards vigorously with his heel.

"Joan! Joan!" vociferated he, "open the door, for God's sake, or I shall be murdered, and so will your baby! Open the door quickly, I say!"

"Knock him on the head," thundered Sir Cecil, "or we shall have the watch upon us."

"No fear of that," rejoined Rowland: "such vermin never dare show themselves in this privileged district. All we have to apprehend is a rescue."

The hint was not lost upon Wood. He tried to raise an outcry, but his throat was again forcibly gripped by Rowland.

"Another such attempt," said the latter, "and you are a dead man. Yield up the babe, and I pledge my word you shall remain unmolested."

"I will yield it to no one but its mother," answered Wood.

"Sdeath! do you trifle with me, sirrah?" cried Rowland fiercely. "Give me the child, or——"

As he spoke the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Sheppard staggered forward. She looked paler than ever; but

her countenance, though bewildered, did not exhibit the alarm which might naturally have been anticipated from the strange and perplexing scene presented to her view.

"Take it," cried Wood, holding the infant towards her; "take it, and fly."

Mrs. Sheppard put out her arms mechanically. But before the child could be committed to her care, it was wrested from the carpenter by Rowland.

"These people are all in league with him," cried the latter. "But don't wait for me, Sir Cecil. Enter the house with your men. I'll dispose of the brat."

This injunction was instantly obeyed. The knight and his followers crossed the threshold, leaving one of the torch-bearers behind them.

"Davies," said Rowland, delivering the babe, with a meaning look, to his attendant.

"I understand, sir," replied Davies, drawing a little aside. And, setting down the link, he proceeded deliberately to untie his cravat.

"My God! will you see your child strangled before your eyes, and not so much as scream for help?" said Wood, staring at the widow with a look of surprise and horror. "Woman, your wits are fled!"

And so it seemed; for all the answer she could make was to murmur distractedly, "I can't find the key."

"Devil take the key!" ejaculated Wood. "They're about to murder your child—your child, I tell you! Do you comprehend what I say, Joan?"

"I've hurt my head," replied Mrs. Sheppard, pressing her hand to her temples.

And then, for the first time, Wood noticed a small stream of blood coursing slowly down her cheek.

At this moment Davies who had completed the preparations, extinguished the torch.

"It's all over," groaned Wood, "and perhaps it's as well her senses are gone. However, I'll make a last effort to save the poor little creature, if it costs me my life."

And, with this generous resolve, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Arrest! arrest! help! help!" seconding the words with a shrill and peculiar cry, well known at the time to the inhabitants of the quarter in which it was uttered.

In reply to this summons a horn was instantly blown at the corner of the street.

"Arrest!" vociferated Wood. "Mint! Mint!"

"Death and hell!" cried Rowland, making a furious pass at the carpenter, who fortunately avoided the thrust in the darkness; "will nothing silence you?"

"Help!" ejaculated Wood, renewing his cries.—"Arrest!"

"Jigger closed!" shouted a hoarse voice in reply.—"All's bowman, my covey. Fear nothing. We'll be upon the bandogs before they can shake their trotters!"

And the alarm was sounded more loudly than ever.

Another horn now resounded from the further extremity of the thoroughfare; this was answered by a third; and presently a fourth, and more remote blast, took up the note of alarm. The whole neighbourhood was disturbed. A garrison called to arms at dead of night on the sudden approach of the enemy, could not have been more expeditiously or effectually aroused. Rattles were sprung; lanterns lighted, and hoisted at the end of poles; windows thrown open; doors unbarred; and, as if by magic, the street was instantaneously filled with a crowd of persons of both sexes, armed with such weapons as came most readily to hand, and dressed in such garments as could be most easily slipped on. Hurrying in the direction of the supposed arrest, they encouraged each other with shouts, and threatened the offending parties with their vengeance.

Regardless as the gentry of the Mint usually were (for, indeed, they had become habituated from their frequent occurrence to such scenes,) of any outrages committed in their streets; deaf, as they had been, to the recent scuffle before Mrs. Sheppard's door, they were always sufficiently on the alert to maintain their privileges, and to assist each other against the attacks of their common enemy—the sheriff's officer. It was only by the adoption of such a course (especially since the late act of suppression, to which we have alluded,) that the inviolability of the asylum could be preserved. Incursions were often made upon its territories by the functionaries of the law; sometimes attended with success, but more frequently with discomfiture; and it rarely happened, unless by stratagem or bribery, that (in the language of the gentleman of the short staff) an important caption could be effected. In order to guard against accidents or surprises, watchmen, or scouts, (as they were styled,) were stationed at the three main outlets of the sanctuary, ready to give the signal in the manner just described: bars were erected, which, in case of emergency, could be immediately stretched across the streets; doors were attached to the alleys, and were never opened without due precautions; gates were affixed to the courts, wickets to the gates, and bolts to the wickets. The back-windows of the houses (where any such existed) were strongly barricaded, and kept constantly shut; and the fortress was, furthermore, defended by high walls and deep ditches in those quarters where it appeared most exposed. There was also a Maze, (the name is still retained in the district,) into which the debtor could run, and through the intricacies of which it was impossible for an officer to follow him, without a clue. Whoever chose to incur the risk of so doing might enter the Mint at any hour; but no one was suffered to depart without giving a satisfactory account of himself, or producing a pass from the Master. In short, every contrivance that ingenuity could devise was resorted to by this horde of reprobates to secure themselves from danger or molestation. Whitefriars' had lost its privileges; Salisbury Court and the Savoy no longer offered places of refuge to the debtor; and it was, therefore, doubly requisite that the Island of Bermuda (as the Mint was termed by its occupants) should uphold its rights, as long as it was able to do so.

Mr. Wood, meantime, had not remained idle. Aware that not a moment was to be lost, if he meant to render any effectual assistance to the child, he ceased shouting, and defending himself in the best way he could from the attacks of Rowland, by whom he was closely pressed, forced his way, in spite of all opposition, to Davies, and dealt him a blow on the head with such good will that, had it not been for the intervention of the wall, the ruffian must have been prostrated. Before he could recover from the stunning effects of the blow, Wood possessed himself of the child; and, untying the noose which had been slipped round its throat, had the satisfaction of hearing it cry lustily.

At this juncture, Sir Cecil and his followers appeared at the threshold.

"He has escaped!" exclaimed the knight; we have searched every corner of the house without finding a trace of him."

"Back!" cried Rowland. "Don't you hear those shouts? Yon fellow's clamour has brought the whole horde of jail-birds and cut-throats that infest this place about our ears. We shall be torn to pieces if we are discovered. Davies!" he added, calling to the attendant, who was menacing Wood with a severe retaliation, "don't heed him; but, if you value a whole skin, come into the house, and bring that woman with you. She may afford us some necessary information."

Davies reluctantly complied; and, dragging Mrs. Sheppard, who made no resistance, along with him, entered the house, the door of which was instantly shut and barricaded.

A moment afterwards, the street was illumined by a blaze of torchlight, and a tumultuous uproar, mixed with the clashing of weapons, and the braying of horns, announced the arrival of the first detachment of Minters.

Mr. Wood rushed instantly to meet them.

"Hurrah!" shouted he, waving his hat triumphantly over his head. "Saved!"

"Ay, ay, it's all bob, my covey! You're safe enough, that's certain!" responded the Minters, baying, yelping, leaping, and howling around him like a pack of hounds when the huntsman is beating cover; "but where are the lurchers?"

"Who?" asked Wood.

"The traps!" responded a bystander.

"The shoulder-clappers!" added a lady, who, in her anxiety to join the party, had unintentionally substituted her husband's nether habiliments for her own petticoats.

"The ban-dogs!" thundered a tall man, whose stature and former avocations had procured him the nickname of "The long drover of the Borough market." "Where are they?"

"Ay, where are they?" chorussed the mob, flourishing their various weapons, and flashing their torches in the air; "we'll sarve 'em out."

Mr. Wood trembled. He felt he had raised a storm which it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to allay. He knew not what to say, or what to do; and his confusion was increased by the threatening gestures and furious looks of the ruffians in his immediate vicinity.

"I don't understand you, gentlemen," stammered he, at length.

"What does he say?" roared the long drover.

"He says he don't understand flash," replied the lady in gentleman's attire.

"Cease your confounded clatter!" said a young man, whose swarthy visage, seen in the torch light, struck Wood as being that of a mulatto. "You frighten the cull out of his senses. It's plain he don't understand our lingo; as, how should he! Take pattern by me; and as he said this he strode up to the carpenter, and slapping him on the shoulder, propounded the following questions, accompanying each interrogation with a formidable contortion of countenance: Curse you! where are the bailiffs! Rot you! have you lost your tongue! Devil seize you! you could bawl loud enough a moment ago!"

"Silence, Blueskin!" interposed an authoritative voice, immediately behind the ruffian. "Let me have a word with the cull!"

"Ay! ay!" cried several of the bystanders, "Let Jonathan kimbow the cove. He's got the gift of the gab."

The crowd accordingly drew aside, and the individual in whose behalf the movement had been made, immediately stepped forward. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty, who, without having any thing remarkable either in dress or appearance, was yet a noticeable person, if only for the indescribable expression of cunning pervading his countenance. His eyes were small and gray; as far apart and as sly-looking as those of a fox. A physiognomist, indeed, would have likened him to that crafty animal, and it must be owned the general formation of his features favoured such a comparison. The nose was long and sharp, the chin pointed, the forehead broad and flat, and connected, without any intervening hollow, with the eyelid; the teeth, when displayed, seemed to reach from ear to ear. Then his beard was of a reddish hue, and his complexion warm and sanguine. Those who had seen him slumbering, averred that he slept with



his eyes open. But this might be merely a figurative mode of describing his customary vigilance. Certain it was, that the slightest sound aroused him. This astute personage was somewhat under the middle size, but fairly proportioned, inclining rather to strength than symmetry, and abounding more in muscle than in flesh.

It would seem, from the attention which he evidently bestowed upon the hidden and complex machinery of the grand system of villainy at work around him, that his chief object in taking up his quarters in the Mint must have been to obtain some private information respecting the habits and practices of its inhabitants, to be turned to account hereafter.

Advancing towards Wood, Jonathan fixed his keen gray eyes upon him, and demanded in a stern tone, whether the persons who had taken refuge in the adjoining house were bailiffs.

"Not that I know of," replied the carpenter, who had in some degree recovered his confidence.

"Then I presume you've not been arrested?"

"I have not," answered Wood, firmly.

"I guessed as much. Perhaps you'll next inform us why you have occasioned this disturbance."

"Because this child's life was threatened by the persons you have mentioned," rejoined Wood.

"An excellent reason if faith!" exclaimed Blueskin, with a roar of surprise and indignation, which was echoed by the whole assemblage. "And so we're to be summoned from our beds and snug firesides, because a kid happens to squall, eh! By the soul of my grandmother, but this is too good!"

"Do you intend to claim the privileges of the Mint?" said Jonathan, calmly pursuing his interrogations amid the uproar. "Is your person in danger?"

"Not from my creditors," replied Wood, significantly. "Will he post the cole? Will he come down with the dues? Ask him that!" cried Blueskin.

"You hear," pursued Jonathan; "my friend desires to know if you are willing to pay your footing as a member of the ancient and respectable fraternity of debtors?"

"I owe no man a farthing, and my name shall never appear in any such rascally lists," replied Wood angrily. "I don't see why I should be obliged to pay for doing my duty. I tell you this child would have been strangled, the noose was at its throat when I called for help. I knew it was in vain to cry 'murder!' in the Mint, so I had recourse to stratagem."

"Let's have a look at the kitchen-coe, that *ought* to have been throttled," cried Blueskin, snatching the child from Wood. "My stars! here's a pretty lullaby-cheat to make a fuss about—ho! ho!"

"Deal with me as you think proper, gentlemen," exclaimed Wood; "but, for mercy's sake, don't harm the child! Let it be taken to its mother."

"And who is its mother?" asked Jonathan in an eager whisper. "Tell me frankly, and speak under your breath. Your own safety—the child's safety—depends upon your candour."

While Mr. Wood underwent this examination, Blueskin felt a small and trembling hand placed upon his own, and, turning at the summons, beheld a young female, whose features were partially concealed by a loo, or half mask, standing beside him. Coarse as were the ruffian's notions of feminine beauty, he could not be insensible to the surpassing loveliness of the fair creature, who had thus solicited his attention. Her figure was, in some measure, hidden by a large scarf, and a deep hood drawn over the head contributed to her disguise; still it was evident, from her lofty bearing, that she had nothing in common, except an interest in their proceedings, with the crew by whom she was surrounded.

Whence she came,—who she was,—and what she wanted,—were questions which naturally suggested themselves to Blueskin, and he was about to seek for some explanation when his curiosity was checked by a gesture of silence from the lady.

"Hush," said she in a low but agitated voice; "would you earn this purse?"

"I've no objection," replied Blueskin, in a tone intended to be gentle, but which sounded like the murmuring whine of a playful bear. "How much is there in it?"

"It contains gold," replied the lady; "but I will add this ring."

"What am I to do to earn it?" asked Blueskin with a disgusting leer,—“cut a throat—or throw myself at your feet—eh, my dear?"

"Give me that child," returned the lady, with difficulty overcoming the loathing inspired by the ruffian's familiarity.

"Oh! I see!" replied Blueskin, winking significantly.

"Come nearer, or they'll observe us. Don't be afraid—I won't hurt you. I'm always agreeable to the women, bless their kind hearts! Now, slip the purse into my hand. Bravo!—the best cly-faker of 'em all could'n't have done it better. And now for the fawney—the ring I mean. I'm no great judge of these articles, ma'am; but I trust to your honour not to palm off paste upon me."

"It is a diamond," said the lady in an agony of distress,—“the child!"

"A diamond! Here, take the kid," cried Blueskin, slipping the infant adroitly under her scarf. "And so this is a diamond," added he, contemplating the brilliant from the hollow of his hand: "It does sparkle almost as brightly as your ogle. By the by, my dear, I forgot to ask your name—perhaps you will oblige me with it now! Hell and the devil!—gone!"

He looked around in vain. The lady had disappeared.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MASTER OF THE MINT.

JONATHAN, meanwhile, having ascertained the parentage of the child from Wood, proceeded to question him, in an under tone, as to the probable motives of the attempt upon its life; and, though he failed in obtaining any information on this point, he had little difficulty in eliciting such particulars of the mysterious transaction as have already been recounted. When the carpenter concluded his recital, Jonathan was for a moment lost in reflection.

"Devilish strange!" thought he, chuckling to himself; "queer business! Capital trick of the cull in the cloak to make another person's brat stand the brunt for his own—capital! ha! ha! Won't do though. He must be a sly fox, to get out of the mint without my knowledge. I've a shrewd guess where he's taken refuge; but I'll ferret him out. These bloods will pay well for his capture; if not, *he'll* pay well to get out of their hands; so I'm safe either way—ha! ha! Blueskin," he added aloud, and motioning that worthy, "follow me."

Upon which, he set off in the direction of the entry.—His progress, however, was checked by loud exclamations, announcing the arrival of the Master of the Mint and his train.

Baptist Kettleby (for so was the Master named) was a "goodly portly man, and a corpulent," whose fair round paunch bespoke the affection he entertained for good liquor and good living. He had a quick, shrewd, merry eye, and a look in which duplicity was agreeably

veiled by good humour. It was easy to discover that he was a knave, but equally easy to perceive that he was a pleasant fellow; a combination of qualities by no means of rare occurrence. So far as regards his attire, Baptist was not seen to advantage. No great lover of state or state costume at any time, he was generally, towards the close of an evening, completely in dishabille, and in this condition he now presented himself to his subjects. His shirt was unfastened, his vest unbuttoned, his hose ungartered, his feet were stuck into a pair of pantoufles, his arms into a greasy flannel dressing-gown, his head into a thrum-cap, the cap into a tie-periwig, and the wig into a gold-edged hat. A white apron was tied round his waist, and into the apron was thrust a short thick truncheon, which looked very much like a rolling-pin.

The Master of the Mint was accompanied by another gentleman almost as portly as himself, and quite as deliberate in his movements. The costume of this personage was somewhat singular, and might have passed for a masquerading habit, had not the imperturbable gravity of his demeanour forbidden any such supposition. It consisted of a close jerkin of brown frieze, ornamented with a triple row of brass buttons; loose Dutch slops, made very wide in the seat and very tight in the knees; red stockings with black clocks, and a fur cap.

The owner of this dress had a broad, weather-beaten face, small twinkling eyes, and a bushy head, grizzled beard. Though he walked by the side of the governor, he seldom exchanged a word with him, but appeared wholly absorbed in the contemplations inspired by a broad bowled Dutch pipe.

Behind the illustrious personages just described, marched a troop of stalwart fellows, with white badges in their hats, quarter-staves, oaken cudgels, and links in their hands. These were the Master's body-guard.

Advancing towards the Master, and claiming an audience, which was instantly granted, Jonathan, without much circumlocution, related the sum of the strange story he had just learnt from Wood, omitting nothing except a few trifling particulars, which he thought it politic to keep back; and, with this view, he said not a word of there being any probability of capturing the fugitive, but, on the contrary, roundly asserted that his informant had witnessed that person's escape.

The Master listened, with becoming attention, to the narrative, and, at its conclusion, shook his head gravely, applied his thumb to the side of his nose, and, twirling his fingers significantly, winked at his phlegmatic companion. The gentleman appealed to, shook his head in reply, coughed as only a Dutchman *can* cough, and raising his hand from the bowl of his pipe, went through precisely the same mysterious ceremonial as the Master.

Putting his own construction upon this mute interchange of opinions, Jonathan ventured to observe, that it certainly was a very perplexing case, but that he thought something *might* be made of it, and, if left to him, he would undertake to manage the matter to the Master's entire satisfaction.

"Ja, ja, Muntmeester," said the Dutchman, removing the pipe from his mouth, and speaking in a deep guttural voice, "leave the affair to Johannes. He'll settle it bravely. And let ush go back to our brandewyn, and holland-sche genever. Dese ere not schouts, as you faind, but jonkers on a vrolyk; and if dey'd chanced to keel de vrow Sheppard's pet lamb, dey'd have done her a servish, by shaving it from dat unpleasant complaint, de hempen fever, with which its laatter days are threatened, and of which its poor vader died. Myn God! haanging runs in some families, Muntmeester. It's hereditary, like the jig, vat you call it—gout—haw! haw!"

"If the child is destined to the gibbet, Van Galgebrook," replied the Master, joining in the laugh, "it'll never be choked by a footman's cravat, that's certain; but,

in regard to going back empty-handed," continued he, altering his tone, and assuming a dignified air, "it's quite out of the question. With Baptist Kettleby, to engage in a matter is to go through with it. Besides, this is an affair which no one but myself can settle. Common offences may be decided upon by deputy: but outrages perpetrated by men of rank, as these appear to be, must be judged by the Master of the Mint in person. These are the decrees of the Island of Bermuda, and I will never suffer its excellent laws to be violated. Gentlemen of the Mint," added he, pointing with his truncheon towards Mrs. Sheppard's house, "forward!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob, and the whole phalanx was put in motion in that direction. At the same moment, a martial flourish, proceeding from cows horns, tin canisters filled with stones, bladders and cat-gut, with other sprightly instruments, was struck up, and, enlivened by this harmonious accompaniment, the troop reached its destination in the best possible spirits for an encounter.

"Let us in," said the Master, rapping his truncheon authoritatively against the boards, "or we'll force an entrance."

But as no answer was returned to this summons, though it was again, and more peremptorily repeated, Baptist seized a mallet from a bystander and burst open the door. Followed by Van Galgebrook and others of his retinue, he then rushed into the room, where Rowland, Sir Cecil, and their attendants stood with drawn swords prepared to receive them.

"Beat down their blades," cried the Master; "no bloodshed."

"Beat out their brains, you mean," rejoined Blueskin with a tremendous imprecation; "no half measures now, Master."

"Haden't you better hold a moment's parley with the gentlemen before proceeding to extremities?" suggested Jonathan.

"Agreed," responded the Master. "Surely," he added, staring at Rowland, "either I'm greatly mistaken, or it is—"

"You are *not* mistaken, Baptist," returned Rowland with a gesture of silence; "it is your old friend. I'm glad to recognize you."

"And I'm glad your worship's recognition doesn't come too late," observed the Master. "But why didn't you make yourself known at once?"

"I'd forgotten the office you hold in the Mint, Baptist," replied Rowland. "But clear the room of this rabble, if you have sufficient authority over them. I would speak with you."

"There's but one way of clearing it, your worship," said the Master, archly.

"I understand," replied Rowland. "Give them what you please. I'll repay you."

"It's all right, pals," cried Baptist, in a loud tone; "the gentlemen and I have settled matters. No more scuffling."

"What's the meaning of all this?" demanded Sir Cecil. "How have you contrived to still these troubled waters?"

"I've chanced upon an old ally in the Master of the Mint," answered Rowland. "We may trust him," he added in a whisper; "he is a staunch friend of the good cause."

"Blueskin clear the room," cried the Master; "these gentlemen would be private. They've *paid* for their lodging. Where's Jonathan?"

Inquiries were instantly made after that individual, but he was nowhere to be found.

"Strange!" observed the Master; "I thought he'd been at my elbow all this time. But it don't much matter—though he's a devilish shrewd fellow, and

might have helped me out of a difficulty, had any occurred. Hark ye, Blueskin," continued he, addressing that personage, who, in obedience to his commands, had, with great promptitude, driven out the rabble, and again secured the door, "a word in your ear. What female entered the house with us?"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Blueskin, afraid, if he admitted having seen the lady, of being compelled to divide the plunder he had obtained from her among his companions, "how should I know? D'ye suppose I'm always thinking of the petticoats? I observed no female; but if any one *did* join the assault, it must have been either Amazonian Kate, or Fighting Moll."

"The woman I mean did not join the assault," rejoined the Master, "but rather seemed to shun observation; and, from the hasty glimpse I caught of her, appeared to have a child in her arms."

"Then, most probably, it was the widow Sheppard," answered Blueskin sulkily.

"Right," said the Master, "I did'nt think of her. And now I've another job for you."

"Propose it," returned Blueskin, inclining his head.

"Square accounts with the rascal who got up the sham arrest; and, if he don't tip the cole without more ado, give him a taste of the pump, that's all."

"He shall go through the whole course," replied Blueskin, with a ferocious grin, "unless he comes down to the last grig. We'll lather him with mud, shave him with a rusty razor, and drench him with *aqua pompaginis*. Master, your humble servant.—Gentlemen, your most obsequious trout."

Having effected his object, which was to get rid of Blueskin, Baptist turned to Rowland and Sir Cecil, who had watched his proceedings with much impatience, and remarked, "Now, gentlemen, the coast's clear; we've nothing to interrupt us. I'm entirely at your service."

## CHAPTER IV.

### JONATHAN WILD.

LEAVING them to pursue their conference, we shall follow the footsteps of Jonathan, who, as the Master surmised, and as we have intimated, had unquestionably entered the house. But at the beginning of the affray, when he thought every one was too much occupied with his own concerns to remark his absence, he slipped out of the room, not for the purpose of avoiding the engagement, (for cowardice was not one of his failings,) but because he had another object in view. Creeping stealthily up stairs, unmasking a dark lantern, and glancing into each room as he passed, he was startled in one of them by the appearance of Mrs. Sheppard, who seemed to be crouching upon the floor. Satisfied, however, that she did not notice him, Jonathan glided away as noiselessly as he came, and ascended another short flight of stairs leading to the garret. As he crossed this chamber, his foot struck against something on the floor, which nearly threw him down, and stooping to examine the object, he found it was a key. "Never throw away a chance," thought Jonathan. "Who knows but this key may open a golden lock one of these days?" And, picking it up, he thrust it into his pocket.

Arrived beneath an aperture in the broken roof, he was preparing to pass through it, when he observed a little heap of tiles upon the floor, which appeared to have been recently dislodged. "He *has* passed this way," cried Jonathan exultingly; "I have him safe enough." He then closed the lantern, mounted without much difficulty upon the roof, and proceeded cautiously along the tiles.

The night was now profoundly dark. Jonathan had to feel his way. A single false step might have precipitated him into the street; or, if he had trodden upon an unsound part of the roof, he must have fallen through it. He had nothing to guide him; for, though the torches were blazing ruddily below, their gleam fell only on the side of the building. The venturesome climber gazed for a moment at the assemblage beneath, to ascertain that he was not discovered; and, having satisfied himself in this particular, he stepped out more boldly. On gaining a stack of chimneys at the back of the house, he came to a pause, and again unmasked his lantern. Nothing, however, could be discerned, except the crumbling brickwork. "Confusion!" ejaculated Jonathan, "can he have escaped? No. The walls are too high, and the windows too stoutly barricaded in this quarter, to admit such a supposition. He can't be far off. I shall find him yet. Ah! I have it," he added, after a moment's deliberation; "he's there, I'll be sworn." And, once more enveloping himself in darkness, he pursued his course.

He had now reached the adjoining house, and scaling the roof, approached another building, which seemed to be, at least, one story loftier than its neighbours. Apparently, Jonathan was well acquainted with the premises; for, feeling about in the dark, he speedily discovered a ladder, up the steps of which he hurried. Drawing a pistol, and unclosing his lantern with the quickness of thought, he then burst through an open trap-door into a small loft.

The light fell upon the fugitive, who stood before him in an attitude of defence, with the child in his arms.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jonathan, acting upon the information he had obtained from Wood; "I have found you at last. Your servant, Mr. Darrell."

"Who are you?" demanded the fugitive, sternly.

"A friend," replied Jonathan, uncocking the pistol, and placing it in his pocket.

"How do I know you are a friend?" asked Darrell.

"What should I do here alone if I were an enemy? But, come, don't let us waste time in bandying words, when we might employ it so much more profitably. Your life, and that of your child, are in my power. What will you give me to save you from your pursuers?"

"Can you do so?" asked the other, doubtfully.

"I can, and will. Now, the reward?"

"I have but an ill-furnished purse. But if I escape, my gratitude—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Jonathan scornfully. "Your gratitude will vanish with your danger. Pay fools with promises. I must have something in hand."

"You shall have all I have about me," replied Darrell.

"Well—well," grumbled Jonathan, "I suppose I must be content. An ill-lined purse is a poor recompense for the risk I have run. However, come along. I needn't tell you to tread carefully. You know the danger of this breakneck road as well as I do. The light would betray us." So saying, he closed the lantern.

"Harkye, sir," rejoined Darrell; "one word before I move. I know not who you are; and, as I cannot discern

your face, I may be doing you an injustice. But there is something in your voice that makes me distrust you. If you attempt to play the traitor, you will do so at the hazard of your life.

"I have already hazarded my life in this attempt to save you," returned Jonathan boldly, and with apparent frankness; "this ought to be sufficient answer to your doubts. Your pursuers are below. What was to hinder me, if I had been so inclined, from directing them to your retreat?"

"Enough," replied Darrell. "Lead on!" Followed by Darrell, Jonathan retraced his dangerous path. As he approached the gable of Mrs. Sheppard's house, loud yells and vociferations reached his ears; and, looking downwards, he perceived a great stir amid the mob. The cause of this uproar was soon manifest. Blueskin and the Minters were dragging Wood to the pump. The unfortunate carpenter struggled violently, but ineffectually. His hat was placed upon one pole, his wig on another. His shouts for help were answered by roars of mockery and laughter. He continued alternately to be tossed in the air, or rolled in the kennel until he was borne out of sight. The spectacle seemed to afford as much amusement to Jonathan as to the actors engaged in it. He could not contain his satisfaction, but chuckled, and rubbed his hands with delight.

"By Heaven!" cried Darrell, "it is the poor fellow whom I placed in such jeopardy a short time ago. I am the cause of his ill-usage."

"To be sure you are," replied Jonathan, laughing. "But what of that! It will be a lesson to him in future, and will show him the folly of doing a good natured action!"

But perceiving that his companion did not relish his pleasantry, and fearing that his sympathy for the carpenter's situation might betray him into some act of imprudence, Jonathan, without further remark, and by way of putting an end to the discussion, let himself drop through the roof. His example was followed by Darrell. But, though the latter was somewhat embarrassed by his burthen, he peremptorily declined Jonathan's offer of assistance. Both, however, having safely landed, they cautiously crossed the room, and passed down the first flight of steps in silence. At this moment, a door was opened below; lights gleamed on the walls; and the figures of Rowland and Sir Cecil were distinguished at the foot of the stairs.

Darrell stopped, and drew his sword.

"You have betrayed me," said he, in a deep whisper, to his companion; "but you shall reap the reward of your treachery."

"Be still!" returned Jonathan in the same under tone, and with great self-possession: "I can yet save you. And see!" he added, as the figures drew back, and the lights disappeared; "it's a false alarm. They have retired. However, not a moment is to be lost. Give me your hand."

He then hurried Darrell down another short flight of steps, and entered a small chamber at the back of the house. Closing the door, Jonathan next produced his lantern, and, hastening towards the window, undrew a bolt by which it was fastened. A stout wooden shutter, opening inwardly, being removed, disclosed a grating of iron bars. This obstacle, which appeared to preclude the possibility of egress in that quarter, was speedily got rid of. Withdrawing another bolt, and unhooking a chain suspended from the top of the casement, Jonathan pushed the iron framework outwards. The bars dropped noiselessly and slowly down, till the chain tightened at the staple.

"You are free," said he; "that grating forms a ladder, by which you may descend in safety. I learnt the trick of the place from one Paul Groves, who used to live here,

and who contrived the machine. He used to call it his fire-escape—ha! ha! I've often used the ladder for my own convenience, but I never expected to turn it to such good account. And now, sir, have I kept faith with you?"

"You have," replied Darrell. "Here is my purse; and I trust you will let me know to whom I am indebted for this important service."

"It matters not who I am," replied Jonathan, taking the money. "As I said before, I have little reliance upon professions of gratitude."

"I know not how it is," sighed Darrell, "but I feel an unaccountable misgiving at quitting this place. Something tells me I am rushing on greater danger."

"You know best," replied Jonathan, sneeringly, "but if I were in your place I would take the chance of a future and uncertain risk to avoid a present and certain peril."

"You are right," replied Darrell; "the weakness is past. Which is the nearest way to the river?"

"Why, it's an awkward road to direct you," returned Jonathan. "But if you turn to the right when you reach the ground, and keep close to the Mint wall, you'll speedily arrive at White Cross Street; White Cross Street, if you turn again to the right, will bring you into Queen Street; Queen Street, bearing to the left, will conduct you to Deadman's Place; and Deadman's Place to the water-side, not fifty yards from Saint Saviour's stairs, where you're sure to get a boat."

"The very point I aim at," said Darrell, as he passed through the outlet.

"Stay," said Jonathan, aiding his descent; "you had better take my lantern. It may be useful to you. Perhaps you'll give me in return some token, by which I may remind you of this occurrence, in case we meet again. Your glove will suffice."

"There it is," replied the other, tossing him the glove.

"Are you sure these bars touch the ground?"

"They come within a yard of it," answered Jonathan.

"Safe!" shouted Darrell, as he effected a secure landing.

"Good night!"

"So," muttered Jonathan, "having started the hare, I'll now unleash the hounds."

With this praiseworthy determination, he was hastening down stairs, with the utmost rapidity, when he encountered a female, whom he took, in the darkness, to be Mrs. Sheppard. The person caught hold of his arm, and, in spite of his efforts to disengage himself, detained him.

"Where is he?" asked she, in an agitated whisper. "I heard his voice; but I saw them on the stairs, and durst not approach him, for fear of giving the alarm."

"If you mean the fugitive, Darrell, he has escaped through the back window," replied Jonathan.

"Thank Heaven!" she gasped.

"Well, you women are forgiving creatures, I must say," observed Jonathan, sarcastically. "You thank Heaven for the escape of the man who did his best to get your child's neck twisted."

"What do you mean?" asked the female, in astonishment.

"I mean what I say," replied Jonathan. "Perhaps you don't know that this Darrell so contrived matters, that your child should be mistaken for his own; by which means it had a narrow escape from a tight cravat, I can assure you. However, the scheme answered well enough, for Darrell has got off with his own brat."

"Then this is not my child?" exclaimed she, with increased astonishment.

"If you have a child there, it certainly is not, answered Jonathan, a little surprised; "for I left your brat in the charge of Blueskin, who is still among the crowd in the



street, unless, as is not unlikely, he's gone to see your other friend disciplined at the pump."

"Merciful Providence!" exclaimed the female. "Whose child can this be?"

"How the devil should I know?" replied Jonathan gruffly. "I suppose it didn't drop through the ceiling, did it? Are you quite sure it's flesh and blood?" asked he playfully pinching its arm till it cried out with pain.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, rushing from the adjoining room. "Where is it?"

"Are you the mother of this child?" inquired the person who had first spoken, addressing Mrs. Sheppard.

"I am—I am!" cried the widow, snatching the babe, and pressing it to her breast with rapturous delight. "God be thank'd, I have found it!"

"We have both good reason to be grateful," added the lady, with great emotion.

"Sblood!" cried Jonathan, who had listened to the foregoing conversation with angry wonder, "I've been nicely done here. Fool that I was to part with my lantern! But I'll soon set myself straight. What ho!" lights! lights!"

And, shouting as he went, he flung himself down stairs.

"Where shall I fly?" exclaimed the lady, bewildered with terror. "They will kill me, if they find me, as they would have killed my husband and child. Oh God! my limbs fail me."

"Make an effort, madam," cried Mrs. Sheppard, as a storm of furious voices resounded from below, and torches were seen mounting the stairs; "they are coming!—they are coming!—fly!—to the roof! to the roof!"

"No," cried the lady, "this room—I recollect—it has a back window."

"It is shut," said Mrs. Sheppard.

"It is open," replied the lady, rushing towards it, and springing through the outlet.

"Where is she?" thundered Jonathan, who at this moment reached Mrs. Sheppard.

"She has flown up stairs," replied the widow.

"You lie, hussy!" replied Jonathan, rudely pushing her aside, as she vainly endeavoured to oppose his entrance into the room; "she is here. Hist!" cried he, as a scream was heard from without. "By G—! she has missed her footing."

There was a momentary and terrible silence, broken only by a few feeble groans.

Sir Cecil, who with Rowland and some others had entered the room, rushed to the window with a torch."

He held down the light, and a moment afterwards beckoned, with a blanched cheek, to Rowland.

"Your sister is dead," said he in a deep whisper.

"Her blood be upon her own head, then," replied Rowland, sternly. "Why came she here?"

"She could not resist the hand of fate, which drew her hither," replied Sir Cecil, mournfully.

"Descend, and take charge of the body, said Rowland, conquering his emotion by a great effort. "I will join you in a moment. This accident rather confirms than checks my purpose. This stain upon our family is only half effaced: I have sworn the death of the villain and his bastard, and I will keep my oath. Now, sir, beheaded, turning to Jonathan, as Sir Cecil and his followers obeyed his injunctions, "you say you know the road which the person whom we seek has taken?"

"I do," replied Jonathan. "But I give no information gratis!"

"Speak, then," said Rowland, placing money in his hand.

"You'll find him at Saint Saviour's stairs," answered Jonathan. "He's about to cross the river. You'd better lose no time. He has got five minutes' start of you. But I sent him the longest way about."

The words were scarcely pronounced, when Rowland disappeared.

"And now to see the end of it," said Jonathan, shortly afterwards passing through the window. "Good night, Master."

Three persons only were left in the room. These were the Master of the Mint, Van Galgebok, and Mrs. Sheppard.

"A bad business this, Van," observed Baptist, with a prolonged shake of the head.

"Ja, ja, Muntmeester," said the Hollander, shaking his head in reply; "very bad—very."

"But then they're staunch supporters of our friend over the water," continued Baptist, winking significantly; "so we must e'en hush it up in the best way we can."

"Ja," answered Van Galgebok. "But—sapperment!—I wish they hadn't broken my pipe."

"JONATHAN WILD promises well," observed the Master, after a pause; "he'll become a great man. Mind, I, Baptist Kettleby, say so."

"He'll be hanged, nevertheless," replied the Hollander, giving his collar an ugly jerk. "Mind, I, Rykhart Van Galgebok, predict it. And now let's go back to the Shovels, and finish our brandewyn and bier, Muntmeester."

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, relieved by their departure, and giving way to a passionate flood of tears: "were it not for my child, I should wish to be in the place of that unfortunate lady."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DENUNCIATION.

For a short space Mrs. Sheppard remained dissolved in tears. She then dried her eyes, and, laying her child gently upon the floor, knelt down beside him. "Open my heart, Father of Mercy!" she murmured, in a humble tone, and with downcast looks, "and make me sensible of the error of my ways. I have sinned deeply; but I have been sorely tried. Spare me yet a little while, Father! not for my own sake, but for the sake of this poor babe." Her utterance was here choked by sobs. "But, if it is thy will to take me from him," she continued, as soon as her emotion permitted her,—"if he must be left an orphan amid strangers, implant I beseech thee, a mother's feelings in some other bosom, and raise up a friend, who shall be to him what I would have been. Let him not bear the weight of my punishment. Spare him!—pity me!"

With this she arose, and taking up the infant, was about to proceed down stairs, when she was alarmed by hearing the street-door opened, and the sound of heavy footsteps entering the house.

"Halloa, widow!" shouted a rough voice from below, "where the devil are you?"

Mrs. Sheppard returned no answer.

"I've got something to say to you," continued the speaker, rather less harshly; "something to your advantage; so come out o' your hiding-place, and let's have some supper, for I'm infernally hungry.—D'ye hear?"

Still the widow remained silent.

"Well, if you won't come, I shall help myself, and that's unsociable," pursued the speaker, evidently, from the noise he made, suiting the action to the word. "Devilish nice ham you've got here!—capital pie!—and, as I live, a flask of excellent canary. You're in luck to-night, widow. Here's your health in a bumper, and wishing you a better husband than your first. It'll be your own fault if you don't soon get another, and a proper young man into the bargain. Here's his health likewise. What! mum still. You're the first widow I

ever heard of who could withstand that lure. I'll try the effect of a jolly stave." And he struck up the following ballad:

### SAINT GILE'S BOWL.\*

#### I.

Where Saint Gile's Church stands, once a lazar-house stood;

And, chained to its gates, was a vessel of wood;  
A broad-bottomed bowl, from which all the fine fellows,  
Who passed by that spot, on their way to the gallows,—

Might tippie strong beer  
Their spirits to cheer,

And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear!

For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles

So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

#### II.

By many a highwayman, many a draught  
Of nutty-brown ale at Saint Gile's was quaff,  
Until the old lazar-house chanced to fall down,  
And the broad-bottomed bowl was removed to the Crown.

Where the robber may cheer

His spirits with beer,

And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear!

For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles

So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

#### III.

There MULSACK and SWIFTNECK, both prigs from their birth,

Old MOB and TOM COX took their last draught on earth:  
There RANDAL and SHORTER, and WHITNEY pulled up,  
And jolly JACK JOYCE drank his finishing cup!

For a can of ale calms,

A highwayman's qualms,

And makes him sing blithely his dolorous psalms!

And nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles

So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

"Singing's dry work," observed the stranger, pausing to take a pull at the bottle. "And now, widow," continued he, "attend to the next verse, for it concerns a friend o' your's."

#### IV.

When gallant TOM SHEPPARD to Tyburn was led,—  
"Stop the cart at the Crown—stop a moment," he said.  
He was offered the Bowl, but he left it, and smiled,  
Crying "Keep it till called for by JONATHAN WILD!"

"The rascal one day,

"Will pass by this way.

"And drink a full measure to moisten his clay!

"And never will Bowl of Saint Giles have beguiled

"Such a thorough-paced scoundrel as JONATHAN WILD!"

#### V.

Should it e'er be my lot to ride backwards that way,  
At the door of the Crown I will certainly stay;  
I'll summon the landlord—I'll call for the Bowl,  
And drink a deep draught to the health of my soul!

Whatever may hap,

I'll taste of the tap,

To keep up my spirits when brought to the erap!

For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles

So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint Giles!

"Devil seize the woman," growled the singer, as he brought his ditty to a close; "will nothing tempt her out. Widow Sheppard, I say," he added, rising. "Don't

be afraid. It's only a gentleman come to offer you his hand. 'He that woos a maid,—fol-de-rol—(hiccupping,)—I'll soon find you out.'"

Mrs. Sheppard, whose distress at the consumption of the provisions had been somewhat allayed by the anticipation of the intruder's departure after he had satisfied his appetite, was now terrified in the extreme by seeing a light approach, and hearing footsteps on the stairs. Her first impulse was to fly to the window; and she was about to pass through it, at the risk of sharing the fate of the unfortunate lady, when her arm was grasped by some one in the act of ascending the ladder from without. Uttering a faint scream, she sank backwards, and would have fallen, if it had not been for the interposition of Blueskin, who, at that moment, staggered into the room with a candle in one hand, and the bottle in the other.

"Oh, you're here, are you!" said the ruffian, with an exulting laugh: "I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Let me go," implored Mrs. Sheppard,— "pray let me go. You hurt the child. Don't you hear how you've made it cry?"

"Throttle the kid!" rejoined blueskin fiercely. "If you don't stop it's squalling, I will. I hate children. And, if I'd my own way, I'd drown 'em all like a litter o' puppies."

Well knowing the savage temper of the person she had to deal with, and how likely he was to put his threat into execution, Mrs. Sheppard did not dare to return any answer; but, disengaging herself from his embrace, endeavoured meekly to comply with his request.

"And now, widow," continued the ruffian, setting down the candle, and applying his lips to the bottle-neck as he flung his heavy frame upon a bench, "I've a piece o' good news for you."

"Good news will be news to me. What is it?"

"Guess," rejoined Blueskin, attempting to throw a gallant expression into his forbidding countenance.

Mrs. Sheppard trembled violently; and though she understood his meaning too well, she answered,— "I can't guess."

"Well, then," returned the ruffian, "to put you out o' suspense, as the topsman remarked to poor Tom Sheppard, afore he turned him off, I'm come to make you an honourable proposal o' marriage. You won't refuse me, I'm sure; so no more need be said about the matter. Tomorrow we'll go to the Fleet and get spliced. Don't shake so. What I said about your brat was all stuff. I don't mean it. It's my way when I'm ruffled. I shall take to him as nat'ral as if he were my own flesh and blood before long.—I'll give him the education of a prig,—teach him the use of his forks betimes,—and make him, in the end, as clever a cracksmen as his father."

"Never!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard, "never! never!"

"Halloa! what's this?" demanded Blueskin, springing to his feet. "Do you mean to say that if I support your kid, I shan't bring him up how I please—eh?"

"Don't question me, but leave me," replied the widow wildly;—"you had better."

"Leave you!" echoed the ruffian, with a contemptuous laugh;—"not just yet."

"I am not unprotected," replied the poor woman;—"there's some one at the window. Help! help!"

But her cries were unheeded. And Blueskin, who, for a moment had looked round distrustfully, concluding it was a feint, now laughed louder than ever.

"It won't do, widow," said he, drawing near her, while she shrank from his approach, "so you may spare your breath. Come, come, be reasonable, and listen to me. Your kid has already brought me good luck, and may bring me still more if his education's attended to. This purse," he added, chinking it in the air, "and this ring were given me for him just now by the lady, who made a false step on leaving your house. If I'd been in the way,

\* At the hospital of Saint Giles for Lazars, the prisoners conveyed from the City of London towards Tyburn, there to be executed for treasons, felonies, or other trespasses, were presented with a Bowl of Ale, thereof to drink, as their last refreshing in this life.—*Surrey's Stew.* Book ix. ch. iii.

instead of Jonathan Wild, that accident would not have happened."

As he said this a slight noise was heard without.

"What's that?" ejaculated the ruffian, glancing uneasily towards the window. "Who's there?—Pshaw! it's only the wind."

"It's Jonathan Wild," returned the widow, endeavouring to alarm him. "I told you I was not unprotected."

"He protect you," retorted Blueskin maliciously; "you haven't a worse enemy on the face of the earth than Jonathan Wild. If you'd read your husband's dying speech, you'd know that he laid his death at Jonathan's door,—and with reason too, as I can testify."

"Man!" screamed Mrs. Sheppard, with a vehemence that shook even the hardened wretch beside her; "begone, and tempt me not."

"What should I tempt you to?" asked Blueskin in surprise.

"To—to—no matter what," returned the widow distractedly. "Go—go."

"I see what you mean," rejoined Blueskin, tossing a large case-knife, which he took from his pocket, in the air, and catching it dexterously by the haft as it fell; "you owe Jonathan a grudge;—so do I. He hanged your first husband. Just speak the word," he added, drawing the knife significantly across his throat, "and I'll put it out of his power to do the same by your second. But, d—n him! let's talk o' something more agreeable. Look at this ring;—it's a diamond, and worth a mint o' money. It shall be your wedding ring. Look at it, I say. The lady's name's engraved inside, but so small I can scarcely read it. A-t-t-r-e-v-a—Aliva—T-r-e-n—Trenchard—that's it. Aliva Trenchard."

"Aliva Trenchard!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, hastily; "is that the name?"

"Ay, ay, now I look again, it is Trenchard. How came you to know it? Have you heard the name before?"

"I think I have—long, long ago, when I was a child," replied Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hand across her brow; "but my memory is gone—quite gone. Where can I have heard it?"

"Devil knows," rejoined Blueskin. "Let it pass. The ring's yours, and you're mine. Here put it on your finger."

Mrs. Sheppard snatched back her hand from his grasp, and exerted all her force to repel his advances.

"Set down the kid," roared Blueskin, savagely.

"Mercy!" screamed Mrs. Sheppard, struggling to escape, and holding the infant at arm's length; "have mercy on this helpless innocent!"

And the child, alarmed by the strife, added its feeble cries to its mother's shrieks.

"Set it down, I tell you," thundered Blueskin, "or I shall do it a mischief."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Sheppard.

Uttering a terrible imprecation, Blueskin placed the knife between his teeth, and endeavoured to seize the poor woman by the throat. In the struggle her cap fell off. The ruffian caught hold of her hair and held her fast. The chamber rang with her shrieks. But her cries, instead of moving her assailant's compassion, only added to his fury. Planting his knee against her side, he pulled her towards him with one hand, while with the other he sought his knife. The child was now within reach; and, in another moment, he would have executed his deadly purpose, if an arm from behind had not felled him to the ground.

When Mrs. Sheppard, who had been stricken down by the blow that prostrated her assailant, looked up, she perceived Jonathan Wild kneeling beside the body of Blue-

skin. He was holding the ring to the light, and narrowly examining the inscription.

"Trenchard," he muttered; "Aliva Trenchard—they were right, then, as to the name. Well, if she survives the accident—as the blood, who styles himself Sir Cecil, fancies she may do—this ring may make my fortune by leading to the discovery of the chief parties concerned in this strange affair."

"Is the poor lady alive?" asked Mrs. Sheppard eagerly.

"S'blood!" exclaimed Jonathan, hastily thrusting the ring into his vest, and taking up a heavy horseman's pistol with which he had felled Blueskin,—“I thought you'd been senseless."

"Is she alive?" repeated the widow.

"What's that to you?" demanded Jonathan, gruffly.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," returned Mrs. Sheppard. "But pray tell me if her husband has escaped."

"Her husband!" echoed Jonathan, scornfully. "A husband has little to fear from his wife's kinsfolk. Her lover, Darrell, has embarked upon the Thames, where, if he's not capsize by the squall, (for it's blowing like the devil,) he stands a good chance of getting his throat cut by his pursuers—ha! ha! I tracked 'em to the banks of the river, and should have followed to see it out, if the watermen had not refused to take me. However, as things have turned up, it's fortunate that I came back."

"It is indeed," replied Mrs. Sheppard; "most fortunate for me."

"For you?" exclaimed Jonathan; "don't flatter yourself that I'm thinking of you. Blueskin might have butchered you and your brat before I'd have lifted a finger to prevent him, if it had not suited my purposes to do so, and he had not incurred my displeasure. I never forgive an injury. Your husband could have told you that."

"How had he offended you?" inquired the widow.

"I'll tell you," answered Jonathan, sternly. "He thwarted my schemes twice. The first time, I overlooked the offence; but the second time, when I had planned to break open the house of his master, the fellow who visited you to-night,—Wood, the carpenter of Wych Street,—he betrayed me. I told him I would bring him to the gallows; and I was as good as my word."

"You were so," replied Mrs. Sheppard; "and for that wicked deed you will one day be brought to the gallows yourself."

"Not before I have conducted your child thither," retorted Jonathan, with a withering look.

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Sheppard, paralysed by the threat.

"If that sickly brat lives to be a man," continued Jonathan, rising, "I'll hang him upon the same tree as his father."

"Pity!" shrieked the widow.

"I'll be his evil genius!" vociferated Jonathan, who seemed to enjoy her torture.

"Begone, wretch!" cried the mother, stung beyond endurance by his taunts; "or I will drive you hence with my curses."

"Curse on and welcome," jeered Wild.

Mrs. Sheppard raised her hand, and the malediction trembled upon her tongue. But ere the words could find utterance her maternal tenderness had overcome her indignation; and, sinking upon her knees, she extended her arms over her infant child.

"A mother's prayers—a mother's blessings," she cried, with a fervour almost of inspiration, "will avail against a fiend's malice."

"We shall see," rejoined Wild, turning carelessly upon his heel.

And, as he quitted the room, the poor widow fell with her face upon the floor.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE STORM.

As soon as he was liberated by his persecutors, Mr. Wood set off at full speed from the Mint, and, hurrying he scarce knew whither, (for there was such a continual buzzing in his ears and dancing in his eyes, as almost to take away the power of reflection,) he held on at a brisk pace till his strength completely failed him.

On regaining his breath, he began to consider whether chance had led him; and, rubbing his eyes to clear his sight, he perceived a sombre pile, with a lofty tower and broad roof, immediately in front of him. This structure at once satisfied him as to where he stood. He knew it to be Saint Saviour's Church. As he looked up at the massive tower, the clock tolled forth the hour of midnight.

The solemn strokes were immediately answered by a multitude of chimes, sounding across the Thames, amongst which the deep note of Saint Paul's was plainly distinguishable. A feeling of inexplicable awe crept over the carpenter as the sounds died away. He trembled, not from any superstitious dread, but from an undefined sense of approaching danger. The peculiar appearance of the sky was not without some influence in awakening these terrors. Over one of the pinnacles of the tower a speck of pallid light marked the position of the moon, then newly born and newly risen. It was still profoundly dark; but the wind, which had begun to blow with some violence, chased the clouds rapidly across the heavens, and dispersed the vapours hanging nearer the earth. Sometimes, the moon was totally eclipsed; at others, it shed a wan and ghastly glimmer over the masses rolling in the firmament. Not a star could be discerned, but, in their stead, streaks of lurid radiance, whence proceeding it was impossible to determine, shot ever and anon athwart the dusky vault, and added to the ominous and threatening appearance of the night.

Alarmed by these prognostications of a storm, and feeling too much exhausted from his late severe treatment to proceed much further on foot, Wood endeavoured to find a tavern where he might warm, and otherwise refresh himself. With this view he struck off into a narrow street on the left, and soon entered a small ale-house, over the door of which hung the sign of the "Welsh Trumpeter."

"Let me have a glass of brandy," said he, addressing the host.

"Too late master," replied the landlord of the Trumpeter, in a surly tone, for he did not much like the appearance of his customer; "just shut up shop."

"Zounds! David Pugh, don't you know your old friend and countryman?" exclaimed the carpenter.

"Ah! Owen Wood, is it you?" cried David in astonishment. "What the devil makes you out so late? And what has happened to you, man, eh!—you seem in a queer plight."

"Give me the brandy, and I'll tell you," replied Wood.

"Here, wife—hostess—fetch me that bottle from the second shelf in the corner cupboard.—There, Mr. Wood," cried David, pouring out a glass of the spirit, and offering it to the carpenter, "that'll warm the cockles of your heart. Don't be afraid, man,—off with it. It's right Nantz. I keep it for my own drinking," he added in a lower tone.

Mr. Wood having disposed of the brandy, and pronounced himself much better, hurried close to the fire-side, and informed his friend in a few words of the inhospitable treatment he had experienced from the gentlemen of the

Mint; whereupon Mr. Pugh, who, as well as the carpenter, was a descendant of Cadwallader, waxed extremely wroth; gave utterance to a number of fierce-sounding imprecations in the Welsh tongue; and was just beginning to express the utmost anxiety to catch some of the rascals at the Trumpeter, when Mr. Wood cut him short by stating his intention of crossing the river as soon as possible in order to avoid the storm.

"A storm!" exclaimed the landlord. "Gadzooks! I thought something was coming on; for when I looked at the weather-glass an hour ago, it had sunk lower than I ever remember it."

"We shall have a dirty night on it, to a sartinty, landlord," observed an old one-eyed sailor, who sat smoking his pipe by the fire-side. "The glass never sinks in that way d'ye see, without a hurricane follerin'. I've knowed it often do so in the West Injees. Moreover a couple o' porpusses came up with the tide this mornin', and ha' bin flounderin' about i' the Thames above Lunnun Bridge all day long; and them say-monsters, you know, always proves sure fore-runners of a gale."

"Then the sooner I'm off the better," cried Wood; "what's to pay, David?"

"Don't affront me, Owen, by asking such a question," returned the landlord; "had'n't you better stop and finish the bottle?"

"Not a drop more," replied Wood. "Enough's as good as a feast. Good night."

"Well, if you won't be persuaded, and must have a boat, Owen," observed the landlord, "there's a waterman asleep on that bench will help you to as tidy a craft as any on the Thames. Halloo, Ben!" cried he, shaking a broad-backed fellow, equipped in a short-skirted doublet, and having a badge upon his arm,—"scullers wanted."

"Halloa! my hearty," cried Ben, starting to his feet.

"This gentleman wants a pair of oars," said the landlord.

"Where to, master?" asked Ben, touching his woollen cap.

"Arundel Stairs," replied Wood, "the nearest point to Wych Street."

"Come along, master," said the waterman.

"Hark'ee, Ben," said the old sailor, knocking the ashes from his pipe upon the hob, "you may try, but dash my timbers, if you'll ever cross the Thames to-night."

"And why not, old saltwater?" inquired Ben, turning a quid in his mouth.

"'Cause there's a gale a-getting up as 'll perwent you, young freshwater," replied the tar.

"It must look sharp then, or I shall give it the slip," laughed Ben: "the gale never yet blowed as could perwent my crossing the Thames. The weather's been foul enough for the last fortnight, but I've never turned my back upon it."

"May be not," replied the old sailor drily: "but you 'll find it too stiff for you to-night, anyhow. Howsomdever, if you *should* reach t'other side, take an old feller's advice, and don't be foolhardy enough to venter back again."

"I tell 'ee what saltwater," said Ben, "I'll lay you my fare—and that 'll be two shillin'—I'm back in an hour."

"Done!" cried the old sailor. "But vere 'll be the use of vinning? you von't live to pay me."

"Never fear," replied Ben, gravely; "dead or alive, I'll pay you if I lose. There's my thumb upon it. Come along, master."

"I tell 'ee what, landlord," observed the old sai-



lor, quietly replenishing his pipe from a huge pewter tobacco-box, as the waterman and Wood quitted the house, "you've said good-bye to your friend."

"Odd's me! do you think so?" cried the host of the Trumpeter. "I'll run and bring him back. He's a Welchman, and I wouldn't for a trifle that any accident befel him."

"Never mind," said the old sailor, taking up a piece of blazing coal with the tongs, and applying it to his pipe; "let 'em try. They'll be back soon enough—or not at all."

Mr. Wood and the waterman, meanwhile, proceeded in the direction of Saint Saviour's stairs. Casting a hasty glance at the old and ruinous prison belonging to the liberty of the Bishop of Winchester, (whose palace formerly adjoined the river,) called the Clink, which gave its name to the street, along which he walked; and noticing, with some uneasiness, the melancholy manner in which the wind whistled through its barred casements, the carpenter followed his companion down an opening to the right, and presently arrived at the water-side.

Moored to the steps, several wherries were dancing in the rushing current, as if impatient of restraint. Into one of these the waterman jumped, and, having assisted Mr. Wood to a seat within it, immediately pushed from land. Ben had scarcely adjusted his oars, when the gleam of a lantern was seen moving towards the bank. A shout was heard at a little distance, and the next moment, a person rushed with breathless haste to the stair-head.

"Boat there!" cried a voice, which Mr. Wood fancied he recognized.

"You'll find a waterman asleep under his tilt in one of these ere craft, if you look about, sir," replied Ben, backing water as he spoke.

"Can't you take me with you?" urged the voice; "I'll make it well worth your while. I've a child here whom I wish to convey across the water without loss of time."

"A child!" thought Wood; "it must be the fugitive Darrell. Hold hard," cried he, addressing the waterman; "I'll give the gentleman a lift."

"Impossible, master," rejoined Ben; "the tide's running down like a mill-slucice, and the wind's right in our teeth. Old saltwater was right. We shall have a reg'lar squall afore we get across. D'ye hear how the wanes creaks on old Winchester House? We shall have a touch on it ourselves presently. But I shall lose my wager if I stay a moment longer—so here goes." Upon which, he plunged his oars deeply into the stream, and the bark shot from the strand.

Mr. Wood's anxiety respecting the fugitive was speedily relieved by hearing another waterman busy himself in preparation for starting; and, shortly after, the dip of a second pair of oars sounded upon the river.

"Curse me, if I don't think all the world means to cross the Thames this fine night," observed Ben. "One 'ud think it rained fares, as well as blowed great guns. Why, there's another party on the stair-head inquiring arter scullers; and, by the mass! they appear in a greater hurry than any on us."

His attention being thus drawn to the bank, the carpenter beheld three figures, one of whom bore a torch, leap into a wherry of a larger size than the others, which immediately put off from shore. Manned by a couple of watermen, who rowed with great

swiftness, this wherry dashed through the current in the track of the fugitive, of whom it was evidently in pursuit, and upon whom it perceptibly gained. Mr. Wood strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the flying skiff. But he could only discern a black and shapeless mass, floating upon the water at a little distance, which, to his bewildered fancy, appeared absolutely standing still. To the practised eye of the waterman, matters wore a very different air. He perceived clearly enough, that the chase was moving quickly; and he was also aware, from the increased rapidity with which the oars were urged, that every exertion was made on board to get out of the reach of her pursuers. At one moment it seemed as if the flying bark was about to put to shore. But this plan (probably from its danger) was instantly abandoned; not, however, before her momentary hesitation had been taken advantage of by her pursuers, who, redoubling their efforts at this juncture, materially lessened the distance between them.

Ben watched these manœuvres with great interest, and strained every sinew in his frame to keep ahead of the other boats.

"Them's catchpoles, I suppose, sir, arter the gentleman with a writ?" he observed.

"Something worse, I fear," Wood replied.

"Why, you don't think as how they're crimps, do you?" Ben inquired.

"I don't know what I think," Wood answered sulkily; and he bent his eyes on the water, as if he wished to avert his attention forcibly from the scene.

There is something that inspires a feeling of inexpressible melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames. The sounds that reach the ear, and the objects that meet the eye, are all calculated to awaken a train of sad and serious contemplation. The ripple of the water against the boat, as its keel cleaves through the stream—the darkling current hurrying by—the indistinctly-seen craft of all forms and all sizes, hovering around, and making their way in ghost-like silence, or warning each other of their approach by cries, that, heard from afar, have something doleful in their note—the solemn shadows cast by the bridges—the deeper gloom of the echoing arches—the lights glimmering from the banks—the red reflection thrown upon the waves by a fire kindled on some stationary barge—the tall and fantastic shapes of the houses as discerned through the obscurity; these and other sights and sounds of the same character, give a sombre colour to the thoughts of one who may choose to indulge in meditation at such a time and in such a place.

But it was otherwise with the carpenter. This was no night for the indulgence of dreamy musing. It was a night of storm and terror, which promised each moment to become more stormy and more terrible. Not a bark could be discerned on the river, except those already mentioned. The darkness was almost palpable; and the wind which, hitherto, had been blowing in gusts, was suddenly lulled. It was a dead calm. But this calm was more awful than the previous roaring of the blast.

Amid this portentous hush, the report of a pistol reached the carpenter's ears; and, raising his head at the sound, he beheld a sight which filled him with fresh apprehensions.

By the light of a torch borne at the stern of the hostile wherry, he saw that the pursuers had approach-

ed within a short distance of the object of their quest. The shot had taken effect upon the waterman who rowed the chase. He had abandoned his oars, and the boat was drifting with the stream towards the enemy. Escape was now impossible. Darrell stood erect in the bark, with his drawn sword in hand, prepared to repel the attack of his assailants, who, in their turn, seemed to await with impatience the moment which should deliver him into their power.

They had not to tarry long. In another instant the collision took place. The watermen who manned the larger wherry, immediately shipped their oars, grappled with the drifting skiff, and held it fast. Wood then beheld two persons, one of whom he recognised as Rowland, spring on board the chase. A fierce struggle ensued. There was a shrill cry, instantly succeeded by a deep splash.

"Put about, waterman, for God's sake!" cried Wood, whose humanity got the better of every personal consideration; "some one is overboard. Give way, and let us render what assistance we can to the poor wretch."

"It's all over with him by this time, master," replied Ben, turning the head of his boat, and rowing swiftly towards the scene of strife; "but d——n him, he was the chap as hit poor Bill Thomson just now, and I don't much care if he should be food for fishes."

As Ben spoke, they drew near the opposing parties. The contest was now carried on between Rowland and Darrell. The latter had delivered himself from one of his assailants, the attendant, Davies. Hurling over the sides of the skiff, the ruffian speedily found a watery grave. It was a spring-tide at half-ebb; and the current, which was running fast and furiously, bore him instantly away. While the strife raged between the principals, the watermen in the larger wherry were occupied in stemming the force of the torrent, and endeavouring to keep the boats they had lashed together stationary. Owing to this circumstance, Mr. Wood's boat, impelled alike by oar and tide, shot past the mark at which it aimed; and, before it could be again brought about, the struggle had terminated. For a few minutes, Darrell seemed to have the advantage in the conflict. Neither combatant could use his sword; and in strength the fugitive was evidently superior to his antagonist. The boat rocked violently with the struggle. Had it not been lashed to the adjoining wherry, it must have been upset, and have precipitated the opponents into the water. Rowland felt himself sinking beneath the powerful grasp of his enemy. He called to the other attendant, who held the torch. Understanding the appeal, the man snatched his master's sword from his grasp, and passed it through Darrell's body. The next moment, a heavy plunge told that the fugitive had been consigned to the waves.

Darrell, however, rose again instantly; and, though mortally wounded, made a desperate effort to regain the boat.

"My child!" he groaned faintly.

"Well reminded," answered Rowland, who had witnessed his struggles with a smile of gratified vengeance; "I had forgotten the accursed imp in this confusion. Take it," he cried, lifting the babe from the bottom of the boat, and flinging it towards its unfortunate father.

The child fell within a short distance of Darrell, who hearing the splash, struck out in that direction, and caught

it before it sank. At this juncture, the sound of oars reached his ears, and he perceived Mr. Wood's boat bearing up towards him.

"Here he is, waterman," exclaimed the benevolent carpenter. "I see him!—row for your life!"

"That's the way to miss him, master," replied Ben coolly. "We must keep still. The tide 'll bring him to us fast enough."

Ben judged correctly. Borne along by the current, Darrell was instantly at the boat's side.

"Seize this oar," vociferated the waterman.

"First take the child," cried Darrell, holding up the infant and clinging to the oar with a dying effort.

"Give it me," returned the carpenter; "all's safe. Now, lend me your own hand."

"My strength fails me," gasped the fugitive. "I cannot climb the boat. Take my child to—it is—oh God!—I am sinking—take it—take it!"

"Where!" shouted Wood.

Darrell attempted to reply. But he could only utter an inarticulate exclamation. The next moment, his grasp relaxed, and he sank to rise no more.

Rowland, meantime, alarmed by the voices, snatched a torch from his attendant, and holding it over the side of the wherry, witnessed the incident just described.

"Confusion!" cried he, "there is another boat in our wake. They have rescued the child. Loose the wherry, and stand to your oars—quick—quick!"

These commands were promptly obeyed. The boat was set free, and the men resumed their seats. Rowland's purposes, were, however, defeated in a manner as unexpected as appalling.

During the foregoing occurrences a dead calm prevailed. But as Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a roar like a volley of ordinance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before, the surface of the stream was black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river; whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain-drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. The gale had become a hurricane; that hurricane was the most terrible that ever laid waste our city. Destruction everywhere marked its course. Steeples toppled, and towers reeled beneath its fury. Trees were torn up by the roots; many houses were levelled to the ground; others were unroofed; the leads on the churches were ripped off, and shrivelled up like scrolls of parchment. Nothing on land or water was spared by the remorseless gale. Most of the vessels lying in the river were driven from their moorings, dashed tumultuously against each other, or blown ashore. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations, and returned to them scared by greater dangers. The end of the world seemed at hand.

At this time of universal havoc and despair,—when all London quaked at the voice of the storm,—the carpenter, who was exposed to its utmost fury, fared better than might have been anticipated. The boat in which he rode was not upset. Fortunately, her course had been shifted immediately after the rescue of the child; and, in consequence of this movement, she received the first shock of the hurricane, which blew from the southwest, upon her stern. Her head dipped deeply into the current, and she narrowly escaped being swamped. Righting, however, instantly afterwards, she scudded with the greatest rapidity over the boiling waves, to whose mercy she was now entirely abandoned. On this fresh outburst of the storm, Wood threw himself instinctively into the

bottom of the boat, and clasping the little orphan to his breast, endeavored to prepare himself to meet his fate.

While he was thus occupied, he felt a rough grasp upon his arm, and presently afterwards Ben's lips approached close to his ear. The waterman sheltered his mouth with his hand while he spoke, or his voice would have been carried away by the violence of the blast.

"It's all up, master," groaned Ben; "nothin' short of a merracle can save us. The boat's sure to run foul o' the bridge; and if she 'scapes stavin' above, she'll be swamped to a sartainty below. There'll be a fall of above twelve foot o' water, and think o' that on a night as 'ud blow a whole fleet to the devil."

Mr. Wood *did* think of it, and groaned aloud.

"Heaven help us!" he exclaimed; "we were mad to neglect the old sailor's advice."

"That's what troubles me," rejoined Ben. "I tell 'ee what, master, if you're more fortunate nor I am, and get ashore, give old saltwater your fare. I pledged my thumb that, dead or alive, I'd pay the wager if I lost; and I should like to be as good as my word."

"I will—I will," replied Wood hastily. "Was that thunder?" he faltered, as a terrible clap was heard overhead.

"No: it's only a fresh gale," Ben returned: "hark! now it comes."

"Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" ejaculated Wood, as a fearful gust dashed the water over the side of the boat, deluging him with spray.

The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale, would have been instantly stifled. Piercing through every crevice in the clothes, it, in some cases, tore them from the wearer's limbs, or from his grasp. It penetrated the skin; benumbed the flesh; paralysed the faculties. The intense darkness added to the terror of the storm. The destroying angel hurried by, shrouded in his gloomiest apparel. None saw, though all felt his presence, and heard the thunder of his voice. Imagination, coloured by the obscurity, peopled the air with phantoms. A thousand steeds appeared to be trampling aloft, charged with the work of devastation. Awful shapes seemed to flit by, borne on the wings of the tempest, animating and directing its fury. The actual danger was lost sight of in these wild apprehensions; and many timorous beings were scared beyond reason's verge by the excess of their fears.

A moment afterwards, he was roused from the stupor of despair into which he had sunk by the voice of Ben, who roared in his ear, "The bridge!—the bridge!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON, at the period of this history, boasted only a single bridge. But that bridge was more remarkable than any the metropolis now possesses. Covered with houses, from one end to the other, this reverend and picturesque structure presented the appearance of a street across the Thames. It was as if Gracechurch Street, with all its shops, its magazines, and ceaseless throng of passengers, were stretched from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore. The houses were older; the shops gloomier; and the thoroughfare narrower, it is true: but the bustle, the crowd, the street-like air was the same. Then the bridge had arched gateways, bristling with spikes, and garnished (as all ancient gateways ought to be,) with the heads of traitors.

In olden days, it boasted a chapel, dedicated to Saint Thomas; beneath which there was a crypt curiously constructed amid the arches, where "was sepulchred Peter the Chaplain of Colechurch, who began the Stone Bridge at London:" and it still boasted an edifice, (though now in rather a tumbledown condition) which had once vied with a palace,—we mean Nonesuch House. The other buildings stood close together in rows; and so valuable was every inch of room accounted, that, in many cases, cellars, and even habitable apartments, were constructed in the solid masonry of the piers.

Old London Bridge (the grandsire of the present erection) was supported on nineteen arches, each of which

Would a Rialto make for depth and height!

The arches stood upon enormous piers; the piers on starlings, or jetties, built far out into the river to break the force of the tide.

Roused by Ben's warning, the carpenter looked up, and could just perceive the dusky outline of the bridge, looming through the darkness, and rendered indistinctly visible by the many lights that twinkled from the windows of the lofty houses. As he gazed at these lights, they suddenly seemed to disappear, and a tremendous shock was felt throughout the frame of the boat. Wood started to his feet. He found that the skiff had been dashed against one of the buttresses of the bridge.

"Jump!" cried Ben, in a voice of thunder.

Wood obeyed. His fears supplied him with unwonted vigour. Though the starling was more than two feet above the level of the water, he alighted with his little charge—which he had never for an instant quitted—in safety upon it.

Poor Ben was not so fortunate. Just as he was preparing to follow, the wherry containing Rowland and his men, which had drifted in their wake, was dashed against his boat. The violence of the collision nearly threw him backwards, and caused him to swerve as he sprang. His foot touched the rounded edge of the starling, and glanced off, precipitating him into the water. As he fell, he caught at the projecting masonry. But the stone was slippery; and the tide, which here began to feel the influence of the fall, was running with frightful velocity. He could not make good his hold. But, uttering a loud cry, he was swept away by the headlong torrent.

Mr. Wood heard the cry. But his own situation was too perilous to admit of his rendering any assistance to the ill-fated waterman. He fancied, indeed, that he beheld a figure spring upon the starling at the moment when the boats came in contact; but as he could perceive no one near him, he concluded he must have been mistaken.

In order to make Mr. Wood's present position, and subsequent proceedings fully intelligible, it may be necessary to give some notion of the shape and structure of the platform on which he had taken refuge. It has been said that the pier of each arch, or lock of Old London Bridge, was defended from the force of the tide by a huge projecting spur called a starling. These starlings varied in width according to the bulk of the pier they surrounded. But they were all pretty nearly of the same length, and built somewhat after the model of a boat, having extremities as sharp and pointed as the keel of a canoe. Cased and ribbed with stone, and braced with horizontal beams of timber, the piles, which formed the foundation of these jetties, had resisted the strong encroachments of the current for centuries. Some of them are now buried at the bottom of the Thames. The starling, on which the carpenter stood, was the fourth from the Surrey shore. It might be three yards in width, and a few more in length; but was covered with ooze and slime, and the waves continually broke over it. The transverse spars before-mentioned were as



slippery as ice; and the hollows between them were filled ankle-deep with water.

The carpenter threw himself flat upon the starling to avoid the fury of the wind. But in this posture he fared worse than ever. If he ran less risk of being blown over, he stood a much greater chance of being washed off or stifled. As he lay on his back, he fancied himself gradually slipping off the platform. Springing to his feet in an ecstasy of terror, he stumbled and had well nigh realized his worst apprehensions. He, next, tried to clamber up the flying buttresses and soffits of the pier, in the hope of reaching some of the windows and other apertures with which, as a man-of-war is studded with port-holes, the sides of the bridge were pierced. But this wild scheme was speedily abandoned; and, nerved by despair, the carpenter resolved to hazard an attempt, from the execution, almost from the contemplation, of which he had hitherto shrunk. This was to pass under the arch, along the narrow ledge of the starling, and, if possible, attain the eastern platform, where, protected by the bridge, he would suffer less from the excessive violence of the gale.

Assured, if he remained much longer where he was, he would inevitably perish, Wood recommended himself to the protection of Heaven, and began his perilous course. Carefully sustaining the child which, even in that terrible extremity, he had not the heart to abandon, he fell upon his knees, and, guiding himself with his right hand, crept slowly on. He had scarcely entered the arch, when the indraught was so violent, and the noise of the wind so dreadful and astounding, that he almost determined to relinquish the undertaking. But the love of life prevailed over his fears. He went on.

The ledge, along which he crawled, was about a foot wide. In length the arch exceeded seventy feet. To the poor carpenter it seemed an endless distance. When by slow and toilsome efforts, he had arrived midway, something obstructed his further progress. It was a huge stone placed there by some workmen occupied in repairing the structure. Cold drops stood upon Wood's brow, as he encountered this obstacle. To return was impossible, —to raise himself certain destruction. He glanced downwards at the impetuous torrent, which he could perceive shooting past him with lightning swiftness in the gloom. He listened to the thunder of the fall now mingling with the roar of the blast; and, driven almost frantic by what he heard and saw, he pushed with all his force against the stone. To his astonishment and delight, it yielded to the pressure, toppled over the ledge, and sank. Such was the hubbub, and tumult around him, that the carpenter could not hear its plunge into the flood. His course, however, was no longer interrupted, and he crept on.

After encountering other dangers, and being twice compelled to fling himself flat upon his face to avoid slipping from the wet and slimy pathway, he was at length about to emerge from the lock when, to his inexpressible horror, he found he had lost the child!

All the blood in his veins rushed to his heart, and he shook in every limb as he made this discovery. A species of vertigo seized him. His brain reeled. He fancied that the whole fabric of the bridge was cracking overhead,—that the arch was tumbling upon him,—that the torrent was swelling around him, whirling him off, and about to bury him in the deafening abyss. He shrieked with agony, and clung with desperate tenacity to the roughened stones. But calmer thoughts quickly succeeded. On taxing his recollection, the whole circumstance rushed to mind with painful distinctness. He remembered that, before he attempted to dislodge the stone, he had placed the child in a cavity of the pier, which the granite mass had been intended to fill. This obstacle being removed, in his eagerness to proceed, he had forgotten to take his little charge with

him. It was still possible the child might be in safety. And so bitterly did the carpenter reproach himself with his neglect, that he resolved, at all risks, to go back in search of it. Acting upon this humane determination, he impelled himself slowly backwards,—for he did not dare to face the blast,—and with incredible labour and fatigue reached the crevice. His perseverance was amply rewarded. The child was still safe. It lay undisturbed in the remotest corner of the recess.

So overjoyed was the carpenter with the successful issue of his undertaking, that he scarcely paused a moment to recruit himself; but, securing the child, set out upon his return. Retracing his steps, he arrived, without further accident, at the eastern platform of the starling. As he anticipated, he was here comparatively screened from the fury of the wind; and when he gazed upon the roaring fall beneath him, visible through the darkness in a glistening sheet of foam, his heart overflowed with gratitude for his providential deliverance.

As he moved about upon the starling, Mr. Wood became sensible that he was not alone. Some one was standing beside him. This, then, must be the person whom he had seen spring upon the western platform at the time of the collision between the boats. The carpenter well knew, from the obstacle which had interfered with his own progress, that the unknown could not have passed through the same lock as himself. But he might have crept along the left side of the pier, and beneath the further arch; whereas, Wood, as we have seen, took his course upon the right. The darkness prevented the carpenter from discerning the features or figure of the stranger; and the ceaseless din precluded the possibility of holding any communication by words with him. Wood, however, made known his presence to the individual by laying his hand upon his shoulder. The stranger started at the touch, and spoke. But his words were borne away by the driving wind.

Finding all attempts at conversation with his companion in misfortune in vain, Wood, in order to distract his thoughts, looked up at the gigantic structure, standing, like a wall of solid darkness, before him. What was his transport on perceiving that a few yards above him a light was burning. The carpenter did not hesitate a moment. He took a handful of the gravelly mud, with which the platform was covered, and threw the small pebbles, one by one, towards the gleam. A pane of glass was shattered by each stone. The signal of distress was evidently understood. The light disappeared. The window was shortly after opened, and a rope ladder, with a lighted horn lantern attached to it, let down.

Wood grasped his companion's arm to attract his attention to this unexpected means of escape. The ladder was now within reach. Both advanced towards it, when, by the light of the lantern, Wood beheld, in the countenance of the stranger, the well-remembered and stern features of Rowland.

The carpenter trembled; for he perceived Rowland's gaze fixed first upon the infant, and then on himself.

"It is her child!" shrieked Rowland, in a voice heard above the howling of the tempest, "risen from this roaring abyss to torment me. Its parents have perished. And shall their wretched offspring live to blight my hopes, and blast my fame? Never!" And, with these words, he grasped Wood by the throat, and despite his resistance, dragged him to the very verge of the platform.

At this juncture, a thundering crash was heard against the side of the bridge. A stack of chimneys on the house above them, had yielded to the storm, and descended in a shower of bricks and stones.



When the carpenter a moment afterwards stretched out his hand, scarcely knowing whether he was alive or dead, he found himself alone. The fatal shower, from which he and his little charge escaped uninjured, had stricken his assailant, and precipitated him into the boiling gulf.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought the carpenter, turning his attention to the child, whose feeble struggles and cries proclaimed that, as yet, life had not been extinguished by the hardships it had undergone. "Poor little creature!" he muttered, pressing it tenderly to his breast, as he grasped the rope and clambered up to the window: "if thou hast, indeed, lost both thy parents, as that terrible man said just now, thou art not wholly friendless and deserted; for I myself will be a father to thee! And, in memory of this dreadful night, and the death from which I have been the means of preserving thee, thou shalt bear the name of THAMES DARRELL."

No sooner had Wood crept through the window, than nature gave way, and he fainted. On coming to himself, he found he had been wrapped in a blanket and put to bed with a couple of hot bricks to his feet. His first inquiries were concerning the child, and he was delighted to find that it still lived and was doing well. Every care had been taken of it, as well as of himself, by the humane inmates of the house in which he had sought shelter.

About noon next day, he was able to move; and the gale having abated, he set out homewards with his little charge.

The city presented a terrible picture of devastation. London Bridge had suffered a degree less than most places; but it was almost choked up with fallen stacks of chimneys, broken beams of timber, and shattered tiles. The houses overhung in a frightful manner, and looked as if the next gust would precipitate them into the river. With great difficulty, Wood forced a path through the ruins. It was a work of no slight danger, for every instant a wall, or fragment of a building, came crashing to the ground. Thames Street was wholly impassable. Men were going hither and thither with barrows, and ladders, and ropes, removing the rubbish, and trying to support the tottering habitations. Gracechurch Street was entirely deserted, except by a few stragglers, whose curiosity got the better of their fears; or who, like the carpenter, were compelled to proceed along it. The tiles lay a foot thick in the road. In some cases, they were ground almost to powder; in others, driven deeply into the earth, as if discharged from a piece of ordnance. The roofs and gables of many of the houses had been torn off. The signs of the shops were carried to incredible distances. Here and there, a building might be seen with the doors and windows driven in, and all access to it prevented by the heaps of bricks and tiles.

Through this confusion the carpenter struggled on;—now ascending, now descending the different mountains of rubbish that beset his path, at the imminent peril of his life and limbs, until he arrived in Fleet Street. The hurricane appeared to have raged in this quarter with tenfold fury. Mr. Wood scarcely knew where he was. The old aspect of the place was gone. In lieu of the substantial habitations which he had gazed on overnight, he beheld a row of falling scaffoldings, for such they seemed.

It was a dismal and depressing sight to see a great city thus suddenly overthrown; and the carpenter was deeply affected by the spectacle. As usual, however, on the occasion of any great calamity, a crowd was traversing the streets, whose sole object was plunder. While involved in this crowd near Temple Bar,—where the thoroughfare was most dangerous from the masses of ruin that impeded

it,—an individual, whose swarthy features recalled to the carpenter one of his tormentors of the previous night, collared him, and, with bitter imprecations, accused him of stealing his child. In vain Wood protested his innocence. The ruffian's companions took his part; and the infant, in all probability, would have been snatched from its preserver, if a portion of the fabric near which they were standing had not, by its sudden fall, dispersed his persecutors, and set him at liberty.

He, then, took to his heels, and never once looked behind him till he reached his own dwelling in Wych Street. His wife met him at the door, and into her hands he delivered his little charge.

END OF THE FIRST EPOCH.

*From the Quarterly Review.*

#### STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE JEWS.

*Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land.* By Lord Lindsay.—London, 2 vols. 8vo., 1838.

OUR lot is cast in very wonderful times. We have reached, as it were, Mount Pisgah in our march; and we may discern from its summit the dim, though certain outlines of coming events. The tide of action seems to be rolling back from the west to the east; a spirit, akin to that of Moses, when he beheld the Land of Promise in faith and joy, is rising up among the nations;—whatever concerns the Holy Land is heard and read with lively interest; its scenery, its antiquities, its past history and future glories engage alike the traveller and the divine—hundreds of strangers now tread the sacred soil for one that visited it in former days; Jerusalem is once more a centre of attraction; the curious and the devout flock annually thither from all parts of America and Europe, accomplishing in their laudable pursuit the promise of God to the beloved City; 'whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.'\*

It would indeed be surprising if the wide diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the civilized world did not create a wider diffusion of interest for the history and localities of Palestine. All that can delight the eye, and feed the imagination is lavished over its surface; the lovers of scenery can find there every form and variety of landscape; the snowy heights of Lebanon with its cedars, the valley of Jordan, the mountains of Carmel, Tabor, and Hermon, and the waters of Gallilee, are as beautiful as in the days when David sang their praise, and far more interesting by the accumulation of reminiscences. The land, unbroken by the toils of the husbandman, yet 'enjoys her sabbaths'; but Eschol, Bashan, Sharon, and Gilead are still there, and await but the appointed hour (so we may gather from every narrative) to sustain their millions; to flow, as of old, with milk and honey; to become once more 'a land of brooks of waters, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, and of oil-olive;† and to resume their ancient and rightful titles, 'the garden of the Lord,' and 'the glory of all lands'. What numberless recollections are crowded upon every footstep of the sacred soil! Since the battle of the five kings against four, recorded in the 14th chapter of Genesis, nearly two thousand years before the time of our Saviour, until the wars of Napoleon, eighteen hundred years after it, this narrow but wonderful region has never ceased to be the stage of remarkable events. If, for the sake of

\* Isaiah lx. 15.

† Deut. viii. 7.

brevity, we omit the enumeration of spots signalised by the exploits of the children of Israel, to which, however, a traveller may be guided by Holy Writ with all the minuteness and accuracy of a road-book, we shall yet be engaged by the scenes of many brilliant and romantic achievements of the ancient and modern world:—Take the plain of Esdraelon alone, the ancient valley of Jezreel, a scanty spot of twenty-five miles long, and varying from six to fourteen in breadth: yet more recollections are called up here than suffice for the annals of many nations. Here by the banks of 'that ancient river, the river Kishon,' 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' the object of the immortal song of Deborah and Barak; and here too is Megiddo, signalised by the death of the 'good Josiah.' Each year, in a long succession of time, brought fresh events; the armies of Antiochus and of Rome, Egyptians, Persians, Turks, and Arabs, the fury of the Saracens, and the mistaken piety of the crusaders, have found, in their turn, the land 'as the garden of Eden before them, and have left it a desolate wilderness.' Nor did it escape the ferocious gripe of the revolutionary war: the arch destroyer of mankind sent his armies thither under the command of General Kleber, and in 1799 gave the last memorial of blood to these devoted plains.

But how small and transitory are all such reminiscences to those which must rivet the attention and feelings of the pious believer! If Johnson could regard that man as little to be envied who could stand unmoved on Iona, or Marathon, or any spot dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue, what must we say of one who cared not to tread Mount Zion or Calvary, or could behold with unmoistened eye,

'Those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross?'

We have heard, indeed, that few persons can contemplate the Holy City for the first time without emotion: not long ago it was brought to our knowledge that two young men, (and they not especially serious) on arriving within sight of its walls and mountains, struck by the *religio loci*, 'How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,'† slipped involuntarily from their camels, and fell into an attitude of adoration. Tasso has well seized this characteristic sentiment, and in all the truth of nature, has vividly described the feelings of the crusaders, when their armies came in view of the long desired Jerusalem:

'Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tired thereby,  
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light.  
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
Jerusalem (behold) appeared in sight;  
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,  
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,  
That pleased so the summit of their thought,  
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,  
That reverend fear, and trembling with it brought.  
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread  
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,  
Where for our sins he faultless suffer'd pain,  
There where he died, and where he lived again.

\* First part of King Henry IV.  
† Gen. xxviii. 17.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,  
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide,  
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,  
They quickly doff, and willing laid aside,  
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride allay;  
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide.\*

Among the many travellers of modern days, who have contributed to our knowledge of the interesting regions dignified by events recorded in Holy Writ, a prominent place must be assigned to the young nobleman, whose work is mentioned at the head of this article. Lord Lindsay's abilities and accomplishments are of a high order: a spirit of inquiry, and a glowing enthusiasm have been aided by various knowledge, and refined by a sincere piety. He exhibits a considerable store both of ancient and modern learning; but his draughts of Helicon have been abundantly tempered by

'Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God;'

having gone out in the perseverance and devotion of a pilgrim, he has felt and recorded what he saw, with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian.

But we are not prepared to recommend the book as faultless, either in composition or reasoning. It does not, in fact, lay claim to any originality in views or discovery. Whenever the noble Lord, following in the track of preceding writers, draws inferences from their collections, he is mostly correct; but deserting the beaten path of received opinion, and entering upon those points of antiquity, which hold out an advantage to the speculatist, (inasmuch as where nothing can be proved or disproved, an audacious theorist can only be contradicted,) he meets with the fate of the mechanician in Rasselas, whose wings, though of no use in the air, sustained him in the water; so Lord Lindsay's learning, though insufficient to waft him through these obscure and inaccessible heights, saves him from the charge of ignorance, or wanton speculation.

The familiarity and ease of domestic correspondence preclude many of the graces and accuracies of composition; and we should be sorry to criticise severely the thoughts and expressions of private life; but we cannot repress a gentle hint that he is vastly too fond of an attitude in his writing: frequently when the time is come for a sentiment, he throws himself, like a dancing master, into the first position, and pours forth a passage, excellent indeed in its spirit and observations, but florid and verbose enough for an Irish reporter. There are 'and oh's' in sufficient number to supply a six months' correspondence to a whole boarding-school of young ladies. We hope that in all the ensuing editions which this work richly deserves, the noble author will take care that his manly and vigorous thoughts be not attenuated and disgraced by the expressions of a sickly novelist.

The first letter is dated from Gibraltar, in November, 1836: his lordship then proceeded to Egypt, sailed up the Nile, and surveyed every thing that is offered to the notice of the traveller in that land of artificial wonders. He passed afterwards into Arabia, followed the journeying of the children of Israel, ascended Mount Sinai, and traced them through 'that great and terrible wilderness;' visited the gulf of Akaba, and arrived by safe and easy journeys at Mount Seir and the instructive ruins of Petra. His course then lay through Hebron to Jerusalem, successively through every place of note in the Holy Land and the adjacent parts—Palmyra, Baalbec, Lebanon, and Damas-

\* Fairfax's Tasso, Canto iii. 3. 6. 7.

cus; whence he dates his last letter, in July, 1837, perhaps one of the longest letters upon record, comprising, as it does, all the intermediate pages of an octavo volume, from 60 to 235!

At Alexandria he visited the catacombs: 'over the door-way,' he says, 'we found traces of the orb, or globe, with wings, that Dr. Clarke mentions,' . . . 'we saw the same emblem over both doors of the vestibule,'—(vol. i. p. 30.) This reminded him, he adds, of the address of Isaiah to Ethiopia,—"Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." It is not impossible that the character of the emblem, and the language of the prophet, may be in some manner related; the quotation, at least is aptly applied. This prophecy is confessedly most difficult and obscure, and engaged the vigorous intellect of Bishop Horaley, whose interpretation of it is peculiarly interesting in the present position of eastern politics. The stores of Egypt, however, are not yet exhausted for the illustration and evidence of Holy Writ.

Though the work of Mr. Wilkinson has opened a mine of wisdom to every student of the Sacred Volume, much undoubtedly still remains in darkness; and it is most pleasing and consolatory to believe, in these times of increasing scepticism, that an additional testimony to the truth of His own Book, from the excavations of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine—yea, even from the very Mount on which the temple itself once stood, may have been reserved, by a merciful and considerate Providence, against 'a day of trouble, of rebuke, and of blasphemy.'

At Cairo, he was presented to that cross of tiger and fox, Mahommed Ali; of whom so much has been already said and written that we need not detain our readers by any extracts from Lord Lindsay's description of him; we cannot withhold, however, an extract from the remarks of his companion, Mr. Ramsay, a young gentleman evidently of great promise, whose premature death by cholera, at Damascus, Lord Lindsay has recorded with graceful and tender affection:—

'He has,' says Mr. Ramsay, 'drained the country of all the working men. He presses them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c., and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day.† His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country, within a few years, is said to be extraordinary. Every where the land is falling out of cultivation, villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing. He taxes all the means of industry and of its improvement, and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the great means of cultivation and fertility; he therefore, charges fifteen dollars' tax upon every Persian wheel; and as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and the bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance. He then, in the character of universal land proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and, if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back from government at the new rate which the Pasha

has fixed for its sale, of course many per cent. dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; e. g. when he has to receive money it has always to be paid in advance; taxes, particularly, he collects always just before the plague breaks out, so that, though the people die, he has their money; in paying the troops and others, it is *vice versa*—he pays after date and gains also upon deaths.

'We have heard much at home of the reforming, enlightened spirit of Mahommed Ali, but what is it founded on? it looks more like a great and sudden blaze before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this is to happen at his death or before, seems the only question: it seems not to be far distant.'—vol. i. p. 43.

'Query,' says Dr. Wolfe, in his last published journal, 'is not Mahommed Ali, after all, the cruel ruler mentioned in Isaiah as the predicted ruler over Egypt?\*' If he be not so, woe to the unhappy country; for well may we say to him, like the impoverished servants of Pharaoh. 'Knowest thou not yet that the land of Egypt is destroyed?† But Mohammed Ali, and his own ferocious son-in-law, Ibrahim Pacha, though terrible to their own, are mild as sucking doves towards independent Europeans; their savage violence has opened Egypt and Syria to the traveller from distant lands, and rendered his journey easy and secure. How long this state of things may last no one can foresee; but their rule, which has, up to the present time, evidently fulfilled an order of Providence, by unfolding to our view all the scenes and localities of Holy Writ, may, perhaps, be in a course to prepare those regions of the East for other yet wider and more important changes.

We are next introduced to *the magician*—first made known by the oral reports of Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix. 'He succeeded,' says his lordship, 'in the first person we called for, but failed egregiously in all the others.' (p. 64.) . . . 'It is but fair to state,' he adds, 'that our Arab Glendower attributed the failure to its being Ramadan.' Daniel Lambert was summoned, and appeared a thin man, and Miss Biffin rejoiced in arms and legs. It may be very fair to state the alleged reason of his failure; but we cannot quite discern the force of it; unless it be that the magician, conceiving the Ramadan to be universal, believed also that so rigorous a fast would reduce any Mussulman of conscience from the largest to the smallest dimensions. This subject, however, has been so often handled, and by ourselves also—(see the fifty-ninth volume of this journal)—in the review we took of Mr. Lane's work on Modern Egypt, that we shall not dwell upon it here. These unholy practitioners have deceived many not silly men, and beguiled them into a notion of the exercise of supernatural power; but now that inquiry is afloat, their secret will speedily be discovered, and sink from the 'bad eminence' of devilry to the bathos of a conjurer's trick.

Lord Lindsay's acquaintance with *the magician* was a very fit preparation for his acquaintance with Caviglia—both are students of the black art; but this singular man, whose services in antiquarian discovery are fully recorded in our 19th volume, has added to the pursuit of what we *may* not know, a very zealous pursuit of what we *cannot* know;—he discerns in the sphinx an emblem of the doctrine of man's regeneration, as explained by our Saviour to Nicodemus in the third chapter of St. John; and on the doctrines of Christianity—

'As a foundation, he has reared a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism—astrology, magnetism, magic (his familiar studies), its corner stones; while on each face of the airy vision he sees inscribed in letters of light,

\* Isaiah xviii. 1.

† We have now before us an extract from a letter just received, and dated Alexandria. 'The Pacha,' says the writer, 'has completely drained the population to raise an army, which he is unable to pay—it is a very rare thing to see here an *able-bodied man*. The public works are carried on by *little boys and girls*. Self-mutilation has been so resorted to that the Pacha has levied a regiment of one-eyed soldiers.

\* Isaiah xix. 4.

† Exodus x. 7.

invisible to all but himself, elucidatory texts of Scripture, which he read off to us, with undoubting confidence, in support of his positions."—p. 84.

Of this singular compound of contradictory principles, his Lordship observes, that—

'Living as he has done, so solitary, I should rather say, in such society as that of the old Pharaohs of Egypt, their pyramids his home, and that strange enigma of a sphinx his fellow-watcher at their feet, he has become, to use his own expression, "tout a fait pyramidale" in dress, feature, manner, thought, and language. We are told that in Ceylon there are insects that take the shape and colour of the branch or leaf they feed upon—Caviglia seems to partake of their nature, he is really assimilating to a pyramid. His history is very curious; "As a young man," he told us this evening, "je lisais Voltaire, Jean Jaques, Diderot—et je me croyais philosophe"—he came to Egypt—the Pyramids, Moses, and the Holy Scriptures converted him, "et maintenant," said he, "je suis tout Biblique."—p. 82.

And Mr. Ramsay adds:

'Caviglia told me that he had pushed his studies in magic, animal magnetism, &c., to an extent which had nearly killed him—to the very verge, he said of what is forbidden to man to know; and it was only the purity of his intentions which saved him. He told me he could have the power of performing all the magical rites formerly practised.'—p. 85.

We cannot repress our surprise that the noble Lord should have ascribed the virtues of humility and religious veneration to a *savant* who had disclosed such a picture of himself:

'I have seldom,' he says, 'met with a man so thoroughly imbued with the Bible; the saving truths of the gospel . . . he seems to cling to them, and to love our blessed Saviour with the simplicity of a child.'—p. 84.

'Je suis tout Biblique,' indeed! Lord Lindsay might truly have appropriated that character; but with what eyes can the sorcerer read the awful words of Moses, 'the secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children! (Deut. xxix. 29.) Dr. Wolfe, we think, has classed him more correctly in his last journal:

'It is remarkable that Egypt has been, in several ages, the seat of mystical philosophy; once that of the Essenes, then Philo the Jew, Pythagoras, and now Caviglia.'—p. 4.

This study of mysticism may make some mad, some infidel, and many foolish, but wisdom it will confer upon no one.

The account of Lord Lindsay's journey to Upper Egypt, and of his visits to all those ancient cities of the Nile, is highly entertaining; the letters are lively and instructive, enriched by notes and copious extracts from various authors, which he has done well to throw into the form of an appendix so as to preserve the narrative in an unbroken tissue. But our time will not allow us to tarry longer in these parts; we must hasten, like the Israelites, to traverse the Red Sea, and share those feelings of enthusiasm which Lord Lindsay thus admirably describes:—

'We crossed in about half an hour. I read the sublime description of the passage of the Israelites, the song of Moses, and the seventy-seventh Psalm, with the scene before my eyes; for it was a little to the south of Suez that they crossed the Gulf. It was a strange and thrilling pleasure to look down on those waters, now so placid, and remember their division—to look up at that azure and spotless sky, and figure to one's-self the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, that guided the chosen race to the Land of Promise.'—p. 306.

Along the whole route these ancient events are attested by names which mark the places of the several transactions; the hill near the spot where the Israelites entered the sea, is 'still traditionally remembered in the Arabic name Ataka, or Deliverance;' on the other side a part of the country is called El Tih, 'the desert of the wandering;' and the bitter well of Howara, the water of which Lord Lindsay found to be 'excessively nauseous,' he is convinced must be the Marah of Scripture sweetened by Moses. His guide assured him that 'there was no other well on the coast, absolutely undrinkable.'

Having arrived at the point where the roads to Mount Sinai diverge, our travellers took the line by Wady Mokatteb, as having been the route of the Israelites—they entered Wady Taibi, and having passed through a forest of tarfa and wild date-trees, came at once on a noble prospect which Lord Lindsay has set before us in a pleasing passage:—

'The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Krarreb, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to "his palace in the occident"—the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the Children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!"—p. 315.

Though the noble Lord has examined with learning and acuteness, the *vexata questio* of the locality of the Israelitish encampment, and of the 'real' Sinai (pp. 344-359,) we had rather acquiesce ourselves (for the present at least,) and advise our readers to do the same, in long established tradition. We do not undervalue a geographical accuracy, wherever it can be obtained; but here, if it be possible, it is not necessary, for Lord Lindsay has well observed—

'What after all avails the inquiry, if we think merely of the stage and not of the action performed on it? This is the wilderness of Sinai—there can be no doubt of that; and whichever the individual mount was, every hill around heard the thunder, and quaked at the sound of the trumpet, waxing louder and louder as God descended in the cloud.'

The second volume is devoted entirely to an account of his wanderings in the Holy Land and the countries adjacent, inclusive of Petra. Although there may be little that is absolutely new, it is extremely entertaining—and superior, we think, to the first volume, as far more simple and easy. We are not carried away by that Pegasus of speculation and eloquence which here and there is too strong for his amiable master—"We creep along by 'the earth,' as is most fitting where the 'place whereon we are standing is holy ground.'

After a visit to Edom, and some of the Bedouin Arabs, which he has very graphically related, his lordship arrived in Judea.

'We were now fairly,' says he, 'in the Land of Promise, described by the spies (who must have entered it nearly by the same road as ourselves) as a land flowing with milk and honey; we had cows' milk that night to our tea.'



A very pleasing illustration, we think, of the bathos (though perhaps more so in the expression than in the fact,) but which is amply redeemed by his picture of the Holy City:

'Of Jerusalem,' he writes, 'I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery: Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once. The Arab village Jilsan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloam still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane—occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of scriptural events by the words of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at St. Peter's denial of our Saviour—nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loci sancti*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

'There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so,) at or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives; and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow, as they did, when their Divine Instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall—of his second advent, and of the final judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming. Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely—a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within.—

In earth's dark circle once the precious gem  
Of Living Light—Oh fallen Jerusalem!

But her King, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.'—vol. ii. p. 60.

Jerusalem is despatched in this brief passage much to our regret, as we should have rejoiced to read an ample account of it from the pen of such a traveller; but he hastens in quest of other places signalised in the history of Israel, which by their present situations, may confirm or illustrate the truth of prophecy.

'We were in the neighbourhood of Bethel; I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain. I did not then remember the prophecy, "Seek not Bethel—Bethel shall come to nought" (Amos v. 5.). In fact,' he adds, 'not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.'—p. 73.

We shall not, however, make any further extracts from a work, the whole of which is well worthy of diligent perusal by any one who feels an interest in the by-gone glories, and future destiny of the Holy Land. It is no more than just praise to say of Lord Lindsay, that he has given us a book which combines instruction and amusement in a very singular degree—exhibiting notwithstanding

the youth of its author, a justness of thought and feeling which would become the experience of maturer years. We infer, from a passage in his first volume (p. 237,) that he has already contemplated a journey to the oriental possessions of the British crown. Although we shall be most happy to receive such a narrative from the pen of the noble writer—*nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit*—we sincerely hope that he will reserve some portion of his time for the service of his country at home. Great Britain in these days has not 'three hundred as good as he;' she will experience no scarcity of intelligent travellers.

Appended to the second volume is a letter from Mr. Farren, late British Consul General at Damascus. The services of this gentleman we believe to have been exceedingly valuable; most certainly this document bespeaks a high degree of judgment and information. But the contents of it give rise to serious reflection: Syria is wasted by the blundering and ferocious tyranny of Mohammed Ali; the land that once maintained whole nations like the dust of the earth for multitude, is almost emptied of her people; and her soil, already in a state of miserable neglect (unless his violence be checked,) will soon be entirely desolate, without hands to till it. Two great rivals, the Sultan and his rebellious Pacha, are striving for the permanent possession of a country, which misgovernment is rendering utterly worthless. Which of the twain may triumph, if left to themselves, no one can pronounce; and the powers of Europe seem uncertain on which side to bestow their interposition. Mr. Farren points out the importance of the conflict, and inclines the balance in favour of the Sultan; but meanwhile a third claimant is, constantly though silently, fostering his pretensions to the enjoyment and rule of this ancient land, founding them on a prescription that transcends all history, and clothing them with a sanction, to which the world itself must ultimately do homage.

We have alluded, in the commencement of this article, to the growing interest manifested in behalf of the Holy Land. This interest is not confined to the Christians—it is shared and avowed by the whole body of the Jews, who no longer conceal their hope and their belief that the time is not far distant, when 'the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea; and shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.'—Isaiah xi. 11.

Doubtless, this is no new sentiment among the children of the dispersion. The novelty of the present day does not lie in the indulgence of such a hope by that most venerable people—but in their fearless confession of the hope; and in the approximation of spirit between Christians and Hebrews, to entertain the same belief of the future glories of Israel, to offer up the same prayer, and look forward to the same consummation. In most former periods a development of religious feeling has been followed by a persecution of the ancient people of God; from the days of Constantine to Leo XII.,\* the disciples of Christ

\* By an edict of Leo XII., they were closely confined, to the number of 1500 to 1800, within a certain quarter of the town, called the Ghetto. This place they were not allowed to leave, even for a single day, without a special license; even though furnished with such a license, they were forbidden to dwell, or

have been stimulated to the oppression of the children of Israel; and Heaven alone can know what myriads of that suffering race fell beneath the *piety* of the crusaders, as they marched to recover the sepulchre of their Saviour from the hands of the infidels. But a mighty change has come over the hearts of the Gentiles; they seek now the temporal and eternal peace of the Hebrew people; societies are established in England and Germany to diffuse among them the light of the Gospel; and the increasing accessions to the parent Institution in London attest the public estimation of its principles and services.\*

Encouraged by those proofs of a bettered condition and the sympathy of the Gentiles who so lately despised them, the children of Israel have become far more open to Christian intercourse and reciprocal inquiry. Both from themselves and their converted brethren we learn much of their doings, much of their hopes and fears, that a few years ago would have remained in secret. One of them, who lately, in the true spirit of Moses, went a journey into Poland 'unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens,' (Exod. ii. 11) informs us that 'several thousand Jews of that country and of Russia have recently bound themselves by an oath, that, as soon as the way is open for them to go up to Jerusalem, they will immediately go thither, and there spend their time in fasting and praying unto the Lord, until he shall send the Messiah.† . . . Although it was,' he continues, 'comparatively a short time since I had intercourse with my brethren according to the flesh, I found a mighty change in their minds and feelings in regard to the nearness of their deliverance. Some assigned one reason, and some another, for the opinion they entertained; but all agreed in thinking that the time is at hand.‡ Large bodies, moreover, have acted on this impulse; we state, on the authority of another gentleman, himself a Jewish Christian, that the number of Jews in Palestine has been multiplied twenty-fold; that, though within the last forty years, scarcely two thousand of that people were to be found there, they amount now to upwards of forty thousand; and we can confirm his statement from other sources, that they are increasing in multitude by large annual additions. A very recent English traveller encountered many Jews on their road to Jerusalem, who invariably replied to his queries, that they were going

even converse familiarly, with Christians.'—*Hirschfeld's Strictures*, p. 64.

\* The Callenberg Institution, which began in 1728 at Halle, in Prussian Saxony, had great success, when we consider the limited extent of its means; it came to an end about the time of the French Revolution.

† Herschel's Brief Sketch (1837), p. 39.

‡ Mr. Davenport, in his report from Inowracław, mentions that, 'in reference to the changes taking place in the Jewish mind, a Jewish schoolmaster remarked to him, "There is a struggle going on of which you can have no idea: we do not know ourselves what we want, or what will be the end of it." He afterwards adds, "In reply to some remark which assumed that he believed his religious creed to be right, he said, "Oh, do not suppose that I am certain; I think I am right, but I am in doubt. *You will never find a Jew who will certainly say he is right.*"—*Jewish Records*, September, 1838.

thither 'to die in the land of their fathers.' For many years past this desire had prevailed among the Hebrews; old Sandys has recorded it in his account of Palestine;—but it has been reserved for the present day to see the wish so amply gratified. A variety of motives stimulates the desire; the devout seek to be interred in the soil that they love; the superstitious, to avoid the disagreeable alternative of being rolled under the earth's surface until they arrive in that land on the great morning of the resurrection. But, whatever be the motives of a people now blinded by ignorance, who does not see, in the fact, a dark similitude of the faith which animated the death-beds of the patriarchs; of Jacob and of Joseph (Gen. xlix. 29) who, 'when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones?' (Heb. xi. 22.) In all parts of the earth this extraordinary people, whose name and sufferings are in every nation under heaven, think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration—the utmost east and the utmost west, the north and the south, both small and large congregations, those who have frequent intercourse with their brethren, and those who have none, entertain alike the same hopes and fears. Dr. Wolff (Journal, 1833,) heard these sentiments from their lips in the remotest countries of Asia; and Buchanan asserts that wherever he went among the Jews of India, he found memorials of their expulsion from Judæa, and of their belief of a return thither. At Jerusalem they purchase, as it were, one day in the year of their Mussulman rulers; and being assembled in the valley of Jehoshaphat, bewail the overthrow of their city and temple, and pray for a revival of its glory. Their prayer is now assuming a more penitential garb; 'Already,'—says Mr. M'Neil, in his excellent lectures on Jewish prophecy (p. 136)—'as we have heard from an eye-witness of the interesting scene, some of them assemble themselves on the eve of their Sabbath, under the walls of Jerusalem, where the abomination of desolation still standeth, and chant in mournful melody the lamentations of their Jeremiah, or sing with something like a dawn of hope,

“Lord, build—Lord, build—

Build Thy house speedily.

In haste! in haste! Even in our days,

Build Thy house speedily.

Lord, build—Lord, build—

Build Thy house speedily.

In haste! in haste! Even in our days,

Build Thy house speedily.

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In Poland,\* the great focus of the Hebrew people, the sentiment is most rife that the time is near at

\* By far the largest concentration of Jews is found in the Russian dominions; their numbers are variously stated, but the calculation lately furnished to us, on which we most rely, estimates them at one million seven hundred thousand souls. Of the geographical distribution of this people we have said but little, as the subject had already been very copiously handled in the 38th volume of our Journal; but since that time the number of Jews in England has increased to about thirty thousand.

hand for the turning of their captivity; oftentimes they meet together in their synagogues for humiliation and fasting; and falling on their knees, like Daniel (vi. 10), with their faces toward Jerusalem, offer these beautiful and touching petitions:—

‘We are more sinful than any other people; we ought to be ashamed more than any nation; the joy of the Lord is gone from us, our hearts are wounded. Why?—because we have sinned against the Lord. The temple is destroyed; there is no Shechinah abiding among us; we are despised and trodden down by all people. The words of the prophets are fulfilled, that Israel is burned on every side, yet he layeth it not to heart. But now, Lord, look down from heaven, Thy holy habitation, and cause the Messiah, son of David, speedily to appear. And, according to thine own promise, sprinkle clean water upon us, and cleanse us from all our filthiness and from all our idols.’\*

What a marvellous thing, that this despised and degraded people, in their suffering and baseness, should yet be minutely observant of the royal supplication which fell from the lips of Solomon in the palmy days of Jerusalem!—

‘If Thy people bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn and pray unto thee in the land of their captivity, saying, we have sinned, we have done amiss, we have dealt wickedly . . . . and pray toward the land which Thou gavest unto their fathers, and toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for Thy name; then hear Thou from the heavens, even from Thy dwelling-place, their prayer and supplication, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people which have sinned against Thee.’ (2nd Chron. vi. 37, *et seq.*)

Though they have seen the Temple twice, and the City six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their faith gone: for 1800 years the belief has sustained them, without a king, a prophet, or a priest, through insult, poverty, torture, and death: and now in the nineteenth century, in the midst of ‘the march of intellect,’—what is better, in the far greater diffusion of the written word of God both among Jews and Christians, we hear from all an harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival, ‘The year that approaches, Oh bring us to Jerusalem!’ This belief has not been begotten and sustained by rabbinical bigotry; for although a fraction of the reformed Jews have excluded from their liturgy every petition for restoration, and even for the coming of the Messiah, yet it prevails more strongly, if possible, among the converts to Christianity. We have now before us a letter from a Hebrew proselyte, dated but a few weeks ago at Jerusalem, which the writer was visiting for the first time; his heart overflows with patriotism, and the remembrance of his ancestry; he beheld the land of his fathers, to be hereafter his; ‘their’s not by unholy war, nor by stratagem or treachery, but as the gift of Him who is yet to be the glory of his people Israel.’

The reforms, as they are termed, of modern days, have arranged the Hebrews under the two classes, according to their own designation, of old-fashioned

and new-fashioned Jews. The new-fashioned are the ‘liberals’ of Judaism, the old-fashioned are governed by the opposite principle. These reforms, which have so favourably exhibited their intellectual powers, have proved fatal to their sentiments of religion: disregarding or denying the truths on which even the Talmud rested as a basis, they have scorned to purge away its dross; and, having broken from the trammels of Rabbinism, strut about in the false freedom of rationalism and infidelity. The leprosy has not yet spread itself over a large portion of the people; the chief seat of the disease lies, of course, in Germany; but many individuals have caught the contagion in Lemberg, Brody, Warsaw, and other towns of Poland. In Germany they are engaged in the formation of a literature of their own, and wield a portion of the daily and periodical press; new modes of worship are introduced; and the national expectation of a Messiah, being frittered away in figurative applications, is debased, and yet satisfied, by their share in the revolutionary changes in the European states. In France, a kindred sentiment prevails; they desire even to abandon the name of Jews, and assume the appellation of *Frenchmen-Israelites*, or ‘adherents of the Mosaic religion:’ having been emancipated, in the change of policy that followed the revolution in that country, from many burdensome and injurious restrictions, they hail in this ameliorated condition the advent of the Messiah. These principles are asserted in a journal entitled ‘The Regeneration, destined to the improvement, moral and religious, of the Israelitish People,’ and conducted by some of the most able and learned Jews of Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort.

It is only within the last few years that the Jews, as a body, have been known beyond the circle of curious and abstruse readers. Their pursuits and capacities, it was supposed, were limited to stock-jobbing, money-lending, and orange-stalls; but few believed them to be a people of vigorous intellect, of unrivalled diligence in study, with a long list of ancient and modern writers, whose works—though oftentimes mixed with matter, much of which is useless, and much pernicious, and calculated far more to sharpen than to enrich the understanding—bespeak most singular perseverance and ability. The emancipation of genius, which began under Moses Mendelssohn, about the year 1754, brought them unlooked for fame on the stage of profane literature;—the German which had hitherto been regarded as an unholy language, became the favourite study of the liberalized Hebrews; thence they passed to the pursuit of the various sciences, and of every language, whether living or dead; their commentators and critics, philosophers and historians, condescended to a race with the secular Gentiles, and gave, in their success, an earnest of the fruit that their native powers could reap from a wider field of mental exertion. But the new lights, which shone so brightly on the chiefs of the secession, have done but little to illuminate the body of their followers; popular education, in the strict sense of the term, is still confined to the Rabbinical Jews, who constitute the vast majority of the nation. This class of the Rabbinites, notwithstanding the exclusiveness of their studies, must be considered as an educated people, perhaps more so than any other upon earth; they can, almost universally, read the sacred language, and partially

\* ‘This is not one continued prayer,’ says Mr. Herschel, ‘but the substance of several petitions scattered throughout the Jewish Liturgy,’ p. 38.



understand it; the zeal of individuals, even the poorest, prompts them to undertake the office of teachers; and so content are they with small remuneration, that nearly a dozen Melammedins might be maintained by the salary required for one English school-master. Parents and relations will endure the greatest privations to save a sufficient sum for the education of their children; and oftentimes, where the income of a single family is inadequate, five or six will make a common purse to provide the salary of a tutor. The evil is, that an excellent system and an admirable zeal are neutralized and perverted by Rabbinism and superstition. 'If asked to give,' says Dr. McCaul,\* 'a concise, yet adequate, idea of this system, I should say it is Jewish popery; just as popery may be defined to be Gentile rabbinism.' Talmudical learning, and the power of the Rabbis, the depositories of it, are the ultimate object of Jewish discipline; to increase the one, and dignify the other, their writers have spared neither legend nor falsehood, in which blasphemy and absurdity strive for the pre-eminence: meanwhile, the doctrine inculcated is bitter in its precepts, unscriptural in its views, and hostile to mankind; and, though amongst themselves they both teach and practise many social virtues, their state must be considered as exhibiting an awful picture of moral and religious destitution.

That the Jews should be thus degraded and despised is a part of their chastisement, and the fulfilment of prophecy; but, low and abhorred as they still are, we now hail for them the dawn of a better day, a day of regeneration and deliverance, which, raising them alike from neology and rabbinism, shall set them at large in the glorious liberty of the Gospel. This desirable consummation, though still remote, has approached us more rapidly within the last few years. The Societies at Basle, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Berlin, Posen, and Breslau, for promoting Christianity among the Jews, have been eminently prosperous; but the London Society, the first in date, is likewise the first in its magnitude and success. This admirable association, long buffeted by the gales of adverse fortune, seems now fairly harboured in public opinion; 'the entire contributions,' says their Report of March, 1838, 'received during the past year, have amounted to the sum of 19,054*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*, being an increase of 4,523*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* upon the receipts of the preceding year.' Doubtless their future exertions will be commensurate with their means, and Providence will bless with a larger harvest their increased expenditure and toil. But they have been 'faithful over a few things,' and wrought great effects in the infancy of their fortunes. They have circulated in the last year, besides tracts, Pentateuchs, and other works in great number, nearly 4000 copies of the Old Testament in Hebrew: they have twenty-three stations in Europe and the East; forty-nine missionaries and agents, twenty-four of whom are Jewish converts; and ten schools, two in London, and eight in the duchy of Posen. Although the amount of conversions, relatively to the actual numbers of Israel, has not been large, the spies have

brought back a good account of the land; the sample of its fruit may rival the grapes of Eshcol, and stimulate the Church of England to rise and take possession. In almost every considerable town of Germany there are to be found some baptized Jews; we learn, by official accounts from Silesia, that between 1820 and 1834, 455 persons were added to the church; in East and West Prussia 234 in the same time; and from 1820 to 1837, in Berlin alone, no less than 326. In Poland, the average amount of baptisms during the last ten years has been about fifteen annually—exclusive of the great number baptized by the Romanists, to whom the proselytes are attracted by the hope and assurance of temporal support in the event of their conversion. At the Hebrew Episcopal Chapel in London, seven adult converts, and three children, were baptized last year, making a total thereby of 246 baptisms from the commencement, eighty-five of whom were adults; and among the converts in this country may be reckoned four synagogue-readers, of whom two have lately received orders in the Church of England; and six others, who have taken part in its apostolical ministry.\* This is no sudden or uncertain progress; it is no reproduction of the same Jew, like the annual proselyte of Rome at the feast of St. Peter, who is kept, as the dog at the Grotto del Cane, to be victimised for the edification of the curious; a new spur has been given to the advance and establishment of the faith among them, and conversions are greatly on the increase. 'There is rarely an instance,' says our experienced informant, 'of a return to Judaism; and though some fall into sin, and misbehave themselves, their profession of Christianity is lasting, and, I believe, sincere.'

It is a very important feature in the generality of these conversions, that they have taken place among persons of cultivated understandings and literary attainments. We are not to be told that those excellent societies have operated with success on ignorance and poverty, purchasing the one and persuading the other, where either necessity or incapacity lay passive before them. These Jewish converts, like their prototype St. Paul, brought up at the feet of their Gamaliels in all the learning and wisdom of the Hebrews, now preach the faith which once they destroyed. We have already mentioned that several have become ministers of the Church of England; on the Continent we find many among the Lutheran and Reformed clergy; they have also their physicians, lawyers, head and assistant masters of the German Gymnasias; there are three professors and two lecturers, formerly Jews, in the University of Breslau; five professors in Halle; in Petersburg a professor of medicine; in Warsaw Dr. Leo, a convert, is one of the most celebrated physicians; in Erlangen we find Dr. Stahl; and in Berlin Dr. Neander, the celebrated church historian, fully proves that poverty of intellect is not an indispensable preliminary to Jewish conversion.

\* Very many Jews have been baptized elsewhere, even in London, but we have no means of ascertaining the number. Mr. Joseph, himself a convert, has in the course of a few years baptised twenty individuals at Liverpool, baptisms have also occurred in Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol, Cheltenham, York, Hull, &c.

\* 'Sketches of Judaism,' a work of singular ability, which, together with 'Old Paths,' by the same author, must be read by every one who wishes to attain any knowledge of the existing state of the Jews.



But even where the parties have not been fully brought to the belief and profession of the Gospel, a mighty good has resulted from the missionary exertions. Ancient antipathies are abated, and prejudices subdued; the name of Christian is less odious to the ears of a Jew; and many of the nation, adhering still to the faith of their forefathers, have ceased to uphold the Talmudical doctrine, that the Gentiles are beasts created for the purpose of administering to the necessities of Israel. They have conceived a respect for our persons, and a still greater for our intellects; an ardent desire is now manifested by the Jews to hold conversation with the missionaries; along the north coast of Africa, in Palestine, and in Poland, they have visited them in crowds; and many doubtless, have borne away with them the seed which a study of the Scriptures will ripen into conviction.

As a consequence of this more friendly intercourse between Jew and Gentile, we must mention the kinder feelings entertained by the Hebrews towards a converted brother. We have heard, indeed, from the lips of a proselyte, that he had, even within the last four or five years, observed an improvement in this respect among his own relations; and the same fact is most amply attested by the opinion and experience of Mr. Herschel.

We wish we could say that this sentiment was universal; but, alas, we know many and lamentable exceptions. There are Jews in all parts of Europe who dare not avow their Christianity, so great is the fear of public reproach or domestic tyranny. In Constantinople, Tunis, and Turkey generally, where the Jews have a police, and authority over their own body, conversion is as dangerous as in Ireland itself. Whenever a Hebrew is suspected of wavering in his rabbinical allegiance, he is imprisoned and bastinadoed; and no later than January of this year, a young man in Tunis, who had discovered an inclination to the hated faith, was assaulted so violently by his relations, that 'he fainted on the spot,' says the missionary, 'and lingered a few days, when he died.' Nevertheless, conversions even there, as in Ireland, are constantly on the increase; it being still the good pleasure of God that the blood of the martyrs should be the seed of the Church.

A desire, corresponding to this change of sentiment, is manifested to obtain possession of the word of God; and they eagerly demand copies of the Society's editions of the Old Testament in Hebrew. In the last two years 5400 copies have been sold by Mr. Stockfeldt, in the Rhenish provinces; several thousand on the coast of Africa, by Mr. Ewald; and in Königsberg Mr. Berghfelt sells copies to the amount of about one hundred pounds annually. In Poland and Jerusalem the missionaries can dispose of all that are sent; and the last report of the Society informs us that a less additional number than twenty thousand copies would be utterly inadequate to the demands of the Israelites in all parts of the world. It is also very observable that the translation in their vernacular dialect has excited the liveliest interest among the long neglected females of the Hebrew nation. All this indicates a prodigious change; hitherto they have cared little but for the legends of the Talmud and rabbinical preachments; they now betake themselves to the study of Scripture, and will accept the Pentateuch printed and presented by the hands of Christians! This abundant diffusion of the Hebrew Bible has, more than any other cause, contributed to abate prejudice and conciliate affection. Mr. J. D. Marc, in a letter from the Society's station at Offenbach, affirms 'that the conviction the Jews now have, that the Christians offer them the genuine word of God, and even to the poor gratis, makes an unspeakable impression on them, and begins visibly to melt their hearts.' And even in Poland, the very treasure house of rabbinism, a missionary can find easy access, and a patient audience for the truths of the Gospel,

provided he be well supplied with the word of God in its original tongue. Such efforts are felt and estimated far beyond the sphere of their first action; a kindly sympathy is propagated through all the distant limbs of the Jewish body; and traces of the zeal and growing favour of the Gentiles are discernable even in the remotest countries of the East. According to Dr. Wolff, in his several Journals, Bibles and Testaments in Hebrew were found at Ipsahan and Cashan, which he himself had given from his own store at Jerusalem; he heard of them also in Balk, Bokhara, and Afghanistan. In the Himalaya mountains, far beyond the limit of the British dominion, he discovered even a Brahmin, surrounded by crowds of his disciples, reading the Gospel of St. Luke in the Nagree character;\* this last fact, though not immediately bearing upon the Jews, well illustrates the efficacy and success of associations combined for the distribution of the Scriptures.

Efforts like these cannot fail to attain the most important results; for the blindness of Israel is still caused, as it was in the days of our Saviour, by their ignorance of the word of God; 'ye do err not knowing the Scriptures.'† A deeper acquaintance with their own holy books is an indispensable preliminary to general conversion; and we must bestir ourselves to multiply facilities by the widest possible circulation of them. The wiser and more Scriptural method of argument now pursued by the missionaries will advance the work; laying aside their reasoning from the Talmud and the Mishna, and perceiving that, with the Jewish people, a right intelligence and belief of the Old Testament is the only foundation for the belief of the New, they have at last adopted towards their Hebrew disputants the method of the inspired apostle; for 'Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures; openly alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ.'‡

But a more important undertaking has already been begun by the zeal and piety of those who entertain an interest for the Jewish nation. They have designed the establishment of a church at Jerusalem, if possible on Mount Zion itself, where the order of our Service, and the prayers of our Liturgy shall daily be set before the faithful in Hebrew language. A considerable sum has been collected for this purpose; the missionaries are already resident on the spot; and nothing is wanting but to complete the purchase of the ground on which to erect the sacred edifice. Mr. Nicolayson, having received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London, has been appointed to the charge; and Mr. Pieritz, a Hebrew convert, is associated in the duty. The Service meanwhile proceeds, though 'the ark of God is under curtains;' and a small but faithful congregation of proselytes hear daily the Evangelical verities of our Church on the mount of the Holy City itself, in the language of the prophets, and in the spirit of the apostles. To any one who reflects on this event, it must appear one of the most striking that have occurred in modern days, perhaps in any days since the corruptions began in the Church of Christ. It is well known that for centuries the Greek, the Romanist, the Armenian, and the Turk, have had their places of worship in the city of Jerusalem, and the latitudinarianism of Ibrahim Pacha had lately accorded that privilege to the Jews. The pure doctrines of the Reformation, as embodied and professed in the Church of England, have alone been unrepresented amidst all the corruptions; and Christianity has been contemplated, both by Mussulman and Jew, as a system most hateful to the creed of each, a compound of mummery and image worship.

\* Journ. 1832. † Acts xvii. 2, 3. ‡ Matth. xxii. 29.

It is surely of vital importance to the cause of our religion, that we should exhibit it in its pure and apostolical form to the children of Israel. We have already mentioned that they are returning in crowds to their ancient land; we must provide for the converts an orthodox and spiritual service, and set before the rest, whether residents or pilgrims, a worship as enjoined by our Saviour himself, 'a worship in spirit and in truth,'\*—its faith will then be spoken of through the whole world. A great benefit of this nature has resulted from the Hebrew services of the London Episcopal Chapel; it has not only afforded instruction and opportunity of worship to the converted Israelite, but has formed a point of attraction to foreign Jews on a visit to this country, and has been largely and eagerly commented on in many of the Hebrew Journals published in Germany. In the purity of our worship they confess our freedom from idolatry; and in the sound of the language of Moses and the prophets, they forget that we are Gentiles. But if this be so in London, what will it be in the Holy City? They will hear the Psalms of David in the very words that fell from his inspired lips, once more chanted on the Holy Hill of Zion; they will see the whole book of the Law and the Prophets laid before them, and hear it read at the morning and evening oblation; they will admire the Church of England, with all its comprehensive fulness of doctrine, truth, and love, like a pious and humble daughter, doing filial homage to that Church first planted at Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all. Our soul-stirring, and soul-satisfying Liturgy—in Hebrew—its deep and tender devotion—the evangelical simplicity of its ritual, will form, in the mind of the Jew, an inviting contrast to the idolatry and superstition of the Latin and Eastern churches; its enlarged charity will affect his heart, and its scriptural character demand his homage. It is surely a high privilege reserved to our Church and nation to plant the true cross on the Holy Hill of Zion; to carry back the faith we thence received by the apostles; and uniting, as it were, the history, the labours, and the blood of the primitive and Protestant martyrs, 'light such a candle in *Jerusalem*, as by God's blessing shall never be put out.'

But this privilege will not be unaccompanied by practical benefits to the character and position of our own establishment. Whatever promotes the study and reverence of the Hebrew Scriptures, promotes, in a similar degree, the honour and stability of the Church of England. Her appointed orders, her liturgical services, her decent splendour, her national endowments, are 'according to the pattern that God showed us in the Mount.' The principle of an establishment then received the august sanction of the Divine Wisdom; and whether we look back to the earliest periods of Jewish history, or forwards to the day of their future glory, as displayed in the concluding chapters of Ezekiel, we shall find that a national and established Church is ever a main portion of the polity of the people of God. The arch-assailants of our Zion are well aware of this truth, and seek, therefore, to disparage the Old Testament by a contemptuously exclusive preference of the New!—irreverently excluding from their 'Christian' catalogue 'the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms;' they ascribe to the Gospels and Epistles alone the title of the *Christian Scriptures*! And they are wise in their generation, perceiving as they do, that the co-ordinate authority and mutual dependence of all parts of the written Word would manifest that the Saviour of Mankind, no less in the temporal than in the spiritual necessities of his Church, 'came not to destroy, but to fulfil.'

\* John iv. 24.

The growing interest manifested for these regions, the larger investment of British capital, and the confluence of British travellers and strangers from all parts of the world, have recently induced the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to station there a representative of our Sovereign, in the person of a Vice-Consul. This gentleman set sail for Alexandria at the end of last September—his residence will be fixed at Jerusalem, but his jurisdiction will extend to the whole country within the ancient limits of the Holy Land; he is thus accredited, as it were, to the former kingdom of David and the Twelve Tribes. The soil and climate of Palestine are singularly adapted to the growth of produce required for the exigencies of Great Britain; the finest cotton may be obtained in almost unlimited abundance; silk and madder are the staple of the country, and olive oil is now as it ever was, the very fatness of the land. Capital and skill are alone required: the presence of a British officer, and the increased security of property which his presence will confer, may invite them from these islands to the cultivation of Palestine; and the Jews, who will betake themselves to agriculture in no other land,\* having found, in the English consul, a mediator between their people and the Pacha, will probably return in yet greater numbers, and become once more the husbandmen of Judæa and Galilee.

This appointment has been conceived and executed in the spirit of true wisdom. Though we cannot often commend the noble Lord's official proceedings, we must not withhold our meed of gratitude for the act, nor of praise for the zeal with which he applied himself to great preliminary difficulties, and the ability with which he overcame them. It is truly a national service: at all times it would have been expedient, but now it is necessary. To pass over commercial advantages—which the country will best perceive in the experience of them—we may discern a manifest benefit to our political position. We have done a deed which the Jews will regard as an honour to their nation; and have thereby conciliated a body of well-wishers in every people under heaven. Throughout the east they nearly monopolize the concerns of traffic and finance, and maintain a secret but uninterrupted intercourse with their brethren in the West. Thousands visit Jerusalem in every year from all parts of the globe, and carry back to their respective bodies, that intelligence which guides their conduct, and influences their sympathies. So rapid and accurate is their mutual communication, that Frederick the Great confessed the earlier and superior intelligence obtained through the Jews of all affairs of moment. Napoleon knew well the value of an Hebrew alliance; and endeavoured to re-produce, in the capital of France, the spectacle of the ancient Sanhedrim, which, basking in the sunshine of imperial favour, might give laws to the whole body of the Jews throughout the habitable world, and aid him, no doubt, in his audacious plans against Poland and the East. His scheme, it is true, proved abortive; for the mass of the Israelites were by no means inclined to merge their hopes in the destinies of the

\* Dr. Henderson says of the Polish Jews—'Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits, have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence possess houses and other immovable property; but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting with anxious expectation for the arrival of the period when, in pursuance of the Divine promise, they shall be restored to, what they still consider, *their own land*. Their attachment, indeed, to Palestine is unconquerable.'—*Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia*, 1826.

Empire—exchange Zion for Montmartre, and Jerusalem for Paris. The few liberal unbelievers whom he attracted to his views ruined his projects with the people by their impious flattery; and averted the whole body of the nation by blinding, on the 15th of August, the cipher of Napoleon and Josephine with the unutterable name of Jehovah, and elevating the imperial eagle above the representation of the Ark of the Covenant. A misconception, in fact, of the character of the people has vitiated all the attempts of various Sovereigns to better their condition; they have sought to amalgamate them with the body of their subjects, not knowing, or not regarding the temper of the Hebrews, and the plain language of Scripture, that, 'the people shall dwell alone and shall not be reckoned among the nations.'<sup>\*</sup>

That which Napoleon designed in his violence and ambition, thinking 'to destroy nations not a few,' we may wisely and legitimately undertake for the maintenance of our Empire. The affairs of the East are lowering on Great Britain—but it is singular and providential that we should at this moment, have executed a measure which will almost assure us the co-operation of the Eastern Jews, and kindle, in our behalf, the sympathies of nearly two millions in the heart of the Russian dominions.† These hopes rest on no airy foundation; but pleasing as they are, we cannot disguise our far greater satisfaction that, in the step just taken, in the appointment just made, England has attained the praise of being the first of the Gentile nations that has ceased 'to tread down Jerusalem.'<sup>‡</sup> This is, indeed, no more than justice, since she was the first to set the evil and cruel example of banishing the whole people in a body from her inhospitable bosom. France next, and then Spain, aped our unchristian and foolish precedent. Spain may have exceeded us in barbarity; but we invented the oppression, and preceded her in the infliction of it.

It is matter for very serious reflection that the Christians themselves have cast innumerable stumbling-blocks in the way of Hebrew conversion. To pass over the weak and ignorant methods that men have adopted to persuade the Jews—let us ask whether the Christians have ever afforded to this people an opportunity of testing the divine counsel, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'<sup>§</sup> What is the record of the Christian period of the second dispersion? A history of insolence, plunder, and blood, that fills even now the heart of every thinking man with indignation and shame! Was this the religion of the true Messiah? Could this be in their eyes the fulfilment of those glorious prophecies that promised security and joy in his happy days; when his 'officers should be peace and his exactors righteousness?' What, too, have they witnessed in the worship and doctrine of Christian state? The idolatry of the Greek and Latin Churches, under which the Hebrews have almost universally lived, the mummeries of their ritual, and the hypocrisy of their precepts, have

shocked and averted the Jewish mind. We oftentimes express our surprise at the stubborn resistance they oppose to the reception of Christianity; but Christianity in their view is synonymous with image-worship, and its doctrines with persecution; they believe that, in embracing the dominant faith, they must violate the two first commandments of the Decalogue, and abandon that witness, which they have nobly maintained for 1800 years, to the unity of the God of Israel.

It well imports us to have a care that we no longer persecute or mislead this once-loved nation; they are a people chastened but not utterly cast off; 'in all their affliction He was afflicted.'<sup>\*</sup> For the oppression of this people there is no warranty in Scripture; nay, the reverse; their oppressors are menaced with stern judgments; 'I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy, and I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease; for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction.'<sup>†</sup> This is the language of the prophet Zechariah; and we may trace, in the pages of history, the vestiges of this never-slumbering Providence. No sooner had England given shelter to the Jews, under Cromwell and Charles, than she started forward in a commercial career of univalued and uninterrupted prosperity; Holland, embracing the principles of the Reformation, threw off the yoke of Philip, opened her cities to the Hebrew people, and obtained an importance far beyond her natural advantages; while Spain, in her furious and bloody expulsion of the race, sealed her own condemnation. 'How deep a wound,' says Mr. Milman, 'was inflicted on the national prosperity by this act of the "most Christian Sovereign," cannot easily be calculated, but it may be reckoned among the most effective causes of the decline of Spanish greatness.'<sup>‡</sup>

We cordially rejoice that we possess the favourable testimony of the Children of Israel to the justice, respect and kindness they enjoy in this land;<sup>§</sup> but our efforts should the more be directed to promote their temporal and eternal welfare. 'They forget,' says the good Archbishop Leighton, 'a main point of the Church's glory, who pray not daily for the conversion of the Jews.'<sup>||</sup> We must learn to behold this nation with the eyes of reverence and affection; we must honour in them the remnant of a people which produced poets like Isaiah and Joel; kings like David and Josiah; and ministers like Joseph, Daniel, and Nehemiah; but above all, as that chosen race of men, of whom the Saviour of the world came according to the flesh. Though a people deep<sup>¶</sup> in their sentiments of hatred, they are accessible, even when beguiled by neological delusions, to those who address them on their national glory; and many persons living can attest the gratitude of the Hebrews, as of old,<sup>\*\*</sup> to those who seek the welfare of their nation. They are not less concerned than ourselves to observe the present religious aspect of Europe, and the awful advances of Popery. Doubtless the great and good prince, alike Christian and Protestant, who now sits on the throne of Prussia, will find that his affection and shelter to the Israelitish people will procure him, in the hour of conflict, no insignificant or insincere allies, knowing as they do, that Protestantism, which delivered its

\* Numbers xxiii. 9.

† Look to their present state of suffering in Poland and Russia, where they are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside! It not unfrequently happens, that when one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town, not hitherto prohibited, this affords a reason for proscribing them; it is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that part of the city, and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss being given them' . . . . . 'they are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress' . . . . . 'in the walk of social life, insult and contempt meet them at every turning.'—Herschel's Sketch, p. 7.

\* Isaiah lxiii. 9.

† Zechariah i. 15. Vide also xiv. 12.

‡ Hist. Jews, vol. iii. 368.

§ Vide Herschel's Sketch, and Rabbi Crool, in his 'Restoration of Israel.'

|| Sermon on Isaiah, lx. 1.

¶ We have now before us the Jewish Almanac for the present year, in which the era of the expulsion from this kingdom is very significantly marked.

\*\* 'For he loveth our nation, and hath built us a Synagogue.' Luke vii. 2—5.



followers from error, has delivered also the Hebrews from insolence and oppression. Nor are our interests in less fearful jeopardy; both as a church and as a nation, we have much to hope for in the welfare of the people of Israel; and —since prosperity is to be the portion of those who pray for the peace of the Holy City— Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.†

*From the United Service Journal.*

## CIVIL ENGINEERING IN AMERICA.‡

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R. N.

The navigation of the American lakes is a topic of the highest importance to naval men, for though their waters be fresh, and their depths fathomable, they may be truly considered as seas; and in all that relates to the difficulties and dangers of navigation, they are deserving of the respect of seamen who have passed their lives on the ocean. And we shall accordingly advert, presently, to one or two circumstances of considerable importance, which may not be known to many persons whose duty it may become to serve in those regions.

It is interesting, however, to consider in the first place how these mighty lakes have been dove-tailed, as it were, into the sea; on the east with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the south by the Gulf of Mexico. By means of the canal which joins the Ohio with Lake Erie the communication is opened between them and the Mississippi, and thence with the sea; while by means of a short but wide canal, Lake Erie is connected with Lake Ontario, and this again is joined to the river St. Lawrence below its rapids, by means of the Ottawa canal, that of the "Stair Corps," and the "La Chine;" and thus with the Atlantic, which may be said to begin at Quebec. Or if the purposes of commerce require a different route, Lake Erie may be quitted at Buffalo on the American side, and a course pursued along the Great Erie Canal, and down the Hudson, to New York. "That the reader," says Mr. Stevenson, "may be able fully to understand the nature of lines of inland navigation, so enormous, I shall give in detail the route from New York to New Orleans, which is constantly made by persons travelling between those places:—

	Miles.
From New York to Albany, by the river Hudson, the distance is -	150
Albany to Buffalo, by the Erie canal, -	363
Buffalo to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, -	210
Cleveland to Portsmouth, by the Ohio canal, -	309
Portsmouth to New Orleans, by the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, -	1670
Total distance,	2702 miles.

This extraordinary inland journey is performed entirely by means of water communication: 672 miles of the journey are performed on canals, and the remaining 2030 miles of the route is river and lake navigation.

It may be well to pause here and reflect upon the vast means which these lines of communication afford for condensing the military resources of the nation at any one

point; and when we superadd the innumerable lateral feeders by which the mighty rivers alluded to are kept in communication with the interior of the country, north, south, east, and west of them, and take into account the canals, roads, and rail-roads which link the whole system together, and cover the land with a network of high-ways, we may form some estimate of the prodigious force which so energetic a people as the Americans might bring to bear against an invading army. It is not likely, indeed, that the United States will ever be invaded, but it is not less our duty to contemplate the difficulties of such an enterprise, and likewise to contemplate, with even more anxiety, the consequences which might attend any very unanimous feeling of hostility on the part of the Americans, directed against Canada. We do not speak of such petty, marauding, and disgraceful incursions as have lately disturbed the tranquility of the frontier, and which, assuredly, found no sympathy in other parts of the Union; but of any vast and simultaneous impulse extending from end to end of that immense confederacy.

Without meaning anything invidious, we may be permitted to speculate professionally on the time when the States, now so firmly united by the bonds of a common interest, may be ranged in hostile array against one another; and we defy the most active imagination to place limits to the extent and variety of military and naval contingencies which not merely may, but must have place in a country so fertile in all the resources by which armies may be raised, maintained, and put in motion. It is the fashion to describe America as an empty country, with a virgin soil, and inexhaustible means of subsistence; but the truth is, that she is rapidly peopling up, and as the best soils are fully occupied, the inhabitants begin to jostle and rub shoulders at some places, very inconveniently; and although we may not, and probably shall none of us, live to see a break up in America, we think it by no means improbable that the present generation may see military demonstrations, and jealous movements of great professional interest; and it is on this account, as well as many others, that we recommend to our professional brethren, of both Services, a more attentive consideration of the internal military resources of the United States than has hitherto been given to them. We allude now exclusively to the physical resources of that country, for it is not our present purpose at all to consider those complicated political relations (such as the slavery question) which, in the opinion of many of America's best friends, threaten to set the nations composing their huge and incongruous confederation by the ears. Our object, however, is chiefly to draw attention to the wonderful capabilities which America presents for every kind of locomotion; and as speed and certainty in such matters are the points of most interest to us in a professional point of view, we shall endeavour to show how well worthy the attention of the United Service the investigation is.

To begin with the great Canada lakes; Mr. Stevenson says, and we can bear witness to the justness of the observation, "that every idea connected with a *fresh-water lake* must be laid aside in considering the different subjects connected with these vast inland sheets of water, which, in fact, in their general appearance, and in the phenomena which influence their navigation, bear a much closer resemblance to the ocean, than the sheltered bays and sounds in which the harbours of the eastern coast of North America are situated, although these estuaries have a direct and short communication with the Atlantic ocean."

The line of coast of the lakes is about 4000 statute miles in extent, and they have all water deep enough throughout their whole extent for the purposes of navigation. It was not, however, till the year 1818, that the navigation of the lake became so extensive and im-

\* Psalm cxxiv. 6. Numbers xxiv. 9.

† Isaiah lxii. 7.

‡ The first part of this article, in a former No. of the U. S. Journal, was lost at sea.



portant as to render the erection of light-houses necessary; since then they have been gradually increasing, and there are now about five-and-twenty, besides about thirty beacons and buoys. Various harbours, too, have been formed, and it is a curious and instructive fact, that in consequence of the exposed nature of the lake coasts, the Americans have been obliged to execute these works in a much more expensive and substantial manner than those which they have erected on the shores of the great ocean itself; so that a remarkable contrast meets our eye between the solid stone piers of the lakes, and the wooden wharfs of the sea-board, as they call it, exactly the reverse of what we should expect. At Buffalo, for instance, there are compactly built stone piers, which cost £40,000. At Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, a breakwater has been formed, by sinking a strong wooden frame-work filled with stones. The frame or crib was erected, with the usual ingenuity and active resource for which Jonathan is so well distinguished, during the winter on the ice, over the site which it was intended to occupy. The ice was then broken, and the cribs, being filled with stones, sunk to their resting place in the bottom of the lake. Presque Isle bay, in which the town of Erie stands, is in like manner formed into a splendid anchorage for vessels of the largest size, by two covering breakwaters, measuring, Mr. Stevenson tells us, "respectively 3000 and 4000 feet in length, projecting from the shore, and leaving a space between their outer extremities of 300 feet in breadth, for the ingress and egress of vessels." At Oswego, on Lake Ontario, a piece of solid masonry has been built, at the cost of £20,000. All these, and several others in the Lake Michigan, have been constructed at the expense and under the direction of the United States government. On the English side of the lakes also, the British government have executed works of considerable importance, particularly at Kingston, which is the great naval arsenal, and lies just at the point where the St. Lawrence flows out of the lake.

The size of the vessels navigating the lakes is regulated in a great measure by the dimensions of the canals, and especially of the locks upon them; and hence, by the way, the wisdom of the framers of the Welland canal, which unites Lake Erie and Ontario on the Canada side, and steps round the falls of Niagara. These engineers, taking warning from their opposite brethren, who made the locks on the Great Erie Canal of stone, made theirs of wood, and of much larger dimensions, though at a smaller cost. Independently of the advantage which this superior size gives them at present, they may at any time, and at a small expense, augment the dimensions, whenever the increasing demands of commerce, or the rapidly increasing size of the lake steam boats, require such a change. We have no doubt whatever, from what we have seen and heard on the spot, that had the Great Erie or New York Canal been sited in the first instance with wooden instead of stone locks, it would long ere this have been converted into a ship canal, instead of being confined, as it now is, to the use of boats.

For the same reasons that the harbours and piers of the lakes are built of substantial masonry to resist the fury of the winds and waves, the steam boats, which ply upon them have far more the character of sea boats than any of their steam boats employed any where else in the Union. On first looking at the lakes, especially in fine summer weather, it is difficult to believe that these distinctions are necessary; but the sight of a lake gale, one of which we have witnessed, impresses the mind with a vast respect for their powers, when raised into action by the violent storms of those regions. We have dwelled rather longer on this particular than we had intended to do, from the importance which is attached to it in an engineering point of view, and from the curious analogies

which Mr. Stevenson suggests between the phenomena of the lakes, and those which are found in such land-locked bodies of water as the Irish Sea, where the waves are so short and sudden in their movements as to prove very destructive to whatever obstacle is opposed to their fury. We recommend, therefore, this part of Mr. Stevenson's work to the attention of our engineering friends, especially that part of the chapter on lake navigation which relates to the winter season.

The river navigation of America has no parallel in Europe, and to the shame of Europe this may be said. The Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, to be sure, are pretty well covered with steam-vessels, and in proportion to their capabilities these rivers may probably be fully as well served with means of conveyance, as the mighty streams of the Western World. But what shall we say to the shabby manner in which the Seine, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, to say nothing of the Tagus and the Ebro, and many other great rivers of the Continent, are furnished with these marvellous means of swift and economical conveyance. It may be said, indeed, and with some truth, that in most of the countries of the Old World through which the rivers in question find their course, the industry of man has *already* provided convenient roads along which the inhabitants have been accustomed for centuries to travel, and which they find so fully sufficient for all their locomotive wants, that they are not stimulated to seek for any other. In America the case is quite different; the roads are few in number, and execrable in quality; and as it would cost fifty times more money to cut tolerable roads through their forests, than to establish excellent conveyances on their rivers, the attention of the new settlers has been vehemently directed, in the first instance, to the improvement of river navigation. The invention of steam-boats came at a good moment for co-operating with this disposition, and as fuel from the forests was almost everywhere at hand, and in abundance, the impulse which the new discovery received was immense. Not only the greater rivers, such as the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio in the west, and the Hudson, Delaware, and Chesapeake bays in the east, but a vast multitude of minor streams—minor we mean in comparison to those above mentioned, but gigantic in comparison to those of this country,—became the highways of the respective states through which they passed, and by the agency of steam kept up a constant communication between the outports and the remotest recesses of the interior.

Indeed we have never beheld, in any part of the globe, a more striking sight than is presented at New Orleans, that wonderful emporium, which may well be called a seaport, though it lies one hundred miles from the ocean, and is far above the influence of the tide. There we see all day long vessels arriving from every part of the world, with their sails furled, and towed, two or three at a time, in the train of a diminutive steam-boat, urged into rapid motion by an engine of high pressure, while every evening about sunset, dozens of goodly ships, laden with the return produce of the interior, depart in like manner, under the secure convoy of the same marvellous power. The internal products alluded to, are brought down partly in steam-boats and partly on large rafts called arks, piled high with cargo, which are drifted down the stream from immense distances, never to return. The hardy back-woodsmen who navigate these primitive vessels, having disposed of their wares, and broken up their arks, take shipping immediately on board some one of the steamers which are starting every hour for the upper countries, and in a few days find themselves landed at their own doors, ready to re-embark and re-descend the river—in one eternal round of active profit, sure of a market, sure of their returns—

secure in their property, and as free in their thoughts and persons as the wild birds over their heads, or as the ancient denizens of the forest were before them! In old times, these arks dropped down the rivers with just the same facility as at present; but the time and trouble expended in conveying the *return goods* to the interior were enormous; and even the return of the traders themselves was an affair of laborious months, instead of being, as it is now, one of a few luxurious days.

All this is already pretty well known to most of our readers; but we strongly recommend to our professional brethren to take a military glance at the American rivers, and in connexion with them those stupendous canals which have been made either to overcome natural obstacles, such as falls and rapids, which have been cut across whole countries, in order to open communications heretofore not dreamed of by the wildest visionary. In a military point of view, the works of this description which are most worthy of immediate attention are those by which the difficulties on the navigation of the St. Lawrence are evaded, and those by which communication between the Lower and the Upper provinces of Canada are securely kept up by a line of canals, removed at an unassailable distance from the frontier. Besides these (which, though useful for the purposes of commerce, are in their essence purely military works,) the Upper Canadians are beginning a gigantic work, close to the St. Lawrence. It is intended for the purpose of overcoming the celebrated Longue Saut Rapid, and is to be 100 feet wide throughout all its length. The Slackwater navigation, as it is technically called, on the Rideau, or Great Military Canal, is well worthy of study. It is formed by damming up the waters of the Rideau river, and several of the lakes connected with it, and so increasing their depth as to fit them for steamers of a large size. The whole length of this most important national work is 135 miles, 70 of which consist of the Slackwater navigation just alluded to.

The severe and protracted winters of Canada, it must always be recollected, put a stop to the navigation and trade of the St. Lawrence, and of all the more northern canals, for four months and a half annually. The same misfortune attends the Erie canal; but from this evil the southern states are exempted. Partly from this cause, and partly from the rocky nature of its bed, and its tendency to spread itself out into lakes strewn with flats and shallows, the river St. Lawrence is far less available than the Mississippi, which is always free, always navigable, always uniform in its width; and by prudent management, as readily ascended as descended at all times and seasons. It is not precisely so with the Ohio, which, though it is not frozen up to the same extent as the St. Lawrence, is seriously embarrassed with shoals during the dry season; and at one place, Louisville in Kentucky, has its course so seriously interrupted by rapids when the water is low, that the inhabitants of that city have been obliged to cut a canal round this obstacle, and a most stupendous and beautiful work it is, being rather more than two miles in length, and excavated in rock nearly throughout its whole extent. It is 68 feet in breadth and 16 feet in depth, affording a passage for all steam-boats under 180 feet in length. The average difference of level in the Ohio at the dry and at the rainy season is upwards of 50 feet; and such is the rapidity of the stream at certain seasons over the rapids,\* that even the most powerful steam-boats are obliged at times to send an anchor a-head, and having brought the warp to their capstan, to drag themselves through by main force. Such things do not

happen on the deep and majestic Mississippi, though we do remember once on that river to have hung for nearly half an hour, without advancing an inch, though the steam was urged to a very high point of pressure. But this was far above the Delta, about 1200 miles or so from the mouth, and at a spot where from the approach of the rocky banks the velocity of the stream became considerably greater than usual.

We are particularly anxious to call the attention of professional men to these inherent distinctions between the great rivers of America, because we are too apt to class them in the imagination as identical in their phenomena; whereas scarcely any two of them which we have examined are so much alike as not to require a different kind of treatment; and nothing, we conceive, can be more instructive to us than to study the manner in which the Americans have overcome the difficulties of their position. We may instance the method of steering in the Ohio steam-boats. It was found that for the purpose of traffic, in the low water season of the river, it was necessary to work with flat-bottomed boats, drawing so little water that they passed along the shoals with only a couple of inches to spare between them and the mud. There was no harm in this, of course, so long as they did not actually touch; but it was found that the usual rudder, however large it was made, would not act at all, owing to the extent of "dead water" which, under such circumstances, the vessel drew after her. The ingenious Americans soon remedied this serious inconvenience by fixing a rudder on each quarter; and by their uniting their two extremities by a bar, the ends of which moved freely on a pivot on the tops of the rudders, and extending the tiller over the stern till it united itself with the centre of this bar, they were enabled to steer with perfect ease in the shallowest water. The manner of this action will be obvious to a sailor, who considers that when the helm under such circumstances is put "a-port," and the rudder on the larboard quarter falls into the "dead water," the rudder on the starboard quarter being turned outwards, has its surface opposed not merely to the stream of the river, but to the current caused by the paddle-wheel on that side, and the effect is immediate on turning her head to starboard.

So many devices of this kind are to be met with in America, that we know not any country where the science of prompt and effectual resource is to be so well taught. Our seamen, indeed, from having the variable elements to contend with, under all the complications of hydrography and warlike contingencies, are trained from their earliest years to the practice of considering that there is a way over, or round, or through every difficulty; but as our military men have not the same constant calls made on their ingenuity, though they are imbued with the self-same spirit, they have not the same means of exercising their zeal and schooling their capacity, so as to be always ready for the occasion. Accordingly, we should venture to recommend a course of American travelling to our young soldiers, fully assured that the petty inconveniences of the journey would be far overbalanced by the habits they might acquire of considering nothing impossible if attacked with energy. Our naval officers, too, by travelling in America, would learn to despise less that freshwater navigation of which they can now know scarcely anything, but with which, in the event of war in those countries, or in fact in any country, they might be called upon to work on the great scale. And we can assure them, that there is a variety and complexity in the navigation of the American rivers which, though they bear but a small ratio to those of the ocean, are nevertheless very embarrassing to strangers; and an ignorance of them might prove highly detrimental to the Service in the event of ex-

\* Stevenson, page 111.

peditions to the interior—a contingency which, *if ever we* do go to war with America, must be calculated upon.

In treating of the steam navigation of the United States, as compared with that of England, Mr. Stevenson, in the beginning of his Fourth Chapter, makes some valuable remarks on the distinctions which the nature of things has established between the two cases. "By far the greater number of the American steam-boats," he very justly remarks, "ply on the smooth surfaces of rivers, sheltered bays, or arms of the sea, exposed neither to waves nor to wind; whereas most of the steam-boats in this country go to sea where they encounter as bad weather and as high waves as ordinary sailing vessels. The consequence is, that in America a much more slender build and a more delicate mould give the requisite strength to their vessels; and thus a much greater speed, which essentially depends on these two qualities, is generally obtained. In America, the position of the machinery and of the cabins, which are raised above the deck of the vessels, admit of powerful engines, with an enormous length of stroke being employed to propel them: but this arrangement," he adds, "would be wholly inapplicable to the vessels navigating our coasts, at least to the extent to which it has been carried in America." What follows is still more important; and we extract the passage the more readily from our not having seen the remark so strongly put before:

"But perhaps the strongest proof that the American vessels are very differently circumstanced from those of Europe, and therefore admit of a construction more favourable for the attainment of great speed, is the fact that they are not generally, as in Europe, navigated by persons possessed of a knowledge of seamanship. In this country steam navigation produces hardy seamen; and British steamers being exposed to the open sea in all weathers, are furnished with masts and sails, and must be worked by persons who, in the event of any accident happening to the machinery, are capable of sailing the vessel, and who must therefore be experienced seamen. The case is very different in America, where, with the exception of the vessels navigating the lakes, and one or two of those which ply on the eastern coast, there is not a steamer in the country which has either masts or sails, or is commanded by a professional seaman."

#### CHARLES II. LYING IN STATE.

The following lines, describing the lying in state of our second Charles, are exceedingly vigorous, and have much of the bold imagery and stern disgust of the Roman satirist.

His easy days Charles Stuart—not the First—  
Best of companions, if of kings the worst,  
Whiled gaily, with a witty, merry crew,  
Friends! nay, not courtiers—loving all and true!  
How true, how loving—tell that proving hour  
When death shall lay his clay-cold hand on Power;  
Yea, even before hath ceased the death-bed knell,  
Let many a kingly couch, deserted, tell.

This is a solemn preparation—mirth and jest are already gone—the cold hand, the "clay cold hand" of death has set his seal to a stern hard truth. You sit uneasy as at a theatre of phantasmagoria. The magician draws the curtain—and behold a picture to strike self-love and vanity agast.

The closing hour hath passed, which, soon or late,  
Must pass o'er all; a monarch lies in state;  
In lonely state; for love hath gone, and sorrow,  
To plan the crowing pageant for to-morrow.  
Now, let thy fancy pierce yon glimmering room.  
That coffin's only guard one sordid groom

Mark how, the prowling night rat scarce forbids,  
The varlet snores beside the ready lid.  
And what his dreams? Are they of kingly fame,  
A weeping people, and a world's acclaim?  
Ah, no! he dreams of some contested grace,  
Trapping or plume, his perquisite of place:  
Mutters his greedy discontent, half loud,  
And gropes, with sleep-tied hand, to clutch the shroud!

That is a fine conclusion—yet is not all concluded yet.

Yet, e'en for him, deserted thus who dies,  
Ere long shall statues gleam; shall columns rise;  
And epitaphs Servility shall bring;  
Who lauds dead Kingship, flatters living King.—Kenyon.

Those to whom the roughness of satire gives no relish, may walk forth with Mr. Kenyon into the soft moonlight, and find a kindred spirit. But they must bargain for the scene, for in his moonlight excursions he is ubiquitous, and thins little of a flight from the West Indies to Mola di Gaeta. The tenderness in the following lines is very exquisite, it is evidently engendered by love, and offered in a Poet's worship to the moon; and the moon repays the gift with her lucid quiet, and thrilling influence; felt and acknowledged in

"The silent eye,  
And silent pressure of each linked arm."  
Even lovers are hard hearted in the broad noon, and have their little differences of opinion. But the rising moon and the quiet night give more than reconciliation. But to those who have never differed, whose all is love, and they all loving, what is such a scene and time as this?

"Such eve,  
Such blessed eve was ours, when last we stood  
Beside the storied shore of Gaeta,  
Breathing its citroned air. Silence more strict  
Was never. The small wave, or ripple rather,  
Scarce lipping up the sand, crept to the ear,  
Sole sound; nor did we break the calm with movement,  
Or sacrilege of word; but stayed in peace,  
Of Thee expectant. And what need had been  
Of voiced language, when the silent eye,  
And silent pressure of each linked arm,  
Spoke more than utterance! Nay, whose tongue might tell  
What hues were garlanding the western sky  
To welcome thy approaching! Purple hues  
With orange wove, and many a floating flake,  
Crimson or rose, with that last tender green  
Which best relieves thy beauty. Who may paint  
How glowed those hills, with depth of ruddy light  
Translucified, and half ethereal made  
For thy white feet to tread on: and, ere long—  
Ere yet those hues had left or sky or hill.  
One peak, with pearly top confess'd thy coming.  
There didst thou pause awhile as inly musing  
O'er realm so fair! And first, thy rays fell partial  
On many a scattered object, here and there;  
Edging or tipping with fantastic gleam,  
The sword-like aloe, or the tent-roofed pine,  
Or adding a yet paler pensiveness  
To the pale olive-tree, or, yet, more near us,  
Were flickering back from wall reticulate  
Of ruin old. But when that orb of thine  
Had clomb to the mid concave, then broad light  
Was flung around o'er all those girding cliffs,  
And groves, and villages, and fortress towers,  
And the far circle of that lake-like sea,  
Till the whole grew to one expanded sense  
Of peacefulness, one atmosphere of love,  
Where the Soul breathed as native, and mere Body  
Sublimed to Spirit."